politics

A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR TIME

di-lem'ma, 1 dı-lem'ə; 2 di-lĕm'a, *n.* **1.** A necessary choice between equally undesirable alternatives; a perplexing predicament. **2.** *Logic.* A syllogistic argument which presents an antagonist with two (or more) alternatives, but is equally conclusive against him, whichever alternative he chooses. [< Gr. *dilēmma,* < *di-,* two, + *lēmma,* anything taken.]—**dil"em-mat'ic,** *a.*

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Pacifism and the USSR

A DISCUSSION

Sir:

May a recent reader comment briefly on what appears to be an anomalous situation: the inclusion of the "Peacemakers" declaration, signed by the editor, in the very issue devoted to "USSR"—i. e., the declaration of absolute non-violence in the face of the most horrendous tyranny in world's history.

(1) The distinctions, quantitative and qualitative, which you draw between USA and USSR leave no doubt in anyone's mind that you obviously prefer living in USA. But once recognizing the differences among degrees of evil, as well as the distinction between good and evil, you fail to draw important conclusions. Are not these specific moral goods which you defend at present (because they are the only nuclei for a viable, humane society) to be defended also during a war period? Or does it make no difference to your ideals that a totalitarian invasion would exterminate you completely and leave no pacifist alive to perpetuate them? I think you will agree that Gandhi and his followers would not have lasted very long had they been under Hitler's rule instead of England's. And you probably know that no German soldier could have entertained lightly the possibility of turning pacifist or of committing suicide, because his relatives would have suffered death or imprisonment.

(2) Non-violence is predicated upon the assumption that your action converts the enemy's hostility to good will. "Violence," you Peacemakers maintain, "cannot remove violence, but only add to it." There is no denying that in many interpersonal relationships non-violence is effective, provided that the enemy possessess a sufficient residue of humaneness which can be appealed to. This psychological conversion, however, does not work so simply in intergroup conflicts and is a complete impossibility when your enemy is an invading army not only brutalized by war but previously dehumanized by totalitarian conditioning since the birth of its members. Your attempted "strikes, boycotts and non-cooperation" could elicit nothing but the bloodiest retaliation. Violence, incidentally, *can* remove counter-violence, as well as non-violent resistance. Civilized communities throughout history have used violence successfully against disruptive belligerents whose iniquity was not necessarily the result of the communities' resolute desire to "keep the peace."

(3) You affirm that "Every individual must find for himself the power to lead the life of non-violence and brotherhood." Assuming that you have mastered the mystical disinterestedness which may at present enable you peacefully to withstand attacks by depraved, demented or sadistic assailants, what would be your attitude if your wife and children were so threatened? Are you your "brother's keeper," especially if he is your very own and a helpless, innocent victim besides? There are crucial questions posing the relationship between an absolutistic ethic and its consequences and they are not to be answered by Tolstoyan evasions or Calhounian flippancies concerning the "Jap raping of grandmothers." You once approvingly quoted Tucci who said that a man has to love peace the way he loves liquor or women—even if it kills him. But nothing was said about the moral problem of a love which may kill others.

(4) Finally, isn't Peacemakers subscribing to the Stalinist rationale of "capitalist encirclement" in assuming that the only reason for Russian militarism, expansion and mass fear is our military program? It would be more accurate to say that their expansion also has an internal logic of its own, that the fears of the Russian people do not depend upon foreign events but upon what the rulers tell them. And as for our disarmament knocking "the props from under the war propaganda" of those leaders, it would merely give them a splendid opportunity (aided by contrived incidents of the Communist Parties) to bring "socialist liberation" to Europe and the greater part of Asia.

Long Island, N. Y. MACK WINSON

Sir:

The spring (USSR) issue of POLITICS was very good. I feel it makes even more clear the following: (1) if Stalin wins the war, this will be a world catastrophe; (2) if Stalinism has a certain "environment of despair," it is a stable enough political form. Should I be correct on these points, your position as a pacifist is embarrassed.

The war has already started; there is no question of whether there will be one. The question yet to be decided is what *kind* of *hot* war. Rather than for the left intellectual to oppose the war on pacifist grounds, I feel he should support it, and thereby attempt to influence its course. That last can possibly be done, but the war itself can no

Note

For reasons not unconnected with the postal regulations governing second-class matter, the present issue, which appears early in November, is officially styled the Summer issue. The Editor extends his customary regrets, apologies and condolences to the readers.

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more be stopped than radiations from the sun. The only thing that could stop the war is God, and He is unreliable.

The pacifist view, I understand, is that nothing is more morally horrible than war, and that to support war the individual and society at large must necessarily become depraved. Also, war "solves" nothing—no moral good can possibly come from it. However, although these views are doubtless correct in themselves, I believe they are based on a choice that does not exist. The choice is to support or oppose America, not to support or oppose the war.

If you can grant that the chance of pacifist victory in the USSR has a probability of zero, then let me ask: what would be the consequences of a pacifist victory in America? (Now, if the pacifist bases himself on an expectation that his principles will never win and therefore never matter—except to his own pure soul—then he is certainly a moral parasite. But, I'm sure no sincere pacifist would object to this question, but would welcome it. I make this point only because there are some people who think it is morally sufficient to support principles outside the context of application.)

Pacifism then wins, and the American people, sick of slaughter, refuse to fight another war. There is a total strike, the armed forces throw down their arms, the war government collapses. And, the exultant message is flashed to the Soviet people: friends, join us and disobey your leaders, etc.!

What would happen? Stalin would proceed to dispatch an expeditionary force to the United States—not for old-timey "occupation," but for economic dismantling. When satiated, he would have left not an operable locomotive in the United States, nor a machine shop, nor a trained technician, nor an automobile. It is clear Stalin knows the only way to win modern war is by means of industrial confiscation. The real defeat is that of economic obliteration, at which Stalin has practice.

Perhaps it might be argued Stalin would save a proportion of American industry, for the sake of a toll of American raw materials? And, perhaps the anarchist-pacifist might feel it to be a fine thing if there were fewer trains, fewer machine tools, fewer mass production lines and fewer trucks and automobiles. However, even if this would be fine (it wouldn't), one cannot assume Stalin would do a stupid, half-way job. He couldn't afford to risk leaving intact a single particle of American industrial power. And, the Soviet Union has no need of raw materials; it owns a colossal wealth of them. No, Stalin would take what he wanted, and blow up what he couldn't use.

But what would this economic death mean to America? Since the distribution of food depends on the heavy industry of transportation, famine would strike and destroy the metropolitan areas of the nation. Electric power nationally would break down, and with it the water supply, sewage plants and inter-city communications of all smaller cities; these also would be destroyed in time. Of course, all government would fall. Bandit tribes would roam the land, murdering, looting and enjoying a high O.P. Overnight, millions upon millions of Americans would have starved, been shot, burned, frozen and killed by a medieval nightmare. In comparison, Hiroshima would be real timid, and the survivors of the nightmare would be savages first and anarchists second.

Stalin is already guilty of comparable crimes, if not on such an idealized scale. This is what faces America, and Europe also, if he wins. This is not "Stalinophobia," but merely an objective description of what can be expected from Stalinism as it is now known.

I said before if Stalinism is granted an environment of despair, it is a stable political form. It differs from Nazism in this respect, for Nazism was stable only in reference to paranoid German nationalism, an artificiality. Stalinism is more adaptive politically, within the framework of reaction and despair. What more overwhelming environment of world-wide, not just American, despair can be imagined than the one I have pictured so briefly? The Soviet Union would find itself materially omnipotent, with the earth's goods and tools, and the Stalinist bureacracy would find itself in the ideal atmosphere of poison: busy policing a nation surrounded by stricken barbarians. Under these circumstances, Stalinism could survive indefinitely; no audacious Titos would dare appear.

If pacifism is morally tenable in the face of the war, then a different set of consequences must be conceived, supposing its triumph. If this can't be done, the American effort against Stalin must be supported. I'd be interested to know how and where you disagree.

New York City CALDER WILLINGHAM

P.S.:

In this letter, I have not tried to do anything more than suggest the consequences of a pacifist victory. As things now stand, on an entirely non-pacifistic basis, it is possible to contemplate the chance that the war will remain cold, that Stalinism, subjected to the pressure of an America that *would* fight, perhaps might disintegrate, via such defection as that of Tito.

Let me add a word concerning the prospect of an *American* victory, should the war become "real." Of course, an American victory might lead to a result as terrible as a Stalinist victory; but in itself it would not *be* as terrible. A cross-roads would exist after an American victory, but the chance of taking the wrong turn can be greatly lessened by the kind of victory American wins. For this reason, I feel that the most important question now is the nature of the American effort. At present, the only possible standpoint, it seems to me, is one of calling for all-out economic and political resistance to Stalinist aggrandizement, and should this fail, the demand should be for military attack, for the destruction of Soviet communications and war industry, accompanied by a message to the Russian people guaranteeing them freedom and peace when they overthrow the Stalinist bureaucracy. This is very different from the prospect of mass atomic attacks on the Russian population, demands for "unconditional" surrender, a final mass invasion of Russia. The point here is that although an American victory introduces terrible problems, it wouldn't be the catastrophe that a Stalinist victory would be. If you want to lie down under the iron boot of Stalinism, then please remember that more than just you yourself would be crunched. In a bloody pulp with you would be the last hope of modern civilization, certainly the last hope for a long, long time. America has become *a key,* and if this key were destroyed, it would take a long time to create another.

C. W.

Reply by the Editor:

The above letters raise questions which have been troubling me for some time. I am still not prepared to formulate any detailed or systematic answer, but hope to be by the next issue. Meanwhile, let me set down here in questionnaire form the skeleton of my present think-

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ing, with all the confusions, contradictions, and inadequacies unclarified, unresolved and un-patched-up.

I. IS THERE A DIFFERENCE?

In terms of your own values, how significant is the difference between the institutions, social systems, and political philosophies of USA and USSR?

Very. USA far preferable—see lead article last issue. I regard the Soviet system as an even greater threat to what I believe in than Nazism was.

In the many conflicts between USA and USSR since 1945, which, if either, side enlists your own preference?

USA. I'm thinking of the proposals for control of atomic energy; the Marshall Plan; the dispute over the new regimes USSR has instituted in Eastern Europe; policy in Germany and Austria; and the conflicts in the UN (except on colonial issues, where I prefer the Russian stand).

Do you think "the main enemy is at home"—i.e., is the American capitalist class?

No. My main (not only) enemy occupies the Kremlin.

II. IS WORLD WAR III INEVITABLE?

Do you expect a war between USSR and USA?

Yes, though probably not for at least five years. The tempo of Russian expansion—which in turn depends on the internal strength of the Stalin regime and the firmness of the West—is the determining factor: the more rapid this expansion, the sooner war will come. (As this implies, I think USSR is on the offensive, the West on the defensive.)

Is there a reasonable chance that pacifist or socialist action can prevent this war?

No. Both are non-existent in USSR, very feeble in the West. Nor do I see signs of growth, but rather the opposite.

What about other policies—world government, United Nations, Truman Doctrine, Marshall Plan, European Union, Henry Wallace's give-them-what-they-want line?

No. Because none of them would alter the present political structure of either USA or USSR, and without such a radical change, war seems the most probable outcome. Pacifism or socialism would make such a change, but they show no signs of commanding effective support.

Is World War III then inevitable?

No, because in general the historical process has so many variables that the human mind, as yet, cannot predict it with certainty (if Marx couldn't do it, I certainly can't); and in particular because there is one development, improbable but possible, which might change things: the collapse of the Stalin regime. This, then, should be the great aim of all political action in the West, whether socialist, pacifist, bourgeois-democratic, or reactionary.

III. WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

Which is more likely (a) to postpone, (b) to avert World War III: a "hard" or a "soft" policy on the part of USA toward USSR?

(a) A hard policy, because USSR, like Nazi Germany, is on the offensive for economic and political reasons; hence it will not be turned aside or satisfied or reassured by concessions but will interpret these merely as signs of weakness and will become increasingly aggressive, which will bring war closer. The results of the soft policy, from Teheran and Yalta to the turning-point (Byrnes' Stuttgart speech in the fall of 1946) bear out this generalization.

(b) A hard policy just possibly might avert war by weakening the Stalin regime enough to bring about its overthrow by a revolution inside USSR (almost undoubtedly, it would be a palace coup, not a popular insurrection). This is a faint chance—more likely, Stalin would gamble on war in the end as a way to prevent such a coup—but it is a chance. However, the chief advantage of a hard policy is not this, but simply that it will postpone the military showdown.

By a hard policy, do you mean military measures or political-economic measures, or both?

Political-economic, such as the Marshall Plan, the exploitation of episodes like the Kosenkina case, the welcoming of deserters from the Red Army and refugees from Eastern Europe, the support of non-Communist trade unions and popular parties in Germany and Western Europe, the constant exposure of the facts about the Soviet system. Militarist gestures like the Truman Doctrine, the present US armament program, and peacetime conscription divert funds from the reconstruction of the European economy that is the first requisite for the defeat of Communism; they also drive large numbers of Europeans and Americans, who fear war above all, toward the Communists.

Should the Western powers withdraw their troops from Berlin?

To do this as part of a general pacifist program would be good. But if it is done, it will not be a symbol of a pacifist-socialist revolution but simply a tactical move by militarist-capitalist governments. It would mean just what Munich meant: not peace-in-our-time but appeasement, and would thus strengthen, not weaken, the Stalin regime. Furthermore, such a move would not awaken any reaction in the Russian army or people, and would hand over to the Russians for punishment the thousands of Berliners who have so courageously indicated their preference for the West's imperfect democracy against the East's perfect tyranny. This betrayal, aside from its moral aspects, would hardly encourage the rest of Europe to resist the spread of Communism.*

IV. PACIFISM AS A TACTIC AGAINST STALINISM

Assuming a pacifist revolution in the West, would this not merely insure the world triumph of Russian totalitarianism?

First, let me say to my correspondents above that pacifism to me means to resist Stalinism, not to submit to it. The resistance is non-violent because I think it is immoral to kill or injure others, and because, on the political level, warfare has become too destructive and ghastly to hope for good results from it, and war means killing precisely our best allies against Stalinism, namely the people of Russia, who are the chief victims of Stalin's system, but whom the fires of war would weld closer to the Kremlin.

* This reply is not very satisfactory, from a pacifist standpoint. The fact is that there is no pacifist (or socialist) answer to the question of Berlin, just as there wasn't to Munich. As a pacifist, I cannot say, Don't Yield, since the consequences might be war—though I think they would not be—and it is irresponsible to support an action without being willing to support its possible consequences. On the other hand, a pacifist for the reasons given above cannot recommend getting out of Berlin either (any more than he could have recommended, though many pacifists mistakenly did, giving Czechoslovakia to Hitler as a step towards either peace or justice). Such situations, and they are increasing, are dilemmas for the pacifists or socialists. They call into doubt, in my mind at least, the political validity of a "Utopian," or ultimatist, position today. These doubts are what I want to expose and analyze in my next article.

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Pacifism does assume that not in the leaders but in the ranks of the enemy there is something similar to itself to which it can appeal, whether innate human feelings or an ethical-cultural tradition. That is, that we pacifists can count on a so-to-speak fifth column of brotherly love and reason and respect for truth and justice working for us behind the enemy lines. And that this fifth column can be stirred into action if we reveal unmistakably that it has already conquered in our own minds and hearts. Does this fifth column exist in the Russians today? That is a very speculative question.

Let us dismiss, first, the illusion of some of the more innocent pacifists that it exists in comrades Stalin, Molotov, Vishinsky, et al. These gentlemen would interpret any showing of brotherly love by the West as simply weakness, and would take advantage of a pacifist revolution to occupy Europe and the USA preliminary to instituting a People's Progressive Order along the lines described with such relish by Calder Willingham above. But would the Red Army march? And, if it would, what prospects are there that its soldiers, and the population back home in Russia, would be won over to our side by pacifist tactics?

Human beings do respond to love; they do have a feeling for truth and justice; they do dislike authority and repression; they do have prejudices against murder. They also have the reverse of these instincts, of course, but at least *both* tendencies exist, and one can choose which to appeal to. The Stalin regime has done its best to bring out in the Russians the reverse of the feelings listed above. How successful has it been? On the one hand, there is the barbarous behavior of the Red Army in Germany and Eastern Europe; the absence of rebellion inside Russia; the cynicism and apathy shown in the documents on Russian life printed in the last issue. On the other, there is the fact of large-scale desertions from the Red Army, of episodes like the Kosenkina case, of the distaste for the regime also shown in the documents printed last issue. The current defiance of Russian totalitarianism by large numbers of Berliners—quite unexpected by the Western authorities and newspapermen there—may be a sign that twelve years of Nazism have not too profoundly reshaped the German people. But Stalin has been in power for twenty years, and has enjoyed a much more complete and intimate control than Hitler did. The very completeness of his control makes it hard to evaluate its effects on the Russian people, since they are deprived of all possible outlets of self-expression. Except the jokes. Perhaps here is a sign of the existence of our fifth column!

In any case, we can say that the political leaders of USA have made no effort to see whether this fifth column exists or not. This policy is static, unimaginative, niggardly, unfeeling. As their "unconditional surrender" policy plus the saturation bombings forced the German people to stick to Hitler to the end, so they are now solidifying the Russians behind Stalin. Except for the happy inspiration of the Marshall Plan—and even that is now in danger of being superseded by military expenditures—the US Congress and State Department have made no appeal to the imagination of the peoples of Europe and USSR. A nation which refuses to permit more than a token immigration of DP's, and that only under the most humiliating conditions, offers little encouragement to such dissident potentialities as there may be inside USSR today.

What about the chances of the American people adopting, in the face of the Soviet threat, an attitude of non-violent resistance?

Slight. The practice of loving non-violent resistance towards one's enemies is a difficult discipline which even Gandhi, despite his leadership of a great mass movement, proved to have been unable to implant in the Indian masses. As he himself—unlike our own pacifist sectarians—recognized in the last year of his life, the communal massacres showed that his life work had been a failure in this respect. The American temperament would seem to be less receptive to non-violence than the Indian; certainly there is no such popular tradition of it as in India. Also, as my correspondents rightly point out, the British authorities were themselves bound by a moral code which had some similarity to that of Gandhi's, whereas the Soviet authorities are not so bound.

V. CONCLUSION: NONE IS POSSIBLE

If your chief political objective today is the overthrow of Stalinism, and if you do not think either pacifism or socialism can give answers to the specific political issues—such as whether the US army should get out of Berlin or not—which arise in the course of the fight, and if war seems the most likely final upshot of the kind of resistance the West, as now constituted (and you see little hope of a basic change before World War III), offers; then will you not support World War III when and if it comes?

No.

Why not?

Because I agree with Simone Weil that the methods that must be used in fighting a modern war are so atrocious and clash so fundamentally with the ends I favor as to make impossible the achieving of those ends. Specifically, the mass slaughter of the enemy population by atomic bombing and bacteriological warfare, and the destruction of the fabric of Western civilization if not of the globe itself.

The usual argument for supporting war today is that if some one comes to burn down your house and kill your family, you have a right to kill him in order to prevent this. But this analogy, so persuasive to the popular mind, is misleading because it leaves out of account the chief difference between such a situation and the wars of our time. If you kill some one to prevent him burning your house and killing your children, the result is that your house is not burned and your children are not killed. But war today seems to bring about just what it is allegedly fought to prevent. After Hitler is defeated, the same evils reappear with the hammer and sickle on their caps instead of the swastika. And the moral and physical destruction employed to defeat Hitler has mounted to a total comparable to the hypothetical damage which the war was fought in order to avoid. A better analogy would therefore be: The proprietor of a china shop battles a gang intent on breaking his china. But the encounter is so furious that most of the china is broken anyway; in fact, the proprietor himself seizes some of the most precious items in his stock to smash over the heads of the attackers.

Then if both violence and non-violence, for different reasons, seem impractical today, you are in a dilemma?

Yes.

LASKIANA

There is no foreign institution with which, in any basic sense, it [the American presidency] can be compared because, basically, there is no comparable foreign institution.

—Harold J. Laski: "The American Presidency" (Harper, 1940, p. 11).

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Battle of the Churches in Italy

ANTON CILIGA

ITALIAN fascism lost its "point" in 1938-1940, when it became clear that Mussolini was not going to realize his grandiloquent dream of an independent Italian nationalism and imperialism. The dictatorship and the authoritarian social reforms had been only means to this great end. (An end, by the way, which the Bolsheviks *did* achieve for Russia, with the positive results—from the imperialist and technological standpoints—and the negative ones—from the internationalist, social, and ethical standpoints—we know.)

Mussolini's capitulation in the spring of 1938 before Hitler's occupation of Austria was the inglorious finish of the Neo-Roman dream of grandeur. The great end—the soul of fascism—disappeared, and only the means—the naked body—remained: Italian fascism was eclipsed by the macabre sun of Hitler's Greater Germany. The rest of the story, despite the thunders of war and the talk of the "social republic," was only a squalid epilogue, the special concern of the fascist party, not that of the nation in general: the decomposition of a body without a soul.

From Monarchy to Republic (1943-1945)

The problem of how to remove the corpse of fascism from the political scene was combined with a more important question: who would inherit?

The first pretender was the King, with his anti-Mussolini coup of July 25, 1943—when the Allied armies were already established on the peninsula—and his government headed by Marshal Badoglio, the Italian Petain-in-reverse. Churchill backed them loyally: what could be nicer, alongside a king in Greece, than one in Italy? A crowd of other pretenders also pressed forward: the seven anti-fascist parties of the Committee of National Liberation.

After the German counter-attack of September, 1943, with the recapture of Rome, the freeing of Mussolini and the organization of the "social republic" in the North, the King and Badoglio felt obliged to ask the seven parties of the C.N.L. to form a coalition government. The Republican Party, founded by Mazzini and Garibaldi, was unwilling to bargain with the monarchy, but the other six—on the initiative of none other than Togliatti, the Communist leader—accepted the King's invitation and agreed to the Allied proposal that the question of monarchy or republic be postponed until after the war.

The Communist strategy was to sabotage the monarchist state apparatus from the top while undermining it from below by terrorist mass action; thus the monarchy would be replaced in time by a "people's government." These up-to-date tactics gave the Communists a great advantage over the other parties, and between 1943 and 1945, Togliatti was the King's chief partner. After the recapture of Rome by the Allies in June, 1944, Togliatti was able to force the replacing of Marshal Badoglio by the aged liberal Bonomi. And after the liberation of Northern Italy in the summer of 1945, the government was headed by the radical democrat and anti-monarchist, Ferruccio Parri.

Now at last Togliatti was in sight of his goal. By a slight massacre of some 300,000 "social-republic" fascists—a sport which neither the King nor Churchill could or would or did object to—Togliatti hoped to create the psychological atmosphere of "revolution" he needed for the installing of a real "people's government." As a prelude to this first Tamerlane massacre in modern Italian history, Togliatti arranged to have Mussolini killed and his body transported, secretly at night in a camouflaged truck, from Como to Milan, where it was hung up by the heels in the Place Loreto, to be gaped at and defiled by vast crowds for an entire day. The Communist shock brigade that killed Mussolini also appropriated his archives and his treasury, although the Parri government had decided—with the Communists agreeing, of course—to bring Mussolini to trial in a regular court of law, and to take over his possessions for the state.

And yet, as the results of the elections last spring (April 18) showed, this massacre ultimately served the purposes of "Christian" rather than "people's" democracy. That is, the clever Stalinist Figaro, Togliatti, was outmaneuvered by the pious herald of Papacy, De Gasperi. How did it happen?

The Togliatti-DeGasperi Alliance (1945-1947)

The duel of April 18, 1948, between the representative of the Church of Rome and that of the Church of Moscow was preceded by a lengthy and extremely Machiavellian alliance between the two. From the end of 1945 to the end of 1947, Italy was run by a Togliatti-DeGasperi partnership, something like a "democratic" edition—duodecimo—of the great Stalin-Hitler alliance. It was this superficially incongruous alliance which eliminated the monarchy, introduced the republic, voted the new Constitution—in short, constructed the Italy of today. And if Stalin's trusted lieutenant lost the poker-game of April 18, it is only fair to recognize that his defeat was due to international conditions more than to personal defects.

When the Togliatti-DeGasperi alliance overthrew the Parri government in December, 1945, public opinion was not greatly perturbed: the replacing of the radical and anti-clerical Parri by the Catholic DeGasperi, whose party was "agnostic" on the question of the monarchy, was a

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popular move. At once, the new Holy Alliance proceeded to carry out one great common aim: the elimination from the political scene of the four smaller parties: Parri's Action Party, Croce's Liberals, the Democratic-Labor party of the late Bissolati, and the old Mazzinian Republicans. In the most democratic manner, the big parties began by devouring the little ones. The old Committee of National Liberation was abolished, and instead of a coalition of six or seven parties, a government of the Big Three alone (Catholic, Communist, Socialist) was created.* DeGasperi headed the new government, since he was the most acceptable to the Anglo-American powers in whose occupation zone Italy was located.

The two partners were in agreement on both the elimination of the monarchy and the writing of a new Constitution. Thus the Machiavellian alliance of the two churches was a long-term maneuver with a decidedly "Left" twist. In DeGasperi and Togliatti we may see two modern "reactionary democrats" and not, as those who still think in 19th century terms suppose, a feudal reactionary confronting an extreme progressive.

The boldness of this maneuver of DeGasperi (and, standing behind him, the Pope), as realistic as it was bizarre, was fully equal to the surprising turns of the Communist line. Taking both the Italian and the international situation into account, DeGasperi and the Church had come to the conclusion that the monarchy must be sacrificed—sacrificed tactfully and with all due respect, but sacrificed without hesitation and with that ruthlessness which, on occasion, characterizes the holy Roman Church, perhaps the last living remnant in modern Rome of the ancient imperial Rome.

When one reviews the events of those months, one is impressed by the combination of flexibility and firmness displayed by DeGasperi and the Church: their well-calculated surprise when three-fourths of the Christian Democrats voted against the monarchy; their tolerance toward the pro-monarchist minority, who were allowed to vote "according to their conscience"; the discreet silence with which the Pope helped along the republican cause; DeGasperi's firmness in the face of the House of Savoy's last desperate maneuvers to nullify the verdict of the national referendum.

By these actions, the Christian Democrats resolutely declared themselves to be a Centre rather than a Right party; just as the function of the other great Catholic mass parties in contemporary Europe is Centrist rather than Right-wing.

The referendum of June 2, 1946, was close: 12,700,000 votes for the republic against 10,700,000—mostly in the South—for the monarchy. One million fewer votes, and the republic would have lost. The discreet support of De Gasperi and the Pope made this majority possible. If they had exerted half the efforts against the republic that they exerted, last spring, against Togliatti's Democratic Front, the monarchy would unquestionably have carried the day on June 2, 1946. But they did not do it, since by their anti-monarchist agreement with the Communists they had bought the first clerical premiership in the history of modern Italy. And not only a premiership, but also certain concessions—gained through the votes of the Communists—of a more permanent and substantial nature: the confirmation of the privileges granted by Mussolini to the Vatican and the Church in the Lateran Pact.

All this, of course, only came out slowly, much later. But we must still explain why the Catholic Church preferred to get these concessions from the republic (and the Communists) rather than from the monarchy, which would have given them much more willingly. Put briefly, one may say that the republic, for the Catholics as for the Communists, was a means rather than an end. A means, for both, toward quite different ends.

The Italians Are Not Greeks

DeGasperi's—and the Church's—calculation may be reconstructed as follows: if they established the monarchy, they would split Italy into two blocs of almost equal strength, they would hand over to the Communists a political weapon of large calibre. They would, in a word, risk making Italy another Greece. But the modern Italians, sceptical and clever political jugglers rather than creators, are not at all the heroic barbarians that inhabit Greece (and the other Balkan countries); nor are they in Churchill's style of dogged obstinacy. So these good Catholics concluded that if they favored the republic—with all proper respect shown to the monarchy—they would disarm and isolate the Communists. Their Christian Democracy would become, as the preserver of civil peace, the rallying-point of the great majority; and the republic itself would become *their* republic, since all the non-Communist republicans, fearing Communist totalitarianism, would have to take their lead, in one way or another, from the only great non-Communist party; nor would there remain any other choice for the conservatives and monarchists.

This bold strategy was supplemented by all kinds of brilliantly executed secondary maneuvers—flank movements, commando raids, encirclements, battles on two and three fronts simultaneously. Togliatti, too, has been equally busy, and equally clever. For the study of political tactics in this age of European decadence, Italy will represent for future historians a *locus classicus*. The French parallel—the Communist-DeGaulle alliance of 1944-5, when De Gaulle aspired to play Richelieu and Thorez, Machiavelli—was, comparatively, a bush-league affair that was botched up in the first inning.

Thus in 1945, to extort more concessions from the Communists,DeGasperi skillfully manipulated the Qualunquist neo-fascist bogeyman (a "to-hell-with-everything" kind of nihilism that was too cynical to survive long even in our era, even in Italy). When the republic was proclaimed, he weakened Togliatti-Nenni by drawing toward the tripartite government two small Leftist parties. When he dropped Togliatti-Nenni overboard, he was not afraid to play a lone hand and to manipulate American aid more

* The Socialists were then united—Saragat, Lombardo and Silone were still in—but Nenni, the trusted and disciplined agent of the Comintern, was then, as now, the leader. With his valet, Nenni, Togliatti disposed of a majority in the tripartite coalition. It was a sign of the times that "everybody" took it as a matter of course that the head of one party should be the conscious agent of another party—for Nenni was not a fellow-traveller but rather a crypto-Communist, which means a very different kind of political morality.

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effectively than his French colleague, Ramadier, could do. Finally, to soothe the non-religious democrats and republicans before the April 18 elections, he shrewdly added to his one-party government the Mazzinian Republicans and Saragat's independent Socialists. Thus in two and a half years, he reconstructed his governments four times—and each time in such a way as to strengthen his party. And now today, after the April 18 elections, which gave him a clear majority, he has insisted on a coalition with the independent Socialists and other non-Communist Left elements.

The Catholic Church In World Politics

All this reflects the prudence, the universalism of the Roman Catholic Church, which conceives itself to have, in the world struggle between a barbaric Russia and a somewhat primitive America, between a morally compromised bourgeois capitalism and a devastating Communism, a peculiar spiritual mission. No, one cannot understand (or combat) modern Catholic political strategy with the crude banalities of 19th century liberal bourgeois anticlericalism.

On April 23 last, five days after the elections, the Vatican expressed its present political philosophy in a remarkable article, entitled "Toward Tomorrow," in its official organ, *L'Osservatore Romano*. Communism, declared *L'Osservatore*, must be fought for moral and political reasons rather than because of "its economic program." (How different from the line of a Churchill or a Taft!) "The affirmation of independent socialism and the popular vote for the Christian Democracy's program of economic reforms demonstrate that the nation refuses to confuse two quite distinct orders: the spiritual and the social-economic. The nation will not permit unjust material interests to cover themselves with the cloak of religion." The newly won victory is a small matter—"the real test" only begins now, with the realization of a program. Finally, concludes *L'Osservatore*, the political victories of Catholicism in Austria and Belgium were of local significance only; the Catholic party in France today is still much in a minority; only in the Italy of DeGasperi do we see, for the first time in modern history, a major nation where political Catholicism has won a decisive majority.

Just as Communism has turned out to be not a new world but simply a new edition of the old world, so too with "social Catholicism." Both are basically conservative, but in a flexible, opportunist way that is quite different from Churchill's romantic devotion to ancient injustice or Taft's Manchesterian "free capitalism."

Satan and God Write A Constitution

After the republic was founded, DeGasperi and Togliatti went on to their next common labor: the writing of the new constitution. The subtlety of this "Italian-style" intrigue, as well as its far-reaching perspectives, was shown by the fact that the Communists remained faithful to the alliance, and voted for the new constitution, even though they had been maneuvered out of the government in the meantime. Although they did not always keep their promises even when inside the government, now they kept them even though they were in opposition.

To cap it all, the most scandalously pro-clerical paragraphs of the constitution—those recognizing the Catholic Church as the established national church and reaffirming all the other special privileges given by the Lateran Pact—were precisely the ones voted in by the Communists plus the Christian Democrats. All the rest of the Left voted against these paragraphs: both Nenni's Socialists and the Action party as well as the two new members of DeGasperi's government, the Saragat socialists and the Mazzinian Republicans.

Togliatti's game was to win over, in future elections, votes from the more lukewarm Catholics and from neutral quarters. He already had the Left vote in his pocket; by playing a rightwing card and voting for the Church's privileges, he hoped to cut into the Right vote. Once he became master and the "people's democracy" was installed, then either the Roman Pope would prove as docile as the Patriach of Moscow, or he would follow Peter Krutitsky and such stubborn ecclesiastics into the Siberian wilderness.

In short, to construct a future majority, the Christian Democracy played a Left card, while the Communists played a Right card. Thus, both met in a curious kind of center position.

The unholy alliance, honored with exemplary fidelity by both parties, reached its climax in the joint putting-through of a new electoral law which favored the two great mass parties and facilitated the possible future creation of a one-party state—the avowed aim of Communism and an organic tendency of Catholicism. Both partners dreamed of a transition from individualist-parliamentary democracy to collectivist-plebiscitary democracy, and both were willing to leave open for the moment the question of what on what model the "new" democracy would be constructed, whether that of DeGaulle-Schusnigg-Salazar (not to mention Franco) or that of Tito-Dimitrov-Gottwald (not to mention Stalin). This is not to say that the electoral law realized plebiscitary democracy, but simply that it eliminated certain obstacles to it. Which is not so small a matter, if one recalls that Hitler could erect his dictatorship without formally violating the Weimar Constitution.

The new electoral law was bitterly opposed by the small parties and by all partisans of parliamentary democracy. Even some of the Catholics had qualms of conscience. The situation thus became complex: the law was voted in by the Communists (who were in opposition to the government) and the majority of the Catholics; it was opposed by the remainder of the opposition, the two Left parties in the government (the Saragat socialists and the Republicans) and some of the Christian Democrats. Thus DeGasperi used the Communist opposition to pass a law which was opposed by a sizable bloc inside his own government.

The Common Goal: Reactionary Democracy

To prepare the ground for the decisive battle of the two great plebiscitary contenders—that was, ultimately, the key to their alliance. The problem was whether the USA, stronghold of individualist-parliamentary and capitalist democracy, would permit this evolution.

Togliatti's "great design" was to permit DeGasperi to govern as long as the occupation lasted, on condition that,

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meanwhile, a Constitution, an electoral law, and a psychological atmosphere should be created which would be sufficiently democratic and sufficiently reactionary to allow the installing, after the Allies had left, of a People's Democracy. DeGasperi accepted these conditions, which brought him immediate gains and future dangers, hoping for victory with the help of his trumps: the submissive masses of the South, the feminine vote, the great influence of the Church, and the formidable support of the USA even after the armies had left.

The Togliatti-DeGasperi electoral law paid off for the latter on April 18 last, when, although the election gave the Christian Democrats only a plurality of votes for the Chamber (48.7%) and the Senate (47.9%), they won an absolute majority of both Deputies (53.5%) and Senators (54.8%).

The Tide Turns Against Russia

DeGasperi's victory over Togliatti was, however, due less to superior skill than to international events. The Truman Doctrine checked the Russian strategy of expansion not only in Greece and Turkey but also throughout Europe. In Italy, as in France, this strategy was threefold, involving (1) outside pressure from Russia and the Slavic bloc, (2) action from the top by Communist leaders, as part of coalition governments, to infiltrate and disorganize the State apparatus, and (3) action by local leaders from below, namely, the capture of mass organizations by Communist cells, mobilizations of sympathizers, strong pressure on the middle-of-the-roaders, and various kinds of terror against other adversaries. It was all nicely calculated and efficiently organized, when suddenly the designated victim got an injection of hope and committed the crime of opposing, and not too unsuccessfully, the conqueror. Much can be said about the social, political, moral and even military inadequacy of the Truman Doctrine, of Western Union, and of the Five-Power Pact. But this is sure: that, from an internationalist standpoint, even a partial, confused and reactionary resistance to the new slavery offered by Soviet Russia is preferable to no resistance at all.

The Marshall Plan represents an attempt to "Americanize" Europe, to apply economic pressure to sustain private capitalism and slow up nationalization. It also represents a partial reprieve for our impoverished and devastated continent. And finally, it means a severe blow for Communism, which feeds better on chaos and despair than on an effort to match materialistic help with the USA.

The Cominform, also, was on the one hand an effective instrument for improving Communist discipline and for the creation of more devoted fifth columns, but it also made very difficult the continued manipulation by the Stalinists of those nationalist feelings they had so shrewdly agitated during the war. Nor was Togliatti exactly helped by the close proximity of Tito's Yugoslavia, inhabited by Italy's hereditary enemies. Fiume, Trieste, Istria—these lands colonized in long-past times by Latins are now once more, for the third time since antiquity, threatened with inundation from the Slavic hinterland. The Communist coup in Prague last February at first caused panic in Italy: "Attila is at the gates!" But the Italians soon recalled that their country was in the American, not the Russian, sphere; and they followed the advice of their great Renaissance historian, Giucciardini: "Always be on the side of the victor." The result was a resounding defeat for the Nenni-Togliatti forces.

The Italian people are a race of great biological vitality; they are great workers, patient, modest, and tenacious (a quality not always recognized by foreigners). But they are resolute on one point: they simply refuse to entertain large political ambitions.

By last spring's elections Italy was finally and definitely incorporated into the American sphere of influence, as per the Yalta agreements. (So, too, in France with the expulsion of the Communists from the Ramadier cabinet and the defeat of the strike movement of November and December, 1947.) The Russians had long before established a much more direct and intensive rule over the countries of Eastern Europe which had been portioned out to them at Yalta. The Americans were belated, but they have most skillfully made up for lost time.

Today public opinion in both the Eastern and the Western blocs is organized according to the division of the world

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at Yalta. How to advance from this division to a single world empire—this is now the great problem for the present political leaders of each bloc.

* * *

The last appearance in Europe of real socialism—that is, an international workingclass movement productive of new values for a future society of human fraternity—was in 1914. This basic fact explains the macabre march of events of the last 35 years: the decadence of Europe; the rise of Mussolini and Hitler; the passing of world power to Russia and America; the sterility and feebleness of contemporary European socialism; the birth of powerful Catholic social-reformist parties.

After this distressing statement, one might be tempted to ask: why bother? Why concern one's self any further with this defeated, hopeless movement? This perfectly natural reaction seems to me to be incorrect, however, for two reasons:

(1) The experience of 1914-18, of 1933-39, and of 1945 shows us the path which the European workingclass follows after its historic apogee, in its decadence; but these events also show, if only negatively, that the European bourgeoisie completed its constructive role in the 19th century, and that the future of Europe depends on the creative and world-revolutionary capacities of the workingclass.

(2) There is every reason to believe that the workingclasses of other countries, other continents—after the exhaustion of the proletariat of Europe, following 1914, and of Russia, following 1921—will make new efforts toward a society of human solidarity, and that they will demonstrate the unity not only of "the workers of the world" but also of all mankind.

The present state of mind of the Italian workingclass, therefore, seems to me worth analyzing.

The Meaning of the Election

If one compares the April 18, 1948, elections with those of June 2, 1946, three points appear at once: (1) the Togliatti-Nenni bloc lost 1,400,000 votes; (2) the conservatives and neo-fascists lost 1,600,000 votes; (3) De Gasperi's Christian Democrats gained 4,700,000 votes. Painful though it is, one must admit that this huge Catholic gain was not drawn only from the 3,300,000 new voters and the parties of the right, but came also, as we shall see, from the workingclass and even from such traditional proletarian strongholds as the Fiat works.

The Communist losses were especially heavy in the industrialized North, where their vote fell from 5,900,000 (1946) to 4,300,000 (1948); they held their own in the Central area around Rome, and gained some 300,000 in the poverty-struck, agricultural South. The Christian Democrats, on the other hand, made sensational gains in the proletarian North: thus in Turin and Milan they almost doubled their 1946 vote. And at the great Fiat works in Turin, famous alike for advanced technology and revolutionary tradition, the Christian Democrats actually got more votes than the Nenni-Togliatti ticket: 61,300 to 59,800.

It was not the Communists but Nenni's Socialists who suffered a catastrophe in the elections. By cleverly manipulating the new electoral law, the Communists came out with 30 more deputies than in 1946, while the Socialists suffered a staggering loss: from 115 deputies in 1946 to 50 in 1948!

The independent Socialist Unity group (Saragat, Lombardo, Silone) got off to a good start, with 1,900,000 votes, mostly in the North. According to my information, about one-third of their votes in the North came from former Socialists and two-thirds from democratically minded middleclass voters (traditionally strong in the North). The great Turati tradition in Milan helped them. The Socialist Unity bloc now confronts the urgent and difficult task of reconstructing an independent, united socialist movement.

The Italian Workers' World-View

The Italian workingclass, and also to some extent the intellectuals and the middle classes, are moved politically by three distinct currents of feeling.

(1) The traditional bitterness of poor Italy against France and England, so relatively rich in colonies, raw materials, and—once upon a time!—capital; a bitterness on which has always fed anti-Western sentiment, whether that of Mussolini or that of Nenni (not to mention Serrati and Togliatti).

(2) The consciousness of being an organic part of the West (as with Silone and Garosci); here is the base for a spontaneous feeling for socialism, democracy, French culture; a feeling which today is directed toward the British Labor government, Roosevelt, the CIO and the AFL.

(3) The feeling that private capitalism is obsolete, but that our own forces are not sufficient to go beyond it; that the USA, world fortress of private capitalism, would not permit this in any case; and that, consequently, despite all its faults, there remains only one land of hope—Soviet Russia. This is an illusion, a sign of European decadence.* But its persistence is not hard to understand if we remember that the greatness of the European workingclass movement for a century has been centered in its struggle against the bourgeoisie. Thus the preference of the European workingclass to serve the anti-bourgeois Russian bureaucracy rather than the democratic bourgeoisie of America may be seen as a degenerate form of class warfare, appropriate to a decadent Europe, rather than simply a negation of the class struggle.

The offensive of the Communist bureaucracy can be conclusively—or, more accurately, constructively—defeated only by a truly socialist movement, when and if it arises; but never by even the most democratic brand of private capitalism.

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* As is, at the other end of the political spectrum, the idea of making Europe into an international "third force" at a time when the real question is that of world unity, when a fruitful opposition to the world-empire designs of the Big Two would be to counterpose a third kind of world unity, but not to divide the world in three, however provisionally, nor to dream of separating Europe from world politics by means of an illusory neutrality between the Big Two.

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In Italy today the Stendhalian drama of the Red and the Black is being acted out again—in a different world, with altered national costumes, but, in the absence of any stronger creative force, still the conflict that gives shape to Italian politics. The debacle of the neo-fascists on April 18 shows that the people think of fascism as a back number. Thus, with the fascists on the one hand and the independent socialists on the other unable to win the masses, there remains only the dilemma: Red or Black?

The Communists make much propaganda about clerical "dictatorship" and "totalitarianism." But, leaving aside the fact that they have collaborated, as we have shown, with DeGasperi in creating the present situation, two other points may be made: (1) Catholic totalitarianism is not, in our day, as aggressive and as dynamic as its Communist similar; (2) like Dimitrov in Bulgaria, DeGasperi is not his own boss: he cannot maintain himself without American aid, and the Americans—as the Italian clericals, like the Gaullists, have already discovered—insist on non-clericals being represented in the government, as well as democrats and even socialists. DeGasperi's recent pronouncements show that he has taken into account these local and international realities. He knows very well how to adapt himself to the requirements of America's Western-style imperialism just as Togliatti is supple before Russia's Eastern-style imperialism. And it is the inter-relation of these two empires which will decide the immediate future of the world as well as of Italy. A dubious and disquieting future indeed.

(Translated by Dwight Macdonald)

WITH THE HEAVY THINKERS: State Department
Organized society during the past generation has, in my opinion, deteriorated.
—Memories of Cordell Hull, in "N:Y. Times," March 26.

THE INSCRUTABLE WEST
If the Japanese sitdown strikers at Tokyo's Toho movie studios were nonplussed when U.S. tanks and troops showed up to disperse them, it is understandable. For the ways of democracy, to the Japanese, must be little short of inscrutable at times.
—"San Francisco Chronicle," Aug. 24.

DEPARTMENT OF LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT
We cannot wish Mr. Thomas success in his campaign, but we are not sorry that this sort of campaign is being made by this sort of man. It won't do us any harm at all.
—Editorial in "N.Y. Times," May 11.

We have just received from London the first two Porcupine Pamphlets, edited by George Woodcock:

1. Oscar Wilde's "The Soul of Man Under Socialism"

2. Leo Tolstoy's "The Slavery of Our Times"

Handsomely printed, they are 62 pages each. They cost 75c apiece, or $1 for both. Order from "Politics."

The Socialist Labor Party

WHENEVER a history of what passes for the American labor movement is written, the Socialist Labor Party always secures a niche. It is usually stated that the SLP was established in 1890 as the first party of Socialism in America, that Daniel De Leon joined the SLP very soon after, that under De Leon's guidance the SLP worked out the concept of revolutionary industrial unionism which found its first expression in the 1905-1908 IWW, that until De Leon's death in 1914 the "fighting SLP" was a force to be reckoned with and feared by trade union bureaucrats and reformist labor politicians. Perhaps mention is also made of Lenin's praise of De Leon as the only Marxist since Marx to have added anything to Socialist theory. But that is all. If the SLP is referred to at all as a party after 1914 it is only in terms of a freak phenomenon, a feeble grouplet that has survived to the present, notable only for its devotion to the memory of De Leon, of little or no influence. Aside from that, the record is blank. Quite a few people must have wondered from time to time: What has happened to the Socialist Labor Party in the last thirty years? Or better, what kind of outfit is the SLP today?

$200,000 A Year

First of all, if it is nothing else, the SLP today is a very good machine for collecting money. Considering its size and the working class character of its membership, the SLP by far outranks any other so-called workers' party in the efficiency of its accumulation. A total membership of less than 1600 is systematically milked to the tune of about $200,000 annually. As a proletarian group, the SLP has an eye-popping bank-account—$150,000 in January, 1946. Whatever its insolvency otherwise, the SLP is quite solvent financially.

Secondly, the SLP is an excellent machine for disbursement. A very healthy slice of the funds gathered are used to finance the National Office of the party. The total National Office payroll is not far below $1,000 weekly! Evidently the SLP members support their ruling apparatus in quite decent style. At the very top, the National Secretary, Arnold Petersen (in office 33 years), has enjoyed the security of steady employment since the beginning of World War I. Any research by the membership as to remuneration of National Office employees is *lèse-majesté*. Recently in New York an importunate member who raised the question of party payrolls was expelled—for "conspiracy" to "discredit the National Administration of the Party."

Thirdly, the SLP today, or rather the Petersen clique which runs it, is a machine to make Daniel De Leon a paying proposition. In effect, the SLP has organized a fairly successful *business*. The stock in trade which the SLP (i.e., Petersen's machine) sells to its membership, and to whatever outside workers it can contact is its monopoly as the "carrier" of De Leonism. This corruption of De Leon's teachings into a mere article of merchandise is a precise measure of the degeneration of the SLP since De Leon's death. The ruling bureaucracy of the party, like

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any other vested interest, concentrates its attention on preserving its control, maintaining its cash balance and ensuring a steady source of income. The one party activity which it pursues with any enthusiasm and method, aside from the periodic purges, is the scientific appropriation of funds. Everything else is either irrelevant or merely contributory. The carrying out of actual propaganda work is the formula which justifies the continued existence of the party, the continued self-sacrifice of its membership and therefore the continued rule of the bureaucratic machine.

Midget Totalitarians

Finally, and above all, the SLP is a particularly ruthless totalitarian body. Over the years the Petersen cabal has developed an apparatus of control which is absolutely fool-proof. All procedures in the SLP are calculated to bind the membership to bureaucratic rule, to suppress in advance any possible criticism of the machine, to enclose the members in a mental straitjacket of ignorance, self-flattery and abject obedience. SLP members inhabit a fantastic authoritarian regime, made nightmarish by the fact that it passes itself off as a party of Socialism. Those who accept the regime have the humiliation and indignity of surrender. Those who cannot accept the regime are purged in the celebrated Stalinoid manner. The SLP has long been pround of its "ability" to rid itself of its "impurities," i.e., its rebellious members. Logically those members who are most active and self-sacrificing through their devotion to Socialist principle are inevitably the first to rebel against the venality of the ruling body. They are therefore the first to be expelled by the machine they helped support with their activity and self-sacrifice. A bitter payment and a cynical reward. The SLP machine has perpetuated itself through the exploitation and abuse of sincere workers for Socialism, brutally cast out once they recognize the fraud.

The restrictions to which SLP members are subjected constitute the familiar catalogue of totalitarian controls:

¶ There is a ban on free communication within the SLP. Any member who dares to discuss "contentious" party issues via correspondence with another member is . . . expelled. If SLP members want to write to each other, they have to go underground.

¶ There is a ban on private discussion within the SLP. Any member who dares to talk "Party matters" alone with another member must do it in a bathroom, behind locked doors. If he is unfortunate enough to be overheard by an unfriendly party ear, he is . . . expelled.

¶ It is very dangerous in the SLP for a member to introduce "contentious" issues on the floor of his Section. The act becomes especially suicidal when the issues seem "to discredit the National Administration of the Party." Anyone who makes the reckless attempt is . . . expelled.

¶ In the SLP whatever information is doled out to the membership must pass through an all but military censorship. Party facts are classified as "confidential" until they have been "officially released" to the members at large. Any premature leak is not "in the best interests of the Party." Guilty members are . . . expelled.

¶ Any member expelled from the SLP is consigned permanently to the outer darkness. The faithful who remain within must shun the "expelled disrupter" (SLP slogan of anathema). He who fraternizes or associates with an "expelled disrupter" is . . . expelled.

¶ The SLP, like the Roman Catholic political machine, also has an Index Expurgatorius. All members are instructed to "return unopened" or "immediately destroy" all material of a "disruptive" nature that gets into their hands. Those who commit the heresy of *reading* the material are . . . expelled.

A Well-Oiled Machine

The SLP expulsion machinery has never failed to work with 100% efficiency. Once a member is entangled within its coils he doesn't stop moving until he is irrevocably out of the party. Again, the bureaucratic techniques are quite familiar.

The SLP National Office machine first makes full use of its monopoly of all "legal" channels of communication within the party to establish the necessary lynch-mob atmosphere. Experienced hatchet-men, disguised as national organizers, travel thousands of miles at party expense to expedite the purge. Special printed newspapers and letters are sent via party channels to every member throughout the country. Since those to be purged are barred from these channels, the machine propagandists have a field holiday in character assassination. The bigger the lie the more readily the machine uses it. The National Secretary recites his litany of totalitarian invective: "Tramp," "Thief," "Spy," "Rodent," "Disrupter-Reptile," "Criminal," "Imbecile," leading up to the crashing finale of "Nazi"(!), "Fascist"(!), "Stalinist"(!). Thus SLP Justice is executed. When the members generally have been properly propagandized and intimidated, the machine moves in for the kill. Should a local Section still refuse to perform the demanded act of expulsion, the machine simply smashes the Section and expels it en masse. The "expelled disrupters" are thenceforth the "worst enemies of the SLP and of the working class," actual "dregs of humanity" unfit for human association. If the machine had had a political State or Siberia at its disposal, it would not have hesitated to use it.

In the typical Stalinoid manner, each purge is followed by a required party-wide pledge of allegiance. The appetite of the SLP machine for unanimous approval is insatiable. Any doubts members have had must be suppressed, any idea that the rebels were unjustly executed must be censored from the mind "without reservation," any notion that the rebels were not "Party criminals" and "disrupter-reptiles" must be thrust out of consciousness. For the "record," the wavering members must sign a questionnaire to that effect. Thought-control is an honored SLP practice. Not only must the "loyal" SLP member vote unanimously where the machine is concerned, but he must also think unanimously. The SLP machine is satisfied with nothing less.

The SLP politicos have extensive means of control not readily discernible on the surface of the party. The machine freely grants to itself the self-same rights of communication which it brutally denies the membership. A correspondence network of stooges has been built up in most local Sections throughout the country, flattering themselves as important links in the bureaucratic chain. The prime aim of these stooges is to preserve their close association with the party hierarchy, informing it of all ground rumblings of discontent, of all actual outbreaks of criticism, of all potential rebels against the bureaucratic misrule. Regularly and systematically, "confidential reports" are submitted to the National Office. The national machine rewards its espionage agents with the privilege of carrying out its under cover directives. The "information" these stooges secretly convey to the machine politicos always outweighs the officially adopted word of any Section. Indeed, such "information" becomes the of-

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> I say now that there is no more complete democracy anywhere except [sic] that which prevails in the SLP. In no other party or group is the organization so completely in the hands of the members as in the SLP. In no other group or party is it so impossible as in the SLP for party officers, or executive bodies to impose their will arbitrarily upon the membership.
> —Arnold Petersen, National Secretary, Socialist Labor Party; in the 1947 Report of the National Executive Committee.

ficial party "record," exactly as such hidden means of control become the actual legal structure of the party, behind the phoney "democratic" facade.

It is absurd to think that those who surrender to SLP totalitarianism can seriously attack class society. Men who accept and are habituated to slavish submission cannot work for freedom. Like the victims of any other authoritarian rule, SLP members exhibit the characteristic abject fear, the same furtive anxiety. They are obsessed with the fear of being overheard, the fear of being seen in the wrong company, the fear of being found on the anti-machine side on any serious question, the fear of protesting too vigorously, the fear of being denounced to the party authorities, in short, the fear of behaving with any degree of dignity or self-respect. Not only do they fail to pass muster as Socialists, they even flunk out as honest bourgeois democrats!

Why Do They Submit?

Since the SLP is a "voluntary" organization, the question unavoidably crops up: Why does a person submit to the humiliation of SLP membership? The following seem to be the main reasons:

(1.) The SLP monopoly of "De Leonism." Actually the SLP member, if he seeks to propagate the De Leonist principle has no other place to go. The full flavor of the fraud perpetrated on the membership can thus be appreciated. Not only are the De Leonist teachings the stock in trade of the Petersen machine, but they also serve as the moral blackmail to hold a frightened membership in line. Unless they submit to the machine, the SLP unfortunates simply are not permitted to work for Socialism. A principle of emancipation in the hands of machine politicians thus serves as a means of despotic control. The Socialist conviction of the average SLP member must constantly be stretched to accomodate the increasing strain of party membership.

(2.) The fatuous acceptance of the propaganda line that the SLP machine is saving "De Leonism" from outside contaminating influences. Here the machine works the in-group psychology in a way that would do credit to Goebbels. For example:

¶ The point is made that the party is a select group. (The Master Race.) The machine keeps the party membership pure.

¶ The point is made that the party is encircled by a hostile world which is waiting for the first opportunity to crush the party. (Encirclement.) Cleave to the machine lest the party be crushed.

¶ The point is made that spies and agents of capitalism are always sent inside the party "in order to breed distrust, demoralization, dissension and factionalism." (Fifth Column.) The machine guards the party by cementing it monolithically against invading "dissenters" and "fault-finders."

¶ The point is made that the party must become ever more rigorous in its discipline, purging itself as a healthy body of such unclean and impure elements as "trouble-makers" and "chronic dissenters" ("Inefficient" Democracy.) The machine always preserves the membership from the dangerous "excesses" of democracy.

¶ Etc., etc. After years of this sort of conditioning, a "good" SLP member is ready to swallow anything the machine dishes out, and usually finds he has to.

(3.) The tangible organizational pleasures of SLP membership. Machine propaganda exploits the satisfactions as well as the fears of the in-group. The typical "loyal SLP man" is bound to the bureaucratic apparatus almost exactly as the lodge-member is bound to his lodge. There is inculcated a feeling of exclusiveness, of superiority, of snobbishness. This lodge has a Socialist ritual. Its superiority is perfect, unassailable, beyond the reaches of self-criticism. It is the brave spartan band, the elite of the workers, the only truly moral people.

It's quite evident that the SLP of Daniel De Leon died a long time ago. What now passes for it is a grotesque caricature, an imposition on the American working class. High time that the Petersen cabal are pried loose from their death-grip over the teachings of De Leon. If De Leonism is ever to gain the hearing of the American workers, it will not be through the fraud that today calls itself the Socialist Labor Party.

NATHAN DERSHOWITZ

Appendix:

Specifications of Charges Against F. Hyman

Charge 1.

A. For the past four months F. Hyman has openly aligned herself with, and supported the efforts of, those deeply involved in the efforts to disrupt Section New York and discredit the Party's National Administration. In all the controversial issues raised (for disruptive purposes, as has been proven conclusively by now) F. Hyman's sympathy and support was given by both voice and vote to the disruptive element.

a. She voted in favor of the motion to appeal the then N.E.C. Sub-Committee ruling re visiting members at the Jan. 22d meeting of Section New York.

b. She voted against the objection to consideration of the motion made by Dershowitz at this same meeting calling for the removal of the National Secretary.

c. She appeared as a witness for Dershowitz at the Grievance Committee hearing at which the charges against Dershowitz were being investigated.

d. She voted against the findings and recommendation of the Grievance Committee in the Dershowitz case (Section N. Y. meeting, March 12, 1947)

e. She appeared as a witness for B. Orange at the Grievance Committee hearing at which the charges against B. Orange were being investigated.

f. She abstained from voting on the findings and recommendation of the Grievance Committee in the B. Orange case. (Section New York meeting March 26, 1947.)

g. She has circulated the lying slanders and contentions of the disrupters among out-of-town members of Section New York on at least one occasion and possibly more. I cite I. Feinberg as a witness on this point.

Charge 2.

A. During the disruptive period, and more specifically since the March 26, meeting of Section New York, F. Hyman has conducted herself in a manner unbecoming a member of the Socialist Labor Party.

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a. Immediately after the Section meeting of March 26, at which the Section passed a motion to request her to explain her abstinence from voting in the B. Orange case and her attitude toward the disrupters, she stopped attending Section meetings which she had been attending regularly before that.

b. She did not attend the N. Y. State Convention nor the State Convention affair, thus further disassociating herself with Party affairs and activities.

c. On Saturday, April 12 she told certain out-of-town members, who had come into the city for the Convention, of an event which had occurred in the Party information regarding which had not yet been officially released, thus indicating that she had obtained this information through "unofficial" sources. Furthermore, no matter where the information came from, it was of such nature that circulation of it at that time was not in the best interests of Party. I again cite I. Feinberg as a witness on this point.

Fraternally submitted,

April 23, 1947 (Signed) NATHAN KARP

II.

Dear Comrades:

In answer to your charges dated April 23rd, 1947:—

As I have already stated in my letter to Section New York, I do not believe there existed a deliberate and conscious movement to disrupt Section New York and discredit the National Organization. Therefore, when voting upon issues on the section floor, I definitely was not supporting the efforts of anybody or anything. I was merely giving an honest expression of my own thoughts and opinions derived from arguments and facts presented to the membership, and which action I have always thought was in perfect accord with S.L.P. principles and its constitution. . . . What is the meaning or reason for voting if not to give voice to your opinion? If, unbeknownst to me, taking a vote has some other purpose—the performance becomes a farce. The important thing it seems to me is to abide unreservedly with the majority's decision whether you agree or not—after a vote is taken. . . .

As for witnessing the hearings of two expelled members—I have nowhere come across the information that this was not in order. On the contrary, I am of the opinion that it is the duty of every conscientious S.L.P. member to acquaint himself with every available fact before voting to expel or not to expel a comrade from the organization. Being present at a hearing is one way of getting these facts.

I deny the accusation that I have circulated lying slanders and contentions among out of town members. I can only wonder how the witness on this point, I. Feinberg, got his information, as I have not spoken to him or been in his company for about five months, and then it had nothing to do with Party matters. . . .

In answer to charge No. 2, (a) and (b):—the reasons for my absence from section meetings and the N. Y. State Convention and affair, are a result of purely personal matters.

Regarding charge No. 2, (c):—On Saturday, April 12th, two out-of-town members spent the night at my house so they would be able to attend the S.E.C. meeting. Unintentionally that day I had learnt of the fact that I mentioned to them in the course of a conversation, which I herewith state was not of my own choosing but inevitable when members are visiting at your house. To be completely truthful, it was my heartfelt desire *not* to get into a discussion, but much against my wishes this became impossible, and I can only say now it's too bad people you think are your friends besides being your comrades are anything but! Aside from this, it's absurd to think that the mentioning of this fact to these two comrades would be detrimental to the interests of the Party.

I close with saying that it's too bad the Section's time has to be wasted with the taking up of charges of such an unfounded and frivolous nature.

Sincerely,

May 6. 1947 (Signed) FLORENCE HYMAN

III.

Dear Comrade Hyman:

The Grievance Committee will not report on your case to Section New York at the business meeting to be held tomorrow evening.

In considering your note of May 6, the committee was confused as regards your attitude toward disruption in the Party, and your view of the expelled disrupters. In order to resolve the doubts your note has created, I hereby ask you to answer the following questions categorically:

1. Do you now believe that there existed a deliberate and a conscious movement to disrupt the National Organization and to discredit the national administration of the Party—in short, a conspiracy aimed at the heart of the Party, and in which the expelled Section New York disrupters were active participants?

Yes _____ No _____

2 Do you now believe that the disrupters in New York were expelled for just and proper reasons, that their conduct and lying propaganda left the Party no choice but to expel them?

Yes _____ No _____

3. Do you now unqualifiedly accept, and unreservedly approve, the resolution adopted by the N.E.C. in session May 4, 1947 (copy enclosed), which among other things brands the leading disrupters (which means particularly the expelled New York disrupters) as *Party criminals* who never again shall be honored with S.L.P. membership?

Yes _____ No _____

Truthful answers to these questions, made without the slightest mental reservations, should help to resolve any existing doubts or confusion in relation to the charges against you.

Please answer by return mail.

Fraternally,

(signed) JOSEPH PIRINCIN, *Secretary*
Grievance Committee,
May, 13, 1947 Section New York, S.L.P.

ARE YOU TIRED OF THE "SECURITY AND BENEFITS" PROVIDED BY THE U.S. ARMY? DO YOU WANT TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY? BECOME AN ADVENTURER OF PEACE AND FREEDOM: JOIN THE WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE.

The War Resisters League is made up of men and women who refuse to participate in any war; they realize that peace and freedom are not static "things" but are dynamic and indivisible processes which are dependent upon the courage and action of men of moral conviction. They hold that nonviolent resistance, while it is surely dangerous in this dangerous world, offers more hope to men than the reliance on organized violence which strengthens alike Soviet totalitarianism and American Militarism.

The membership declaration of the WRL is: "War is a crime against humanity. I therefore am determined not to support any kind of war, international or civil, and to strive for the removal of all the causes of war."

WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE, 5 Beekman St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.

☐ I want to join the WRL.

☐ I do not want to join the WRL, but I do want further information and a literature list.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... UNIT ..... STATE .....

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European Letter

SINCE I have been in France less than two months, I can only give a very general statement of the problem of political action as it appears over here.

To begin with, the shadow of War, which in USA is a threat, in Europe is a paralyzing presence which it is quite impossible to ignore. This is the axis around which European politics today revolve—or, more accurately, have come to a frightful standstill. Any action towards averting World War III, in my opionion, depends, first of all, on seeing the problem of Stalinism and of Russian expansion as a *political* rather than as primarily a *military* problem.

The Decline of Communism

Bluntly stated, Stalinism is *not* the main enemy in Europe today. This does not mean that Stalinism is not a danger and a serious obstacle any longer. It simply means that, after the Czechoslovakian coup, the defeat of the CP in the Italian election, and the Tito affair, it has become extremely unlikely that the Communists might succeed in bringing about totalitarian regimes in France or in Italy.

Stalinism was strong as long as it could control non-Stalinist elements. It cannot do this any longer, being intellectually discredited and politically forced on the defensive. In an atmosphere of political freedom and peace in which people felt that the problems of European society are heading toward a reasonable solution, the Communists would constantly lose ground. But, although a certain amount of political freedom exists today in Western Europe, peace does not exist and social problems are not being solved. Hence, there is the danger that the CP, instead of declining, may remain indefinitely as a kind of parasitical institution for the exploitation of social evils, feeding mainly on the errors and incapacities of its adversaries.

Moreover, the Stalinists' most effective ally is a certain form of bourgeois "anticommunism" which is as rabid as it is stupid, being based on the equation CP=Revolution. It is superfluous to point out how completely, up to now, American official mentality has accepted the same equation.

In general, being obsessed with the Communist danger is a mistake which prevents one from seeing the situation as a whole, and which might lead one to miss the last chances that exist of saving Europe from a catastrophe. The main danger in Europe today is the state of discontented stagnation and fear, of which Stalinism is only one of the main components and profiteers.

Among the reasons that have contributed to the (relatively rapid) decline of Communist prestige in Europe, one could list the following:

(1) The fact that the Communists had to accept in advance the idea of a Third World War "to make the world safe for Stalin."

(2) The systematic opposition to any idea of European unity, accompanied by a grotesque policy of "nationalism in every country."

(3) The obvious sterility of a demagogic agitation which has no other intelligible political perspective than a Soviet invasion of Western Europe and which, at the same time, invites authoritarian reaction.

In fact, peace, European unity, and social reforms (starting from the demilitarization and debureaucratization of collective life), are the only sensible political aims today, both in France and in Italy.

The Fear of War

It is sufficient to keep in mind that the next war would be the result of decisions taken exclusively in the Kremlin and in the White House, with no European government having any role except a passive one in it, to have an idea of the sense of monstrous absurdity which such a perspective can evoke in the mind of an European. The threat of war is, for millions of Europeans, a nightmare, and the symbol of their total helplessness. It can only breed resignation and cynicism today, and tomorrow a defeatism more malignant than that of 1940.

At the same time, the fear of war feeds the cancer that is rapidly killing the possibility of any serious social reconstruction. A crucial example of the necrosis is the fact that military expenditure in France devours *half* of the total Government budget. And the proportion in Italy is not very different. To fathom the absurdity of the situation, one must stress the evident fact that while in America the money set aside for rearmament will at least be spent for effective weapons, in France or Italy the expenditure is useless even from a military point of view. The economies of these countries are simply not up to the requirements of modern mechanized warfare. Example: the French Atomic Committee has a fund of a little more than 1 million dollars.

The situation is hopeless, and will remain so as long as the only alternatives appear to be: *war* or *appeasement.* But, among other things, nobody, after Munich, believes in the virtues of appeasement. At the moment of the Molotov-Bedell Smith affair there was a lot of excitement here, in the press. But, except for the Stalinists, who seem to dream of nothing so eagerly as of an American-Soviet pact, people have become too cynical to be taken in by diplomatic maneuvers any longer.

Wanted: A Political Approach to Stalinism

The blunt fact is that as long as the Soviet problem is envisaged simply as a military problem, there will be no serious hope for peace, and no abatement in the fear of war which paralyzes Europe.

War can be prevented only by America or Russia. Now, the Kremlin clique would not be what it is if it could conceivably be hoped of it that it renounce the logic of total power in favor of reason. Hence, those people in Europe who, while being aware of the true nature of the Stalin regime, don't want to resign themselves to the fatality of war, are bound to look to America as the country where a resolute attempt should be made to save peace. This does not mean that, as far as public opinion is concerned, Europe should simply wait for the Americans to do the saving. On the contrary, nothing is more urgent in Europe than the formation of a mass movement for peace and social reforms. In the question of peace, however, America remains the decisive factor.

But, one could ask, how can we hope for American opinion to exert an effective pressure on its Government in favor of peace as long there exists, in front of America as a nation, the *Impenetrable* Soviet bloc?

Here, evidently, is the crux of the matter. If we have to accept once and for all the notion that the Soviet bloc

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is truly impenetrable, and that, more particularly, the Soviet regime and the Russian people form one monolithic mass, then there is, of course, no hope.

Is it reasonable, however, to discard *a priori* any possibility of breaking through the "iron curtain" in order to reach the Russian people? Is it reasonable to consider frivolous to begin with any attempt to wage not military but *political* warfare against the Stalin regime? Is it reasonable, I should like to add, to neglect the suggestions already contained in Churchill's Memoirs, and reinforced by what has come to light during the Nuremberg trials, to the effect that the Second World War might conceivably have been avoided if, instead of refusing to face the specific problem of the Nazi regime, some attempt had been made to attack it politically while there was still time?

No matter what answer might finally be given to these questions, it is a fact that, up to now: (1) no attempt has been made to undermine the Soviet system with political weapons; (2) it is doubtful that, with the exception of the Marshall plan (which has been a good propaganda weapon, but whose actual effects still remain to be evaluated), American policy towards Stalin has been a success.

The Soviet Monolith CAN Be Split

Three different persons, all of them well acquainted with Russian affairs, have given me, on the Soviet problem, a number of strikingly similar arguments, which I think it interesting to summarize for your information.

(1) If one keeps in mind the objective relation of forces between the USA and the USSR, it becomes absolutely clear that the Soviet threat is, *at present,* a bluff. By playing up the Soviet danger, and by being verbally tough while remaining uncertain and unclear in action, US policies help Stalin's game. But Stalin knows just the same that he cannot possibly afford to wage war in the near future. He would like nothing better than a compromise. It would be possible to force him into peace. But so long as the US government leaves him the advantage of launching "peace offensives," he can easily manage to propagandize his subject people along the line of "American imperialistic aggression." This does not mean that there is no Soviet danger. The Soviet danger lies in the nature of the regime, which can at any moment feel compelled to act desperately.

(2) Soviet expansionism has nothing in common with German expansionism. The strongest urge of Soviet power is toward *isolationism,* not expansion. Isolation unlimited is what the Russian people are being preached by their rulers. As far as expansion is concerned, Stalin has probably gone too far already, lured by the unexpected concessions made to him by his Western partners during the war.

(3) The Soviet Union cannot be defeated from the outside. Atomic warfare can lay waste a dozen Russian centers. It cannot conquer Russia. Eventually, it can only achieve what Allied policy in World War II achieved in the case of the Germans: the desperate union of the people with the regime against the invader.

(4) For America as well as for Europe, it is in any case absurd to remain *passive* before the Soviet bloc, resigning themselves in advance to the inevitable and monstrous clash. Such an attitude is absurd because serious symptoms of weakness in this supposedly monolithic mass do exist. Since the end of the war, there have been more than half a million deserters from the Soviet army into the Western zones. Aburd as this may seem, thousands of these men have been forced back from the American into the Russian zone again. (This particular absurdity seems now to have been stopped). Besides this unprecedented hemorrhage of soldiers (as well as of many high officers), there have been the refugees, arriving from the Russian zone at the rate of 1,000 each week. These are not signs of monolithic power. They certainly indicate a *possibility.*

(5) In any case, as long as US policy toward Stalin has war as its only logical outcome, it will (to the extent to which this can be done from the outside) reinforce rather than weaken: (a) Stalin's power, and its hold on the Russian people; (b) Stalin's policy in Europe, by giving him all the advantages of appearing to be on the defensive; (c) the Communists, whose main theme today in Europe is no longer the Soviet myth (practically worn out) but rather what could be called the "anti-American myth." This is a very equivocal mixture of chauvinism and anticapitalism, to which the addition in the near future of ingredients such as "pacifism" and "defeatism" can easily be foreseen. Its demagogic effectiveness should certainly not be underestimated.

I have said that peace, the Union of Europe, and social reforms are the minimum requirements for a return of Europe to some kind of normal life. I wish to state as clearly as possible my conviction that: (1) as long as war remains the only foreseeable issue of Soviet-American rivalry, no reasoning European will have any serious ground for being pro-American rather than pro-Russian. The perspective of being a helpless victim will in his mind overshadow all others; (2) A European Union constituted as a military advance post for the war against Russia will only reinforce certain capitalist groups as well as the conservative forces, to prevent economic reconstruction, and finally to give fuel to Stalinist propaganda; (3) as long as the situation is dominated by the fear of war, and the social and political demoralization that it causes, there won't be any strong drive for real social reforms, but only demagogy and weakness on one side, resistance to change on the other; (4) the Communists cannot be eliminated just by themselves, everything else remaining as it is now. On the contrary, the perpetuation of the present state of affairs tends to make of the CP a permanent institution for the exploitation of discontentment.

In connection with this last point, something should be said about the main characteristics of the "present state of affairs."

The "Third Force"

The present state of political affairs, in France as well as in Italy, is characterized by compromise. It is not by chance that, in France as well as in Italy, the Catholics are at the helm. The guiding principle of Catholic policy in Europe seems in fact to be *moderation,* that is constant compromise based on the method of admitting *in words* all the "just" claims and hopes of the masses, including the most radical ones, while changing as little as possible in practice. This is the political formula of the Third Force, which rules Western Europe today with participation of the Socialists.

To understand the phenomenon of the Third Force, it is necessary to understand, first of all, that the present European situation is one of slow rehabilitation and reconstruction, not at all favorable to "radical" changes. After Fascism, Nazism, Stalinism, and the war, the mistrust for any kind of "radical" State action has become general. The Third Force represents precisely the mass of those people who, without being fanatics, resist more or less

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passively any decisive change, even though the change might be a salutary one, first because they are shy of all drastic propositions, and secondly because they have become skeptical about the possibility of really changing anything. Thus fundamental inertia of the body politic reaches its climax in Germany, where material misery, the feeling of being at the mercy of the great powers, and the fear of war, make any political initiative appear frivolous.

The second, and most important, reason for the power of the Third Force is the evident fact that political action has become in Europe the art of wresting not freedom but privileges from the State through the agency of the Party machines. This struggle for privileges includes, to a certain extent, even the disinherited. What the *masses* want is, by and large, to have a share in the profits of the Government machinery. This cannot be done except through a party organization. Europe today has frankly accepted a kind of regime which could be called "clientele democracy."

The problem of government having become one of promising everything while keeping as little as possible one's promises (because it is deemed imperative, in order to rule, to compromise with all existing forces), the party which was in the most favorable position to achieve such a feat was the Catholic. In 1945, the Socialists had a chance to win, and they would have done no better than the Catholics in the way of bringing about social reforms. The Socialists, however, would not have been as clever, and as *moderate*, as the Catholics in the exercise of partisanship. Their ideology constituted too heavy a mortgage on their politics. They were (and still are) completely exposed on their "left" to the aggression of Stalinist demagogy and organizational power. The Catholics, being completely free from any revolutionary ideology, have easily won the race.

. . . Nothing to Lose but their Parties

Now, if there is a revolution to be accomplished in Europe it is precisely a revolution against the present "rule through the parties." The real problem today is not the overthrow of a particular oligarchy but the freeing of the State from the organized parasitism of the mass. In France, the State is the agency through which one half of the national income is redistributed. In Italy, the phenomenon has about the same proportion. All over Europe, this fact has become the norm. No serious change for the better is conceivable which does not bring about the elimination of both the national borders and also the monstrous growth of the State under the rule of the parties.

The Third Force means, politically, the indefinite continuation of the present state of affairs. Hence, the responsibility of its leaders in the present evils is very great, because, if it is true that the people themselves are, by and large, in a state of political inertia, it is also true they would not *oppose* reasonable changes. If no serious progress has been made up to now toward a European Union, and toward a drastic reduction of the military budgets; if the action of the Governments in Italy and France has been, up to now, characterized by routine and incapacity, the fault lies not in any insurmountable objective difficulty, but in the mediocrity and cowardice of the leaders.

This is the situation on which feed movements like Gaullism, which concentrate their attack precisely on the Third Force. Leaving aside the question whether Gaullism is not fundamentally vitiated by principles as old-fashioned as those of any party today, one should not forget one of the main characteristics of the situation, namely the fact that, with all its unbearable faults, the present political situation in France and Italy is one of democracy. It would be wrong to say that the existing parties do not represent the masses. Without the parties (or under a one-party rule) the masses would have no way at all of making their pressure felt. To attack the present party rule without aiming at a radical change in the relations between the State and the people is in fact the most revealing symptom of dictatorial ambitions. At the same time, to try to form another Party in order to revolutionize the present system is a hopeless enterprise, since, in order to function effectively, this new party would, in the first place, have to become a machine like the other parties.

The vicious circle cannot be broken except through a patient work of education and social reconstruction. Now, as long as there is democracy (and, with all its faults, the present system *is* democratic), such a work is possible. Small groups are forming right now, and even inside the parties not everything is rotten. If Europe can have peace, and if economic reconstruction is not disrupted by militarization, a "new left," or rather: the elements of a new society, will take shape. A parallel action in America directed in the same sense, and accompanied by effective material solidarity, would be an extremely important factor.

The two problems to which only America today can offer a decisive solution are those of peace and economic reconstruction. Hence the question: can something be done in America in order that these two problems receive a solution as reasonable as possible? More generally: can a group of well intentioned Americans today develop some kind of effective social and political action sharing the main preoccupations of the people of Europe?

What I have tried to do in this preliminary report is not at all to suggest an answer to these questions, but rather to outline as well as I could some of the elements of the problem.

If I had to add a last suggestion, I would say this: nothing effective will be done in Europe to break the present deadlock as long as those who call themselves "socialists" do not understand that the alternative to social stagnation is neither straight totalitarianism (of the Stalinist kind) or authoritarianism (of such movements as Gaullism), nor the hybrid conception (which remains that of most Socialists) of a *democratic totalitarianism* (i.e., some kind of attenuated State socialism) but *radical democracy*. By this I mean a movement which would first resist effectively, and then succeed in actually limiting to a minimum the oppressive action of the machineries which today make the individual feel that he can be very little in society except a victim. This should be today the starting point of any social and political action that made sense.

NICOLA CHIAROMONTE

THE MILITARY MIND

General Groves defended the dropping of a second atomic bomb on Japan on the ground that Japanese officers who were prisoners of the United States had expressed the belief to our intelligence experts that Japan would not quit the war because of one atomic bomb but would after a second one.

—"N.Y. Times," Feb. 18.

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An American Death Camp

HAROLD ORLANSKY

THE Nazi death camps apparently shocked some people to whom such sights were new—people with jobs, orderly (if crowded) transportation to and from the jobs, and polite pleasures evenings and sabbath. People who believe that silk and concrete define civilization and that death is an accident, were disturbed by the human incinerators, the methodical piles of corpses, salvaged underwear, human hair (for mattresses) and human fat (for soap). There followed readily the rationalization that Germans are specially perverse.

Now, I do not pretend to offer a sufficient explanation of the German death camps. Nothing, however, is clearer than that Germans are ordinary human beings, that regimentation is a normal aspect of industrial society, and that the carnage of Auschwitz was as consistent and logical an outgrowth of such a society as are subways, burlesque, and packaged meat.

At any rate, that is the contention of this article. To support it, two courses are open: either one can prove that the Germans are normal human beings and that their death camps operated as do other social institutions; or one can show that other people, generally accepted as normal—e.g., ourselves—have institutions which, in their own way, can be regarded as incipient death camps. I have adopted the latter course, and the institution I am going to describe is an American state insane asylum.

Clearly, the asylum, at worst, is a faint copy of Auschwitz. Indeed, it bears a more striking resemblance to a concentration than to a death camp; and there are those who will insist that I am distorting the entire picture, and that the asylum contains notable humanitarian elements. But I am not concerned with drawing a complete picture of asylum life; nor do I assert that there is an *identity* between the American asylum and the German death camp. I am, instead, interested in certain similarities of social process in both institutions, and my thesis is that the American asylum manifests, in embryo, some of the same social mechanisms which in Germany matured into death camps (and that, by inference, a similar chain of historical circumstances could lead to the development of death camps here). I will not argue the thesis at this point. First I would like to present a description of some aspects of life in an American asylum, so the reader can evaluate the evidence for himself, and then I will return to a discussion of the subject.

One final introductory statement should be added. I worked fourteen months in this insane asylum (as well as five months in another), and everything I say is based upon personal observation and recorded notes. The consolation that this particular asylum is atypical or representative of a backward section of the country is unavailable since, on the contrary, the asylum is distinctly superior to the average state institution and is located in a pleasant town near a great Northern metropolis. Some of the conditions which will be described may have been temporarily aggravated by a shortage of help arising from the war. But, in any case, these conditions *existed,* these events *have happened,* and readers are welcome to whatever consolation the facts afford.

The Insane Asylum

"Insane asylum" is not the popular designation; legal and medical authorities and the initiated public prefer "state hosital." A hospital, however, is a place where people go of their own volition to be treated for a while and then leave; but there are few transients here, and forceful commitment is common. Aside from the steady crop of alcoholics with delirium tremens who either die shortly after admission or respond to paraldehyde dosage and enforced continence and are discharged in a few weeks (to repeat the cycle interminably) most patients remain for a long time. Many remain for life. It is with these long-term inmates who constitute the major population of the asylum that we are principally concerned.

Bewildered, violent, apathetic, or plaintively cooperative, each patient enters the admission ward as an individual, wearing his own clothes, and possessing his own type of insanity. He may rebel at the asylum order, complain about the rising time and the food, the restrictions on smoking and shaving; he may try hard to learn the routine, or he may be utterly oblivious of it; he may ask questions or energetically propound his delusions; but he remains an individual, angular and alive, striving to live his disordered life as best he can purpose.

A year later, he wears strange, old, wrong-size clothes, he has lost his pride and sense of shame, he is thoroughly obedient and observes the routine listlessly, and even his eccentricities are somehow dulled and passionless. He has no privacy, no freedom, no friends, no occupation, no pasttime; and he has no hope. In short, he has been institutionalized.

He has been stripped of all belongings, and even his asylum clothes must be returned each night. (They are rolled into a ball and placed on the floor of the roach-infested washroom until morning. Going to the toilet at night, he walks barefoot and naked, or in his underwear.) He has no place to store the smallest article except, perhaps, a small cupboard which serves the entire ward, and which only the attendant can open.

His world is bounded by barred windows, locked doors, and bare walls standing along long wooden corridors which creak underfoot. Small rooms and a larger dormitory open off these corridors, holding rows of narrow cots often wedged so close together they must be entered by climbing over the footboards. This is where he lies at prescribed

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hours—he is not allowed in the room before a set evening hour, and he is ousted from it early each morning.

During the day, he eats three meals of watery and often poisonous slop (hardly a week passes without an outbreak of diarrhea; the average cost of these meals is 8¢ a piece), he plods down the corridor and back, kneading into its pine ruts a thin compost of wax, spittle, dust, urine, and excrement; he stands against the bare plaster wall; he stares through the grates of the window; seats himself on a hard chair; walks, pisses; returns slowly to his chair where he sits, contemplating his shoe; asks the attendant for a cigarette; mutters or shouts at himself or the ceiling; walks the long corridor, returns and sits again; and sits, and sits and does absolutely nothing, waiting out motionless hours. A hundred other ward inmates live the same climaxless life, each in the solitude of his insanity, day after interminable day unto death.

To fashion this life, to guard 3,000 inmates and perpetuate the policies of the institution, a social system has evolved whose crude, medieval quality is rivalled by that of few others in the land. Let us examine the various hierarchies of this system.

Inmates

At the base are the ordinary inmates. This base is unique among social systems in that there is no cohesion, no organization among its human particles. Rarely, a tie may form between two more rational inmates, or between two with complementary delusions. But there is no interlinkage of such ties, and the inmate mass remains fragmented and leaderless, unable to engage in any type of cooperative activity without the direction of others. It is for this reason that two attendants are able to dominate any number of inmates, because they are never challenged by more than one at a time. Upon one occasion, another attendant and myself were struggling to put a violent paretic into a strait-jacket, when he burst forth with a most logical and impassioned plea to the silent crowd of inmates which surrounded us: "Come on, fellows, don't let them do this to me! What do you stand around for? There are so many of us and only the two of them. If you don't help me now, they'll get you next." I was new on the job then, and watched the circle of inmates with anticipation. Not one person moved a limb, or altered a gesture, or spoke a word in response; nor did anyone offer to assist us; each simply stood and watched as he might watch a passerby through a window—something was happening, and it was so seldom that anything happened to watch, but each man remained bound by his insanity.

In a sense, the inmates are not really part of the asylum social plant. They are more the raw material which it processes.

Worker Patients

The proletariat of the asylum is the worker-patient class whose labors exceed those of all other personnel combined. Members of this class are generally more rational than their fellow inmates, and have more hope of leaving the asylum alive. For many, work constitutes a way of gaining favor with the authorities and eventually winning a coveted parole home. For others, without this hope, there is only the consolation that the work itself affords, and a few privileges with which they may be rewarded—some extra tobacco or food, or the right to shine the attendant's shoes.

The worker-patients work 10-12-14 hours a day, 6-7 days a week, some without pay, some for about $12 a month. They furnish the heavy manual labor to operate the inefficient asylum laundry (to estimate how delectable this job is, think of continually sorting mountains of sheets soiled with urine and feces), the vast eating hall (dispensing food and washing dishes), the farm, the coal furnaces in the power and heating plant; and they do most of the work required to keep the place neat and orderly: making the beds, washing and waxing the floors and furniture, sorting the "linen," raking leaves from the grounds in the fall and shovelling snow from the paths in winter. The worker-patient is proud of the work he does and grows furious if an attendant mistakes him for an ordinary inmate. Should an inmate get in his way or refuse to obey his order, he will cuff him about and curse disdainfully until the nuisance is removed.

Attendants

Above the worker-patient, at the lowest level of the free-labor hierarchy and the most numerous class of asylum personnel, is the attendant, also known by the elevating title of "psychiatric aide." A century ago he was called a *keeper,* and this term still conveys his essential function. He is the man with the keys, the man who keeps the inmates locked up. There are a dozen doors on every ward at which worker-patients bang to be admitted or let out, or through which inmates must be conveyed at meal time, and to receive visitors; the medication room, the supply room,the closets and wash rooms must be locked or unlocked as the occasion may demand. The keys are the symbol of his status in the asylum, and many attendants devise an elaborate chain to sport them with proper dignity, and spend a great deal of time idly twirling the keys on this chain.

During the time I was at the asylum, attendants were working 54 hours a week for a salary which varied from $720 to $944 plus maintenance (the fare was little better than that given inmates), which may indicate their status in society at large. Within the asylum, they must sign an agreement which states that "the superintendent . . . has the right to inspect my rooms, trunks, bags, packages, or other receptacles at any time," and instant dismissal may follow the violation of petty regulations. Attendants wear a distinctive uniform and eat in a room separate from nurses or doctors (who, in turn, eat separately from each other). They must rise and remain standing when a nurse or doctor is present, and their official instructions read: "Never discuss your physician or any superior officers, nor criticize any orders they may have given."

It is not surprising, therefore, that, placed in immediate authority over a hundred inmates, each in the image of a man, the attendant takes a certain relish in this authority. There is one thing he exacts from all inmates, and that is obedience. (And subservience. "Make them call you 'Mister," one attendant—a C.O., incidentally—early advised me. "Although they're crazy, it gives you a psychological edge.") When he tells them to get up in the morning, they are to get up; when he tells them to line up for

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dinner, to dress or undress, to produce a sample of urine, or to stop drumming on the window sill, they had better oblige, or else—. Unfortunately, the inmate is demented and does not understand what is expected of him. Searching for a familiar house or engaging an old enemy, he may resent this interruption and revile or (God help him) even raise his hand against the intruder. Seldom does an inmate have sufficient contact with reality deliberately to disobey a command. The conflict which ensues would be comical if the results were not so serious to the offender.

For there is only one result, invariably. To preserve the attendant's tender self-esteem, and because it is genuinely difficult *not* to treat an insane person as one would a normal man, and because, at the same time, the attendant half-recognizes the inmate to be insane and fears the consequences of irresponsible behavior, the inmate must either be compelled to obey the command or he must be humbled. If a shove or a blow will suffice, the inmate gets off easy. If not, he may be thrown upon the floor, beaten, choked to uconsciousness (a choice grip, passed on from attendant to attendant and used daily with abandon, is the necklock-from-the-rear which, applied forcefully, constricts the lateral blood vessels of the neck, stopping the flow of blood to the brain and rendering the victim insensible in a matter of seconds), tied in a strait jacket, or given a hyoscine-morphine-cactus injection that puts him out for several hours. Or he may be killed.

One small group of asylum murders occurs this way by the natural extension of disciplinary measures. I would not carry discipline so far myself, and generally worked with a friend who felt the same way, so I was present at no such murder and will not describe one here, though I have heard them described by co-workers. A typical account of such a murder is given by Frank L. Wright, Jr., in his authoritative *Out of Sight Out of Mind* (p. 100), which has recently been published by the National Mental Health Foundation (1520 Race St., Philadelphia, 2, Pa.) and which is earnestly recommended to all readers of this article. Also related in this book (p. 107) is the murder by sedation of 36 patients at one asylum.

The attendant spends only a fraction of his time beating inmates. Much, often most of his day is spent in idleness and his usual goal is to so regulate ward affairs as to insure himself the greatest possible amount of leisure; his ideal is a quiet ward with old-time inmates, accustomed to the discipline. And, then, from time to time, the attendant works. But the subject of his work *is* the inmate, and this is how another death-camp mechanism has arisen in the asylum. For there are many inmates, and few attendants, and in the press of numbers inmates are stamped as so much tin. No cruelty is intended thereby but it is, nevertheless, effectively administered; the inmate is in the position of the cow in an immaculate slaughter house—any visitor can see for himself that the place is clean.

Incidents selected to illustrate these conditions may appear trivial. But incidents in asylum life are generally trivial. There is no one event which, by itself, changes the conditions of an inmate from that of a man to that of an object. Dehumanization is a slow, cumulative process. Nor is there always one event which can be called "murder"; killing by attrition is more common: the asylum attacks periodically, the victim weakens and revives, and no one can say when it was that death first gained its hold.

The weekly shower is such a "trivial" instance. Once a week, two or three attendants strip, shower, and dress all the inmates on their ward in the space of an hour or so. This means that 100 men in various stages of mental and physical decay, averaging 55-60 years old and uniformly feeble, are lined up, undressed, pushed under a spray of water (and a good deal of pushing is usually required to speed the process and to keep inmates from wandering off), and treated quickly, roughly, and casually. The attendants have a job to do, a standardized procedure facilitates the job, and their behavior is almost exactly the same as it is when they wash a row of chairs.

The twice-weekly shave is another instance. Regulations forbid inmates to shave themselves. (One of the more ludicrous aspects of asylum morality is the pains which are taken by the administration to prevent suicide while doing everything possible to discourage life). But there was only one barber. He operated with a straight razor—because of professional pride—and never took more than one minute per shave. Since the inmate often offered resistance, three or four attendants would be on hand to restrain him; a first class battle might be fought, the inmate might lose half his skin and bleed profusely from razor cuts, but he was always shaved.

Then there are cases involving individuals. One old man, whose belly was deeply furrowed with wrinkles, tried constantly to crawl into bed. But no inmate was allowed to remain in bed without the nurse's approval—it disarrayed the sheets—and we were always pushing him out. One day he finally lay down long enough to bring up a great round half-congealed blob of dark-red blood about the diameter of your head, and then to go unconscious and to die. I believe the doctor then decided that he had had a stomach cancer. One young Jewish inmate was half-starving because bread was the only kosher food he could get. Many many incontinent, bed-ridden old men were hurried to death by the indifference of nurses and attendants to their care. Lying for long hours on urine-soaked sheets, they would develop bed sores that ate deep into the tissues of buttocks and back. I remember one man who must have been 80; he had been a farmer and still had great reserves of strength; all day and night he would call out, "Here, here. Here kitty—paper, kitty. Hoo-hoo. Ho-ho. Come kitty, come my cat. . . . The cat is sitting there on the chair. Take the cat off and give me the chair so I can milk." This man rotted away, the flesh of his back turning into a pulpy mass of puss and blood whose stench drove visitors from the ward. It is only just to acknowledge that I was one of the attendants who helped to kill him, and there were many others we wished dead so that we would be spared the trouble of waiting on them. Fluids are important in preserving the resistance of bed-patients, and few received the necessary quantities of water or nourishment—we gave them little by mouth, and the doctors gave them none intravenously. It was quite a game, though, to try and keep inmates from dying during the second half of each shift, in order to avoid having to prepare the corpse for the undertaker; and then we forced fluids upon them and, if successful, gloated to the attendants who relieved us when we went off duty.

The attendants had closer contact with the inmates

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than did any other class of asylum personnel. They were a motley, frustrated lot—middle-aged bachelors, or childless, if married; often alcoholics or homosexuals. They did not have their own respect.

Nurses

Above the attendant is the nurse. It is difficult to generalize about nurses solely on the basis of my experience, because in the entire asylum wing where I worked, which contained over 500 inmates and included the male infirmary and admission ward, there was only a single nurse, on the day shift. But from contact with nurses at other institutions, as well as from certain published reports, the following remarks appear justified.

During their initial period of contact with inmates, when they are still students or fresh out of school, nurses generally display a positive interest in their patients' welfare. Even trifling cuts and ailments receive their prompt attention and, within the restrictions imposed by the conditions of their work in the asylum's ponderous social machine, they attempt to treat inmates as human beings. This is more possible for the nurse than it is for the attendant, because she sees the inmate only intermittently; in effect, she may occupy a sheltered pocket in the asylum wherein she can preserve for a time the ethics of her profession and the shape of her own personality. In one veterans' mental *hospital* with which I am acquainted, where nurses are not overworked and where their social and physical surroundings are comparatively pleasant, even older nurses of long experience often did not develop the callousness and brusk manner so common in their profession.

But the asylum machine grinds constantly against all rough edges, and ultimately the average nurse comes, after a series of abrasions, to fit the role apportioned to her. It is not the story-book role of a white-clad woman of mercy; it is more the role of a hired mechanic in a municipal junk-yard, who does not care if the abandoned wrecks rust away. She tries to give as few medications as possible, and she has no interest in her patients as individuals. As the functionary in charge of ward arrangements, her major concern is to see that beds have been made in accordance with precise regulations, that floors have been swept, and that inmates are in their proper places. Three trifling episodes may convey the nature of her role:

Once, together with a nurse, I was changing the sheets of a bed occupied by a feeble old man. The top of the sheet fell over his upturned face. I moved to uncover it, whereupon the nurse, who was busy making a square corner at the foot of the bed, said: "Don't worry about him. Just get the sheet right."

At another asylum, one nurse pushed a female inmate to the washbowl. The inmate said, "Don't you dare push me!" "Why," replied the nurse, "*You're* just a *patient;* but *I'm* a *nurse!*"

And at another, the nurse told a new attendant, "In the back ward you will find a man lying in a cot. Be sure to watch him and let me know if and when he dies. I hope he goes by tonight. We want to use his bed."

Doctors

The doctor heads the asylum hierarchy that has direct contact with inmates. During the period under review, the active staff consisted of some ten doctors (neglecting the superintendent and assistant superintendent, who devoted all their time to administration). Since the starting salary was $2520, it is perhaps understandable that the asylum did not attract the highest calibre physician, and that only one of the ten was a psychiatrist. Nevertheless, these doctors are responsible for all measures designed to alleviate the mental and physical ailments of 3,000 inmates.

The measures are minimal or nil.

Most inmates receive no mental treatment whatsoever; for them, the asylum is only a prison and a death house.

Some inmates do improve sufficiently to be discharged, but there can be little doubt that the bulk of these effect recovery in response to natural inner forces rather than to asylum "therapy." Virtually no psychotherapy is practised; such therapy as is administered is almost exclusively of a physical nature, because of the belief of the medical staff that insanity is largely caused by organic, constitutional factors, and because physical measures can most readily and economically be imposed upon a mass of patients without the necessity for over-fine discrimination between one patient and another.

Electric shock treatments meet these specifications well, and a dozen or more inmates were usually being subjected to this benevolent torture. To say the least, the atmosphere in which convulsions were induced was anything but friendly, however much it might satisfy those psychoanalysts who regard the expiatory or punishing aspects of shock therapy as the basis of its efficacy. The doctor was in a rush, the nurse was in a rush, the large room was strewn with recumbent, heavy-breathing, semi-conscious men in various stages of recovery from their comas, while four or more attendants were on hand to insure that inmate resistance did not throw this assembly-line-for-the-manufacture-of-unconsciousness off schedule.

The malarial fever treatment of general paresis was given in a number of cases, but I have no information on how adequately it was administered.

This brings us to mechanical and chemical restraint or "sedation," the only measures we have not yet mentioned that might conceivably be interpreted as "mental treatment." The most common form of restraint at this asylum is the camisole or strait-jacket. State law, printed on the back of each restraint order, reads: "Mechanical restraint is to be employed only for satisfactory surgical or medical reasons, or to prevent a patient from injuring himself or others. Mechanical restraint shall be employed only on the signed order of a physician . . . and a physician shall always be present at the first application of restraint. . . . No patient in restraint shall be left unattended, and the restraining apparatus shall be removed each 3 hours, so as to permit change of position, exercise of the limbs, and attention to cleanliness and the excretions."

All of these provisions are constantly violated: inmates are placed in strait-jackets as punishment for offending their superiors; attendants regularly strap inmates into a jacket and then apply for the physician's order, which is invari-

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ably granted; not once in fourteen months did I see a doctor present at the first application of restraint; and the strait jacket is often not removed for days at a time.

Since seclusion rooms are unavailable, chemical "sedation" is freely used as a disciplinary agent to keep inmates from disturbing the quiet of the ward, especially at night. Violent inmates are doped up for days on end with HMC and morphine injections or oral ministrations of sodium amytal or nembutal; convulsions occasionally result from overdosage.

This completes our summary of the asylum provisions for "treatment" of mental illness, though I have heard that a program of lobotomy operations has recently been inaugurated with some fanfare. (Amputation of the head will, doubtless, come next.)

A similar situation exists in regard to the treatment of physical ailments. The health of inmates deteriorates rapidly after entry (seclusion and poor diet alone would ensure this, not to mention disease contagion and the general decline in spirit), and no concerted effort is made to maintain it. Fortunate inmates enjoy an occasional mass walk on the grounds in good weather; many, however, get their only taste of fresh air on narrow porches through screens dark with dust and dried spittle. Even a program of periodic weighing or other health inspection is lacking, and persons infected with TB may circulate on the wards for a year before being detected and isolated.

Usually an ailment goes unnoticed until it develops to such a point that the attendant or nurse becomes aware of it and notifies the doctor. What is done thereafter depends to some extent upon the personality of the doctor involved. One doctor, thorough and conscientious in administering medication, was disliked by his colleagues for setting them such a standard of performance. Most doctors, like most attendants, tried to get by with as little work as possible, and the longer they remained at the asylum the more adept they became at avoiding work. Two doctors with whom I had close contact afford excellent examples.

One inmate with bladder distension went uncatheterized for over 30 hours at a stretch, because they were too lazy to take care of him sooner. Another inmate suffered for two weeks while gangrene spread up his foot and penis and the ward was kept awake nightly by his groaning, before they paid any attention to repeated reports of his condition (immediate amputation was then decided upon, and the man died twelve hours after the operation). Inmates with pneumonia died simply because of lack of medication.

The doctors especially resented being called (rather, awakened) during the night, although one or the other was theoretically always on duty. When temperatures running from 100-104° were reported to them by phone, the invariable reply was a standard order of sulfa pills and soda bicarb; on these occasions, the doctor never made a personal visit to the ward. Their general attitude to patients may be indicated by an episode:

One summer night, a newly admitted alcoholic went into convulsions some time after having been put into a strait jacket; I took his temperature: it was up the top of the thermometer, at 110°. I phoned the doctor, who ordered a shot of coramine. I ran to the surgery room, hunted up a vial of coramine, found a hypodermic and a needle, ran back to the man, now obviously on the way out, and gave him the injection in the arm. Three minutes later he was dead. Twenty or thirty minutes later the doctor showed up.

His exceptional zeal was due to the fact that any inmate who dies within twenty-four hours of admittance is automatically classified as a coroner's case, and the present inmate had been young and strong and very much alive upon entry. The supervisor primed me to say that everyone had done everything that could possibly have been done for the deceased. But the coroner's investigation was so perfunctory he did not ask me a single question. Some matters he neglected to investigate were the connection between strapping a strait jacket on a sweating alcoholic on a warm night and his subsequent heat stroke, the whereabouts of the doctor during and subsequent to the application of the strait jacket, and the absence, on the infirmary ward of this "hospital," of anyone who was qualified to administer emergency medical treatment.

Discussion

We are now better able to discuss the similarity of some social mechanisms in the Nazi death camps and the American insane asylum.

First, there is the matter of public indifference to atrocities despite a general knowledge of them. The American public is as guilty here as was the German people. Exposes of insane asylums have been published with monotonous regularity for years (see, for instance, the novels of Jane Hillyer, William Seabrook, Margaret Wilson, Mary Jane Ward, etc.), numberless investigating committees have conducted investigations, but the callous inhumanity of these institutions persists unaltered. Indeed, the asylum I have described is one in which Clifford Beers was an inmate over forty years ago and where he experienced cruelties that, in part, later led him to found the Mental Hygiene movement. And although psychiatric science has made considerable advances since that day, the social structure of the insane asylum and the ill-treatment and murder of its inmates by attendants and doctors remains substantially the same today that it was then.

How has it been possible for the asylum to persist unchanged, how was it possible for the death camps to exist? How was it possible to get men to work in death camps? One answer which has been advanced is that it was not ordinary Germans, but specially sadistic SS men who ran the camps. Undoubtedly there was selection of personnel at Auschwitz, just as there is an automatic selection of the kind of men who work in insane asylums in this country. But this answer is not satisfactory: SS members were human beings; the attendants, nurses, and doctors at the asylum are ordinary human beings; as is the writer (who also was involved in these atrocities); and every one of the thousand and more conscientious objectors who worked in American asylums during the war was personally involved in similar atrocities.

The simple factor that seems to explain the phenomenon might be called "getting used to things." The longer an

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attendant works at the asylum, the longer a man works in the death camp, the more indifferent does he become to the business at hand, the more mechanical and unemotional become his murderous operations. "It was bad at first, *but we got used to it,*" said the paymaster at the Nazi death camp. That death is the product of these operations makes not the least bit of difference psychologically. Men who handle the dead daily—morticians, doctors, hangmen, gravediggers, butchers, soldiers—are traditionally unconcerned with their merchandise, while the uninitiated citizen or child is shocked by sight of the corpse. The period of first introduction to the scene of slaughter would, then, usually be crucial in determining whether or not a man will continue to endure it; selection of personnel can serve to increase the likelihood that this test of transition is successfully met. (This is not to deny that psychological tensions will, in some circumstances, build up gradually so that, e.g., a soldier may crack under the strain of sucessive battles after facing death bravely in his first encounter.)

In the asylum, it is a common experience that the incoming attendant is more humane in his dealings with inmates than are older attendants, and the longer he remains the more callous he becomes. Clifford Beers made a similar observation:

"I recall the advent of a new attendant—a young man studying to become a physician. At first he seemed inclined to treat patients kindly, but he soon fell into brutal ways. . . . That the environment in some institutions is brutalizing, was strikingly shown in the testimony of an attendant at a public investigation in Kentucky, who said, 'When I came here, if anyone had told me I would be guilty of striking patients I would have called him crazy himself, but now I take delight in punching hell out of them.' " (*A Mind That Found Itself,* pp. 165-6)

Conscientious objectors who worked in asylums during the recent war gradually took over a large part of the code and conduct of regular asylum employees, including cruel and vulgar behavior which did not fit happily with their pacifist ideology.* The instance parallels the unconscious assumption by anti-fascist inmates in German concentration camps of the character and ideology of their Nazi keepers. (See Bruno Bettelheim, "Individual and Mass Behavior in Extreme Situations," *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology,* Oct. 1943.) The moral I would draw is that the social mechanism is stronger than any individual's will, and there are situations from which only physical escape can ensure the maintenance of the individual's integrity. When an individual remains in a situation such as that of an asylum, the army, prison, a concentration or death camp, it is inevitable that, to a greater or lesser extent, he sacrifices those values acquired by earlier experience which do not accord with the role he must play in the new situation. Similar, but milder, sacrifices would seem to be inevitable in less extreme situations.

Allowing the parallelism between the psychology of the working staff of the asylum and the death camp, a difference in their type of work still remains. The work of a death camp is to kill men and to dispose of their corpses methodically and efficiently. The work of an asylum is to imprison men methodically, and only occasionally to kill them. The ultimate test of similarity between the death camp and the asylum lies in the nature of the murder that is committed in the latter institution.

Murder by the attendants' beating of inmates is reprehensible both to the society outside the asylum and even, to some degree, to the society within it. The action of attendants involved in this type of murder seems more comparable to the disciplinary action of a police force than to the systematic operations of death camp guards.

It is in the murder by neglect of decrepit old men that, I believe, the closest analogy is to be found with death camp murders. The asylum murders are passive; the Auschwitz murders active (although once the factory was set going, largely passive too); but otherwise their logic is the same. The aged, insane paupers of the American asylum are surely the most pitiful members of American society; but no one will give them more than pity, and they also evoke feelings of abhorrence and fear. Asylums are institutions which have been created to remove this sight from our eyes. If the death rate at asylums were to be reduced, the yearly dollar and cents cost of their upkeep would be very much higher than we have thus far been willing to pay. In effect, the judgment of American society has been to murder its elderly insane. This was the same judgment that German society rendered against its Jews.

On the Pacific islands of Tonga, where a class society prevailed, it was believed that only the souls of noblemen are immortal. The debasement of the life of lower classes in industrial society was described by Engels and Dickens in England a century ago. Cannibalism was practised by *Sinanthropus pekinensis*; slavery, sacrifice, exploitation and murder of designated social classes are popular human practices during both war and peace, and the victims often cooperate in achieving their own demise. Jew hatred has been common in the Western world for at least 2,000 years. Did the death camps do more than make various generic theories explicit?

The problem of what to do with its senile population is faced by every human society, and the answer is always given in terms of prevailing cultural forms. The authoritarian structure, impersonalized operation, and standardized products of asylum and death camp appear, in this light, as a macabre caricature of the modern mode of production.

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* That CO's exerted a humanizing influence upon asylums and have become a force for reform through the publicity they have given to existent conditions is, of course, true; but the other half of the equation, the brutalization of CO's by their experience, has been insufficiently stressed. Some CO's who volunteered for asylum work found themselves unable to stomach the violence that went with it, and requested transfer to other units. Those who remained were soon absorbed into the system, learning to hate and punish, to loaf, to enjoy their authority over those beneath them and to resent the authority of superiors. One of the most rational inmates with whom I became friendly, a weaver who had murdered his daughter, once made this very observation: "You boys all come here with ideals, but you change after awhile and become like everyone else."

CONCESSION

WHY AMERICANS FEEL INSECURE

The Sense of Alienation Is Not Exclusively Jewish.

—title of article in "Commentary" for July

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Can We Cure Mental Care?

EVERY so often, newspapers and magazines let out great yells about the filth, the brutality, the starvation and the overcrowding which are rampant in insane asylums. Such a furore is going on now. Indeed, the public press has been making noises to this effect off and on now for two or three centuries.

It would be unfair, of course, to say that nothing has happened to improve conditions for the mentally deranged as the result of all these intermittent hullabaloos. On the whole, a maniac is chained more gently these days than he used to be: to his bed instead of to a dungeon wall, or—luxury!—in a warm full bathtub; and he is chained by leather wristlets or in cotton cloth, not with iron handcuffs and bonds that clank as well as limit his movements. In the very best mental hospitals even the barred windows, as it were, wear gloves. No one looking at them would dream that they are prison windows, though try opening one for more than two inches of air!

I am not suggesting there is no use in the effort being made to gentle our Bedlams. I have a close interest in any addition, however temporary, to the comforts of our state asylums. If psychiatrists had had their way, I should have spent years (or my life) in a hospital that has recently been described not too lovingly by one of its inmates, though it is acknowledged as 'one of the best.' But it is time to realize that the problem of state hospital care involves more than raising its standards on our local time. At the best we have never treated maniacs well. With only a few brilliant exceptions, our fear of them, not their needs and condition, has dictated whatever treatment we have given. In many instances we have exacted life itself from the mentaly ill; almost invariably we have stolen their liberty and kept them secluded from all normal society.

No matter how often we are told or tell ourselves that a lunatic is a man before he is a madman, we find it increasingly easy, because he is "difficult," to discount his reality as a human being. If he does not know or admit he is "sick," we deal with him summarily as the heretic he must clearly be. Only by the grace of God then does he escape a life term as a skeleton in society's closet. Only by the grace of God does he gain acquaintance with any "sane" person not primarily occupied with making a living off lunacy or primarily associated, as are his own family, with his own maladjustment. Once he has been accepted by this crew as hopeless, not a soul having any power over his destiny is ever apt to have faith in his ownership or gain of mental health. Hence, barring discovery of a "cure" that may give his keepers this faith, he is committed to the role of a maniac just as surely as a child is committed to the role of a "bad one" by incessant receipt of his behavior as wrong. Whether or not he is primarily sane, the eyes of his guards are too jaded to notice.

Clearly something needs to be done to open our insane asylums and to counteract every tendency to dissociate madmen from the human family. In addition to thinking what specific practices in mental hospitals need to be eliminated and what slums in their areas need to be cleared, we need to search out a method of awakening society regularly and often to the discovery which underlies every advance that is made in the care of maniacs. This discovery is that there is far less difference than one might think between a lunatic and, for example, you.

The exposes which have appeared in the public press, not only recently but in years gone by, have usually been the work of someone with no official interest in an insane asylum, either as a person dependent on one for employment or as a person relieved by it of the care of a troublesome charge. Patients themselves have belonged to this category—notably, of course, Clifford Beers. Sometimes the hospital has been invaded by a news reporter. And the extravagant proportions of today's concern with asylums comes directly from a line of pilgrims who have been filing slowly through them during the past five years: the conscientious objectors. As hospital attendants throughout the first atomic war, three thousand strong, they lived with the problem of insanity. Through a committee* to promote mental health, they are keeping in touch with hospital conditions and publicizing the facts they assemble. And although, like the other horrified people who have seen to the bottom of an asylum-cesspool, they recommend primarily that attendants in mental hospitals be well trained and paid salaries commensurate with the importance of the work they are doing, this half-automatic buck passing can be forgiven them since they show what should be the fundamental principle of asylum care.

For they have seen asylums simply as men and are reacting from the haunting sight to stir their fellows to understanding and action. *Like practically all other such strays as themselves, what they* ADVISE *is that we white the sepulchre, what they* DO *is to open it up.* And for once in history it becomes possible to say of a body of preachers "Don't do as they tell you but follow their example."

RAISING the educational standards of attendants in hospital-jails will do little more than substitute the vicious ethic of medical solidarity for the immorality of today's floaters and riders on the gravy train. Doubtless exemplars of the former bathe more often, so physically they would smell more sweet, but if an attendant's first duty is not to the sick it can matter little whether his loyalty and best service are given to a political friend or to fellow-members of his craft and trade. For it is not humanity that we purchase with the cash that allows us to demand training of asylum guards, though it is only humanity that will cure those who are at spiritual odds with our kind.

The fallacy lies in maintaining the exclusion from society's gaze of the facts regarding madmen and their habitat, which is just as wrong, just as dangerous with educated as with ignorant sycophants. The errors of doctors should be facts in the public domain no less than the penny-pinching of buyers and the nepotism of political guards. Regularly and often, people who have lived with hospital psychiatric care and can have no possible interest in living with it from that moment forth, should be set loose to report the facts they have found. Regularly and often, madmen should pass in living review, not for hours in an examination but for months in associated being,

*The National Mental Health Foundation, 1520 Race St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

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before those who have no preconceptions about them beyond the vague preconceptions of the 'amateur.'

This could be done by making the attendants' jobs temporary, as they were through the war with CO's. For so far as attendants go, since they have so small a part—officially—in the therapy given their charges, they cannot be taught through studying disease to recognize health; and since they have so large a part in the day-to-day life of their asylum charges, their most useful skill is to find mental health wherever it may be—even in 'lunatics.' This is particularly vital since much of a hospital psychiatrist's opinion concerning any patient in his care must necessarily come from attendants' reports. There is not time even in the best of hospitals for this to be otherwise.

One of the most signal discoveries psychiatrists have made during the past half-century is that by hauling a bad psychic spot into consciousness it sometimes disappears almost of itself. This is as true socially as it is of individuals. But tours of inspection by men whose living comes from such tours only ask them to be cursory or dishonest and to make pacts against society's interest. What is called for is subjection—temporarily—to asylum life of fresh minds whose use thereafter may or may not be primarily devoted to care of maniacs.

In a very small degree, this is being done through the Society of Friends and the Church of the Brethren, which gather small bands of quite young volunteers to work as attendants in receiving hospitals during, for example, their summer vacations. These young people are not specifically trained in advance for their hospital work. More important, they are not necessarily interested in making a life work of psychiatry. But their temporary devotion will permeate each individual with a *knowledge* he will never lose. Whether or not he draws right or wrong conclusions from his experience is almost beside the point, just as whether the citizen of a democracy votes well or ill is almost academic so long as he votes freely and from the same body of facts as his neighbors. What is important is that nothing he ever hears about nervous disorder need be just words to him and beyond verification. And should he go on to a career in psychiatry, he has a nub of interest and experience in actual maniacs to which the theories fashionable in his medical college will be applied. As things now are he makes only conducted tours into the minds and presence of maniacs until after he has had years of theoretical training.

IN time—probably a long time—the most backward of mental institutions would doubtless come to see merit in service units like those formed by the Quakers and Brethren. It is a little tough, however, on the inmates of such backward hospitals and on the society threatened by their continued mania, that only the drawing in and spewing out of patients similar to Clifford Beers can bring the benefits of public attention to these worst ulcers in our social being. Of course when one views the accomplishments of a Clifford Beers—or indeed any of the individuals who are called to service by a situation in which they have become involved—it is enough to make one feel better. But what we really need is to make people like Clifford Beers the rule and not the exception throughout the world's mental hospitals.

If there are any ways therefore in which we can engage bright young people to work for the nothing state hospitals pay during terms up to a year in length, the chances are good, not merely that the hospital's badness will be mitigated but also that a natural percolation will be achieved through society of thinking born from continually fresh but minute examinations of both madmen and the care they are given. Readymade, of course, there are no such ways, except those of the Friends and the Brethren. But if men can begin to learn a trade by knocking about in the scummy tasks it provides, so getting a stomach for the worst it can offer, it is conceivable that an apprenticeship which acquaints professional men with the sweepings of our medical, legal, educational and religious systems would be worth at least a year of theoretical training in medicine, law, education and theology. For these are the social trades and insanity is very largely a social disease.

Whether or not we shall be sensible enough to do this, however, is another matter. Not many of us are willing to learn how little difference there is between us and a madman.

ELSIE CRONHIMER

A Political Constant: The Great and Pitiful Self

IN *War and Peace* two men are to be shot: "They could not believe in it, because they only knew what their life was to them, and so could not understand, and could not believe, that it could be taken from them."

Here again is the genius of Tolstoy: that from the Russian "masses" he raises two specimens, and reveals them as beings; magnifies them, and shows them as worlds. They are not great men, not even officers. They are the dull grays or dull browns who occupy space in a marching column. Touch one and he is a great and pitiful self—great in terrible desire to be a self, pitiful in desire to be acknowledged as one. Whatever the political "system," there is the self. This is a political constant.

It does not matter for now how one regards the self, whether as a mass of conditioned responses to the conditioned stimulus, "I," or a miracle above matter. It matters only here that the self alone is given and is alone finally knowable. It is alone finally knowable for the very reason that no knower can *be* an electron, can *be* an historical "fact," or any other thing but a *self*. This is the only *Ding-an-Sich* he may know.

For all this that we really know only selves—our own directly and others by analogy—we make little use of their knowableness. Nicolai Hartmann's "Passing by on the Other Side" is a sentimental description of this great neglect: "Worlds meet, surface lightly grazes surface, in their depth they remain untouched and solitary; and they part again. . . . Is not the great common disappointment of all in life just this: to go empty away, unseen, unsensed, to be dismissed unvalued?" (*Ethics*, V. I, pp. 41-2)

By words the political systematizer hides the existence of selves. He does not know selves but "masses." He does not kill but "liquidates" and "purges." His bombers do not crush out dear, familiar sights and sounds; they "soften up" a city. Nor do his guns pin men to the earth until the bayonet comes; their "fire power" does this. And should

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there remain a few quivering selves, these "units" are "rehabilitated."

In all this, the "social rationalist" assists with his words, "society" and "social forces." So do we all as we pore over the maps in which hope and despair are reduced to shadings of red or black. Even pictures—a Greek teacher and his wife awaiting the final blast, a flaming-torch Japanese, a buzz-bomb victim sprawled in the street—even these may not be selves. How could they be selves really when they come neatly packaged in a slick copy of *Time?*

This is of course sentimental. This rings too much of the truly liberal days when Kant would have selves treated as "ends."* How can the great man build a system with every self demanding endhood? How can there be great parades if every self has the great desire to stand in the review stand and the pitiful desire to be seen there? This is a "realistic" time: There may be no sentiment—except about the great man's system.

But selves persist in being more realistic than their age. They are more realistic in the intuition that selves can ultimately know only selves. They cannot really know a system, and so cannot base their existences upon it. Only the great man really knows the system, and that because the system is his self. Persisting in this realism, the great and pitiful self continues to be sentimental about its existence. Greatly it refuses to be less than a self; pitifully it asks that its claim be noticed. But great or pitiful, it is constantly pressing up beneath every social and economic system, occasionally breaking through in a short epoch of true liberalism.

To ask how much longer we will wait for real liberalism is to ask when we will make the ideologies servants rather than idols to which we sacrifice our own and other selves daily.

LLEWELLYN QUEENER

* The "objective" statement of the Categorical Imperative. *The Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysics of Ethics.*

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THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

The UN was shining on the East,
  Shining with oil its might,
It did its very worst to break
  The broken Israelite,
But this was scarcely odd because
  The oil was very bright.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Were walking hand in glove,
They wept like anything to free
  The land of triple love
Where all the oil was underground
  And all the Jews above.

"If seven raids with Arab mobs
  Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
  "The oil would then be clear?"
"Who's counting?" said the Carpenter
  And shed a yankie tear.

"O Arabs, come and fight for us,"
  The Walrus did beseech,
"A pleasant raid, expenses paid,
  We'll give a gun to each."
The Carpenter said nothing but,
  "You practise and I'll preach."

A score of Arabs hurried up
  And then another score,
Abdullahding like shuttlecocks
  For Britain's battledore,
  And thick and fast they Muftied past
  And Effendied soon no more.

"Oy Oysters," said the Carpenter,
  "Husseini fast you run!
Let's make a truce—we'll Bernagoose—"
  But answer came there none,
And this was odd, because the Jews
  Had eaten every one.

ISABELLA FEY

JUST BETWEEN US DELINQUENTS

Los Angeles, Sept. 1: Robert Mitchum, 31-year old film star, was arrested in a raid last night by Federal narcotic officers in which a quantity of marijuana cigarettes was seized. . . . Mr. Mitchum, while being booked at the Lincoln Heights jail, frankly admitted frequent use of the drug. . . . As one of Hollywood's rising personalities, Mr. Mitchum had been scheduled to speak this morning at ceremonies on City Hall steps in observance of National Youth Month, one of the aims of which is reducing juvenile delinquency. He did not appear.

—"N.Y. Times," Sept. 2.

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Ancestors (6):

KURT TUCHOLSKY

1. The Man with the Five Pseudonyms

KURT TUCHOLSKY was a unique figure among the German political writers of the period from 1918 to 1933. A versatile talent, adept at every form of polemical writing, both in verse and prose, he hid his identity under five different pseudonyms, each of which expressed a part of his personality. As Ignaz Wrobel he was the political agitator, pacifist and social critic, who fought against injustice and published information on Germany's secret rearmament; as Peter Panter and Kaspar Hauser he wrote critical essays, literary sketches and aphorisms à la Pascal; as Theobald Tiger he was the political chansonnier, the tough, slangy cabaret poet of West Berlin; and as Kurt Tucholsky he wrote *Rheinsberg* and *Schloss Gripsholm,* two short novels which combined the the melancholic charm of 19th century romanticism with the dry, snappy wit of a certain Berlinian postwar society.

Why did Tucholsky split himself into five different personalities? Of course, there is always the writer's delight in disguising himself, a kind of literary puzzle game which he plays with his readers, for the sake of playing it. In the case of Tucholsky, however, it reveals an intellectual restlessness, a neurotic state of mind which, instead of confining itself to one task, had to embrace half a dozen at the same time. Against the background of the German twenties, Tucholsky appears as an example of the atomization of creative power in a decaying society. For him, an integrated identity was impossible because there was nothing with which he could identify himself—either the Germany of the Hohenzollerns, the collapse of which he had experienced at the age of twenty-eight, or the Weimar Republic in which, for 14 years, men like Tucholsky were condemned to say "no." In those days of social disruption and permanent civil war, George Grosz portrayed the dehumanization of our industrial age in his series *The Face of the Ruling Class;* Theodor Plivier described the self-betrayal of the new Republic in his novel *The Kaiser Went, the Generals Remained;* and Tucholsky became a "radical" writer. But it was a radicalism that could still afford to be radical. His satirical sketches which he first published in *"Die Weltbühne"* and then in book form (*With 5 P.S.'s, The Smile of Mona Lisa, Learn to Laugh Without Crying*) were read by many thousands. Even his picture book *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles*—one of the most violent attacks on the Germans ever written by a German —enjoyed enormous popularity.

Tucholsky came of a wealthy bourgeois family but at an early age he broke with his home environment and turned "bohemian." Born in Berlin in 1890, he was sent to school at the "Königliches Wilhelmsgymnasium," attended by the sons of Junkers and industrialists; its teachers were tutors to the imperial family. Even as a boy Tucholsky was far more interested in Marx and Engels than in the Almanach de Gotha. School friends tell of frequent clashes between him and his teachers, particularly when he was expected to write an essay on some such subject as: "What can we learn about the character of the Hohenzollerns from the position of their legs on their monuments in the Siegesallee?" For those who are not familiar with the German educational system before 1918, it must be said that this was not an exceptional way of teaching history under the Kaiser, although it sounds as if it had been invented by Tucholsky himself. The title of the dissertation with which he acquired his law degree at the university also sounds like one of his parodies on German academic bureaucratism. "The prefatory remarks to Paragraph 1179 of the *Bürgerliches Gesetzbuch* (Civil Code) and their implications." This work, dealing with the law of mortgages, and particularly special cases of foreclosure, concludes on an undertone of hidden rebellion: "And even today persons are not lacking who call for a change in this law."

Not much is known about Tucholsky's activities during World War I, except that he spent some time in a regimental headquarters in Rumania. Like so many anti-militarists of that period, he believed in the Marxist-Leninist theory that wars are caused by conflicting capitalistic interests and that, in order to abolish wars, one has to abolish capitalism. When in November 1918, the Empire collapsed and Germany became a republic, Tucholsky was one of those who, raised on the shoulders of the crowd in the streets of Berlin, proclaimed the dawn of a new era. From this point on, his name, or rather his pseudonyms, appeared regularly in the leading left liberal weekly *"Die Weltbühne,"* founded by Siegfried Jacobsohn, who, on the strength of his integrity as a writer and editor, became the educator of a whole generation of homeless intellectuals and political activists.* In this disparate group which included militant pacifists like the unforgettable Carl von Ossietzsky,† anarchic individualists like Erich Mühsam, poets like Walter Mehring, and aristocratic figures like Alfred Polgar, the nobleman of Viennese dramatic criticism, Tucholsky was the political *enfant terrible.* He was the eternal fault-finder, the man in the fourth row of the political theatre who interrupted the proceedings on the parliamentary stage and in the republican courts of justice with his ironic interpellations, the lone wolf who was always "against," who said what others thought but were afraid to say, and who wrote everything that came into his head. Tucholsky was certainly not a "great writer"; he was not in the literary class of such masters in the art of polemics as Heinrich Heine and Ludwig Börne. But he was a brilliant personality—original, witty, full of ideas—and he was almost always right. Today, for example, we cannot help being amazed at the prophetic character of his political analysis in *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles.* The book presents a photographic cross section of the German society of the twenties and reveals with terrifying objectivity the growth of the barbaric forces which were soon to horrify the world. One photograph discloses two German corps students after a duel, their faces gashed and blood-

* In 1933 *Die Weltbühne* went into exile and fell into the hands of the Stalinists; today it is back in Berlin, subsidized by the Russians and operating as an anti-American organ of the SED (Socialist Unity Party).

† Ossietzky was perhaps one of the few great figures of our time, a man of incorruptible character, outstanding as a writer and fearless in his determination to stand for his convictions. Although he knew what awaited him, he refused to leave Germany when Hitler came to power. He spent many years in concentration camps and died shortly after having been awarded the Nobel prize for peace.

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covered. The accompanying poem, entitled "German Judges of 1940" (!), begins as follows:

> "In another twenty years
> We and our chopped-up faces
> Will be sitting in austere robes
> Judging you and your cases."

Another picture which brought forth a storm of indignation among Rightists at the time and almost caused the book to be suppressed, was a photomontage entitled: "Beasts looking at you." The faces were not those of animals but of German generals.

In *With 5 P.S.'s* there is a little sketch entitled "Verdun," in which Tucholsky visits the war graves and beholds a vision of the German army "with its watchmakers, telegraph operators, trade-unionists, teachers, bank clerks disguised as soldiers, the leaders and the led, the swindlers and the swindled, all murdering without seeing the enemy, killing collectively, all putting off responsibility on the next man. . . . Achilles and Hector were still warriors, they still *fought* one another; this war was bought ready-made. . . . Lansquenets? No. Factory workers of death." Twenty years ago he wrote this prophecy of the totalitarian age, with its "leaders" and "led," its discipline of "collective killing," its lack of individual responsibility.

The sketch concludes: "And out of the gray sky a giant form emerges, a slender, well-built officer, with enormously long legs, puttees, a dashing figure, a monocle in his eye. He grins. And with the voice that has screeched at half Germany on the drillgrounds, the voice that makes a whole world tremble with dread, he cackles: "Again! Again! Again!"

II

Like many great satirists, from Daumier to Georg Grosz, Tucholsky had a secret hate-love for the thing he was attacking. By this I do not of course mean the German judge or the German officer or the German official—here no compromise was possible. Tucholsky's hate-love was directed at a good-natured little man from Berlin, named Wendriner, an invention of his own. Between Wendriner and Tucholsky there was a sort of phonetic affinity of sound and soul. Wendriner was the Jewish Babbitt of the Weimar Republic, the businessman who adopted the tone of the society in which he lived and made his money, who made his peace with things as they were, and said yes to everything, provided he was allowed to keep on living and making money. In a stenographic staccato style Tucholsky rendered the speech of this postwar bourgeois, the Berlin slang, the clipped Prussian accents, the barking, the swallowed syllables and swallowed thoughts. Wendriner is a comedy figure. But his babbled monologue gives an intimation of the trumpet blasts of the Last Judgment. Every word reveals a type, every sentence discloses an ideological condition. Of all the Wendriner studies, the most astonishing is perhaps the prophetic vision of "Wendriner under the dictatorship," which appears later on in this issue. Here Tucholsky describes how Wendriner *would behave* in case the inevitable should happen, and anticipates a terrible truth: that Wendriner would have been very glad to play along in the third Reich if he had been allowed to do so.

Three years after Hitler seized power, Tucholsky committed suicide in Sweden. He might have joined the emigration in Paris with its slogan about "the real Germany." He might have written an anti-Nazi best seller and allowed himself to be exhibited as a martyr at "antifascist" mass meetings. But he was too honest and too intelligent not to see the bankruptcy of the Left, which had learned nothing from the collapse and even in exile never ceased to defend the ideological *status quo* tooth and nail. He felt that the battle was lost, that his satire had fallen on deaf ears.* Tucholsky's words had had no effect on Wendriner. If anything, Wendriner had been pleased and flattered at the attention. And this is the true tragedy of a figure like Tucholsky.

"It's always the same 200 people," he wrote many years before his death in a poem called *Deine Welt* (Your World). And who were these 200 people? They were the spirit of Weimar Republic, the labor leaders and intellectuals, the men who wrote for *Die Weltbühne* and who (including Wendriner) read Tucholsky; they were the ladies in evening dress who between Picasso exhibitions and six-day bicycle races felt impelled to prove to themselves and others that their hearts also beat for the oppressed; and they were the gentlemen in tails who spent their days speculating in wheat and cotton, and at night went to see proletarian dramas. This Balzacian world of a dying republic, which at bottom had never believed in itself, came to an inglorious and cruel end—an end which surpassed even the imaginings of a Tucholsky. Even he, the pessimist par excellence, whom his love of exaggeration had made the caricaturist of catastrophe—even he could not imagine in his time that Wendriner would one day die a chemical mass death, that Breitscheid and Hilferding, after the fall of France, would be abducted by the Gestapo and tortured to death.† In the light of these later events, it almost seems as though the satirist did not have the strength to survive the objects of his satire. The end of Wendriner's world was the end of Tucholsky's world—a world in which, if nothing else, it had been possible to fight with irony and wit; in which, as at the time of the French Revolution, the victims in the orchestra applauded their own execution on the stage. In an obituary on himself, entitled "Requiem," he describes his own funeral at which a song by Ignaz Wrobel, alias Kurt Tucholsky, is sung: "It was one of those innumerable songs written by the departed for those circles which he claimed to despise; *with one hand he attacked them and with the other he poured himself a drink of their champagne.* He was, indeed, a complex personality. . . . "

Today we know that this attitude of a pre-totalitarian laissez-faire liberalism couldn't withstand the ideological pressure of our time. To be always "against" was not enough, and no one was more sincere in recognizing this fact than Tucholsky himself. He died in the grand manner, as though a whole epoch were dying with him: in one hand a glass of champagne filled with poison, in the other one an empty typewriter sheet.

III.

He was, indeed, a "complex personality": a Jew who had seceded from Jewry, a bourgeois who had fled from bourgeoisie; a German who, long before Hitler, had moved to Paris, where he wrote his Berlin satires; a revolutionary

* Another prophet and satirist of our time, the Viennese Karl Kraus, expressed a similar reaction shortly before his death. One of his poems, a bitter attack on the German emigration, summed it up: "No word struck home."

† Another thing that Tucholsky could not foresee at that time was that these two Socialist leaders would fall a victim to the limited vision of their own party: they died not because they were corrupt or cowardly, but because, insisting on the right of asylum, they refused to leave the France of Petain and Laval *illegally*.

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without party; essentially a thwarted Romanticist, who loved tender veses, but was hurled into the political arena by the dynamism of his time, and who bled forth his talent under five pseudonyms.

But on his tombstone, somewhere in Sweden, I should like to see the following words from his own "Requiem":

"Here lies a golden heart
And an iron jaw."*

HANS SAHL

Translated by Ralph Manheim

2. His "Testament"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Shortly before he committed suicide, Kurt Tucholsky wrote a long letter to his friend, Arnold Zweig. This letter, commonly known as Tucholsky's "Testament," appears here for the first time in English. The translation, by Ralph Manheim, is from the text published in the June,* 1947, *issue of "Dinge der Zeit." . . . The following piece—also translated by Manheim—"Herr Wendriner under the Dictatorship," was published by Tucholsky two years before Hitler came to power.*

Dear Arnold Zweig:

Many thanks for your letter of November 13. Thank you for all your friendly words—and if, in addition to *Verdun,* you would send me the *Balance Sheet of Jewry,* I should be very grateful. I should have answered you sooner except for the state of my health: I haven't been well.

Well, there are quite a few things to be said. You, my dear Zweig, are one of those very rare writers who have taken criticism (I am referring to what I said about *Sergeant Grischa*) as it was meant: in a spirit of friendliness. I have never forgotten that. And so I would like to say something that has little to do with your work, but a great deal to do with your opinions—what I have to say is not aimed at you, but it is to you that I am speaking.

In 1911 I "seceded from Jewry." I know one can't do anything of the sort, but that was the legal formula. You know there was no boot-licking about it—under the Kaiser life was pretty tolerable for a Jew, but not for a non-sectarian, who was always looked on as a suspicious dog. Why then did I do it? Because from childhood up I had felt an insurmountable abhorrence for anointed rabbis—because I sensed more than understood the cowardice of these people. Wendriner hadn't been born yet. Well, as a matter of fact he had, but he was nameless. So I got out.

I knew about anti-Semitism from the newspapers but had no personal experience of it. With the keen instinct characteristic of the Germans, most of them didn't take me for a Jew (at this I am not flattered, just amused). Three and a half years in the army—no trouble with anti-Semitism. In the end I was a police superintendent—and not the slightest trace. I got drunk with the boys at the Casinos, which is how I became so familiar with that atmosphere—again there was no sign of anything. So you see, I do not speak from resentment. And I do not belong to the well-known class of Jewish anti-Semites.

About Palestine, I don't feel justified in saying anything at all. I am not up on the situation. But I am struck by two things: (1) that it is not a Jewish state but a British colony, in which the Jews—as in the days of Pontius Pilate—play a role which is distasteful to me—and to quite a few of the Jews in Palestine; (2) those German Jews who had money were only allowed to go there if, instead of their money, they took with them contracts on the strength of which Palestine has been flooded with German goods.

Well, that is up to the Zionists, and since I don't go along with them, I don't feel entitled to criticise them too much. But to you I think I may say: What are you? A soldier in a beaten but unconquered army? No, Arnold Zweig, that is not true. The Jews have been conquered, just as they have deserved—and it's not true either that they have been fighting for thousands of years. The fact is that they do not fight. The emancipation of the Jews was not the work of Jews. It was a present made them by the French Revolution, in other words by non-Jews—they did not fight for it. And they are suffering the consequences.

You say: yes, we have our Wendriners, I abhor them but they are the exception—well, I say: there are a few decent Jews, not quite ten percent, as the emigration figures show—I call them the exception—I have the greatest respect for them and their fortitude in suffering—but . . . but . . . ? The rest are worthless. It is not true that the Germans are tainted with Jewishness. The truth is that the German Jews have been Bochified.

I have often been told that the ghetto Jews in the 16th century couldn't help themselves, they were oppressed, the only occupations open to them were usury and peddling, but such feeble, sloppy explanations have never appealed to me. No, my friends. Ghetto is not a consequence, ghetto is a destiny. A heroic race would have been broken; these people "have to live." No, nobody has to live like that, not like that. But forget the mediaeval Jews, take the Jews of today, the German Jews. You'll see that people who were big shots in any number of fields have accepted the ghetto—the idea of the ghetto and its realization. Even from here I can see those curs: I can see them—though I pay little attention to them; I read no German newspapers and next to nothing that the refugees put out. They let themselves be penned in; herded into Jewish theatres with four yellow spots in the front and in the back, and (as I hear!) they have only one ambition: "Now we'll show them our theatre's better!" Phooey! And they don't sense that anything's wrong. They see nothing, feel nothing.

I am enclosing an excerpt of a letter from London; it is half whimsical and deals only with externals, yet it touches the essence. Actually the situation is much worse—this is only an illustration. The fact is: the Jew is a coward. He is blissful if a kick *doesn't* materialize—thus implicitly accepting the kick as his due. He knuckles under. "It's all in the day's business."—But that's not the whole of it. There's something else, something entirely different, his absolute inability even to suspect what heroism means. I know all the arguments. I can run through them in my sleep—and only in my sleep: "What have you done that's so heroic?—I suppose you would have. . . ." That's the refrain I'd hear if I were shameless enough to face a lec-

* "Schnauze" (jaw) is a highly untranslatable Berlinism, referring to the insolent repartee for which Berliners were once famous. (Tr.)

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ture hall full of shit—the same people who used to heckle me with: "What good will that do you?" and "Did you have to say that?"

The great moment found a measly race. That's God's truth. Not to have realized that March 1933 was the time to clear out, not one in ten as they're doing now; no, for every one who stayed, nine should have gotten out, nine should have had to get out. Was there one single rabbi who turned out to be a leader of his people? Or one single man? Not a one. In Nuremberg there was a rich and influential Jewish community. And that's where Herr Streicher built himself up. "Don't incite anti-Semitism. Just ignore him." And didn't I read with my own eyes that when the first pogroms began, in 1931 I think, the leader of the Frankfurt community advised the faithful to go straight home after religious services and take care not to form crowds—on *their* street, my dear Zweig? That's how it was.

How much attention was paid to our warnings, you know. And then it was too late—or maybe there was one second more—and then what? Then they did something that reminds me, whenever I think of it, of what Beer-Hoffmann once said to me: "The Jews aren't really so smart. It's just that in some places the others are even stupider." And that's the truth.

If you had told the average Jew in 1933 that he would ever leave Germany under such conditions as in 1935, he would have laughed in your face. "But I can't leave!" (And then, like a gambler) "I'd be taking a loss! Why, you're out of your mind, my business. . . . " And now they crawl out, dejected, beaten, up to their ears in shit, busted, shorn of their dignity (but oozing "moral superiority"). Heroism would even have been better business. Then why didn't they choose the heroic way? Because they are incapable of heroism; because they don't even know what it means.

The great Péguy, whom I can't recommend too highly, has a passage that runs more or less like this: The Jews don't like to listen to their prophets, because they know what it costs. Their experience through the centuries . . . and so on, all very philo-Semitic. That's sweet and kind, but it isn't true. Anyone who hasn't freedom in his blood, who doesn't feel what it means to be free—will never win his freedom. Anyone who accepts the ghetto as something predestined, will stay there till kingdom come. This, and this alone, accounts for the inadequacy of the whole German emigration, out of which I have no desire to manufacture a Jewish question—here lies their guilt, their wretchedness, their smallness. They are just nothing.

This sounds as if it were aimed at the man to whom this letter is addressed. But all this applies to you only very indirectly. To be sure, I can't follow you when you praise the Jewish woman for traits which I find to an equal degree in other women ("she knows how to be beautiful at garden parties"—Minchen Müller can do that too), but I do know that you would never give up one jot of your conviction. I am barking in your presence, not barking at you. What I am attacking is the state of mind of the Jews, and, much more important, of the so-called "German Left"; at this point permit me to use the word "nebbich."

We have suffered a defeat. It's been a long time since a party holding all the trumps has received such a thrashing. Now what? Now pitiless self-exploration is in order. Even at the absurd risk that it will be used against us, we must practice self-criticism of a kind that will make vitriol look like dishwater. Now we—and that means me too!—have got to say: We made this mistake and that mistake and that other mistake—and to this task and that task we were unequal. Not just: "The others. . . . " But: "All of us. . . . "

And what happens instead? Instead, the papers carry paeans of praise that are too much for my stomach—praise of the Jews and praise of the Socialists and Communists—"there they sit and admire each other," as they say in Swedish. And that's not what the party's there for. To attack clay pigeons like Breitscheid or Hilferding or any of those fellows is to desecrate corpses. But neither they—nor any of the others, to my knowledge—have the slightest idea what happened to them.

"Hearing nothing, seeing nothing, the good man sits and ponders.
How could it happen? And why did it happen to him, he wonders."

Instead of self-exploration and self-criticism, I see such nonsense as "We are the better Germany" and "That's not the real Germany." But a country is not only what it does, it is also what it tolerates, what it endures. It's gruesome to watch what the Paris refugees are doing—the way they go on playing with something that doesn't exist any more. The way they keep on looking eastward with one eye—and keep regarding themselves as Germans. Damn it all, the Germans don't want you. But that's beyond their perception.

That's Germany all over. The uniform fits them, only the collar's too high. A little uncomfortable, a little annoying—so much pathos and so little butter—but otherwise? As Alfred Polgar says: "The downfall begins when they say: You've got to give those fellows credit for one thing. . . . " They give them credit for this and then for that and then for everything.

This is a bitter thing to find out. I have known it since 1929 when I went on a lecture tour. I saw "our people" face to face in the audience, friends and enemies alike, and then I understood. Since then I have spoken less and less. I value life too much to stand under an appletree and ask it to grow pears. I'm through with that. I'm through with that country, I speak its language as little as possible. Let it rot—let Russia conquer it—I'm through.

I think that I know you as a writer—it is possible that you may want to discuss all this; if so, I should be obliged, very much obliged, if you would leave my name out of it; I don't even want to serve as a basis for discussion about things German—that's all done and over with. But I can't be wrong: the facts speak for me. The fact that there is a people (Jews and the feeblest part of the German bourgeoisie which palmed itself off as Left, or in very small part actually was Left), a people that takes humiliations without even feeling them. They have wives—they have children, I suppose. . . . Well. . . .

"And sensitive souls who may not have been too upset when some lout shouted 'dirty Jew bastard' after a gentleman with a prayerbook on the Day of Atonement; or when a major of the 'Eleventh' publicly proclaimed in a

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streetcar: 'Look at all those pregnant Jewish bags—it makes me sick to my stomach!" That isn't what hurt. But when enlightened friends and well-wishers, trying to spare their feelings, would say: 'The upperclass Jews, after all'—that struck home."

That's by Kerr. What then would you expect of a lesser man? No, my friend, those people don't amount to anything and never will. I see this problem as one far greater than any Jewish problem—I see a Social Democracy that will win out only when it has ceased to exist—and not only because it was without character and venal and cowardly (and who were these people other than our old friends the Germans), no, they lost the battle because their doctrine is no good—it is false. Please don't imagine that I've gone over to Blood and Soil or any such thing—I suggest that you read *La révolution necessaire* by Dandieu and Aron, and I recommend the magazine *Ordre nouveau,* one of the most significant publications that has ever come my way, and *à la rigueur* I recommend *Esprit* (Paris)—you will see at once what I am driving at. We must begin all over again, at the beginning.

We must start from scratch. *"Ford, c'est Descartes descendu dans la rue"* runs one of Dandieu's aphorisms (unfortunately he died much too young, at the age of 36). We must start from scratch, and not listen to that preposterous Stalin who betrays his followers in a way that only the Pope can equal. None of that stuff can bring freedom. We must begin at the beginning. We shall not live to see the day. One thing is needed that most of the refugees overlook, the power of youth, which we no longer possess. New men will come after us. But this way nothing will get done. The game is up.

Nihilism? My dear Zweig, I have learned a good deal in the last five years—and if not for my poor health, I should have stated it publicly. I have learned that it is better to say: there's nothing here, than to delude oneself and others (as you never have done). But the play-acting of despair, which persists in looking up to a fellow like Thomas Mann, the Nobel Prize winner who is afraid to leave Germany and still permits his "harmless" books to be sold in Germany—the despair that goes on making the same mistakes that were our ruin: specifically, the mistake of not being too particular about our allies—well! that's a kind of affectation I can't go in for. And here is what really repels me about the German emigration—everything goes on as if nothing had happened. On and on. They write the same books, make the same speeches, the same gestures. But all that was no good even when we were able to work inside Germany and had a little power—how can you expect it to work from outside? Take a look at Lenin in the emigration: all steel and extreme purity of thought. And those fellows? Bunglers. Cherman Kulchur. The world conscience. . . . Good night.

I refrain from all public activity, because I am not the man who can build a new doctrine—I am not a great leader and I know it. I do excel at giving expression to some vague insight of the masses—but today there's no such thing. Am I being discouraging? It's something to break down false and illusory hopes. What's more, I believe in the stability of the German regime. It is supported by the whole world, for it is directed against the workers. But even if it were to collapse: the German emigration would have nothing to do with it. I can see the specialist at the Propaganda Ministry; I can see the bored smirk on his face as he reads that stuff. It is harmless.

This has grown to be a long letter, so help me. Well, if you ever come here, I am in Switzerland right now, I shall be glad to have a chat with you. I am finished as a writer, but a talk with you will always be a little holiday.

All best wishes, especially with regard to your eyes.

Yours faithfully,

KURT TUCHOLSKY

December 15, 1935.

3. Herr Wendriner under the Dictatorship

SHUSH!

Didn't I tell you not to talk so loud. There are stormtroopers outside the movie house . . . can't you see? Come, step out now. How much is it? I guess it's not going to rain . . . the weather will settle. Come along in. Hold your mouth now! Oh, I beg your pardon. . . . Quiet now! Where are our seats . . . ? First row . . . splendid. Good—put your coat down over there, now your—give it here.

Previews. That's only a preview. We've seen that one anyway—it's . . . Regierer! Say, that's a good one. What are you doing here? What, in the loges? Yes, yes, high-class . . . hee-hee. . . . Oho, free seats. No kidding? Say, Regierer has two more tickets he can't use. Welsch is coming too. Let's join them in the loge. Wait, we'll come and join you . . . here . . . take your coat for a second. . . . Ah! Here we can talk at least.

They've just shown the newsreel. Parade in Mecklenburg. Big crowd, eh? . . . Plenty of militia in here—do you know, it feels like something's missing when they're not around. Yes, you get so used to them. . . . And some of them are fine looking boys, aren't they? Fact is, I think the whole thing is kind of nice. What do you think, Hannah? There's something festive about it. Sure. How about you, Herr Regierer? What do you say—? What? We'll see? That's what I always say. Let me tell you something. It all doesn't look so bad to me. When did I see you last? Two months ago . . . in September . . . Well, there you have it. Remember what a panic that was? You can't help being glad it's over . . . now at least we know what's what. No, take it from me, things were in a bad state . . . I was so run down my wife put me to bed for four days. Who would have thunk it?—Here on the Kurfüstendamm, not a sign. There wasn't a sign of anything. Say, look—that's Gebühr, Otto Gebühr. They say he had an offer from France not long ago, they wanted him to do Napoleon. He wouldn't do it. He says the only part he'll take is Dr. Goebbels, or at least Frederick the Great. Good actor. This is a big time for him. Oh yes, for me too! I . . . I voted Staatspartei because somebody had to take responsibility . . . and the party had the right outlook. That's right. Did Welsch really vote Center? Meshugge. I'll ask him later. Anyway, lemme tell you something. Things aren't so bad. I've been talking to a fellow from Rome, and he says: compared to Rome this place is positively free. You've got your yellow ticket, haven't you? Yes, of course, we've got our yellow ticket. Ten years? I've been living in Berlin for more than twenty years, they gave it to me right away, what did you expect? Intermission? Shush! Say, take a look at that dark-skinned fellow down there. Probably some Polish Jew . . . let me tell you something, with kikes like that there's a reason for anti-Semitism. Take a look at him. Disgusting. What surprises me is that he's

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still here. Why don't they throw him out? . . . Well, I can't complain. In our street everything's in perfect order. . . . We've got a really nice storm-trooper on the corner, a fine chap. When I go to work in the morning, I give him a cigarette—he salutes as soon as he sees me coming; he salutes my wife too. What did they do to you? What's Regierer saying? They knocked his hat off? How'd that happen? Well, in that case, by good friend, you'd better raise your arm! My opinion is that if that's our new flag, you've got to salute it. Shush!—Powder keg . . . ? Sure. Do you think I feel perfectly safe? Every morning my wife calls me up at the office to see if anything's wrong. So far nothing's happened. Say, that was good just now, did you see? He pretended to be blind when he's actually deaf. Well, let me tell you something: About this H.—even if he does come from Czechoslovakia—he really knows the German mind. Well, at any rate, we have order. Isn't order something? As long as you're a citizen and you've got your yellow pass . . . all right, all right, not a citizen, a ward of the state, anyway, nothing happens to you . . . they're perfectly logical about these things. One thing you've got to admit: they know how to put on a show. It's amazing! What? Like the other day on Wittenbergplatz. The way they came marching up with their flags and all that music. Under the Kaiser it was no bett . . . Welsch! You're a little late! Half the picture is over. Sit over here. No, not on my hat! Sit on Regierer's hat . . . it's not so new.

Nu, Welsch, what's going on? Let's have a look . . . now I can see you better. You look good. Say, is it true you voted Center. . . . There come two storm-troopers. Shush! . . . Is it true that you voted Center? Meshugge. Well, yes—the Center did have Karewski on its list; but that's Jewish business. We . . . not so loud. Just one thing I ask: keep your voice down. Don't make trouble for me—times are a little too serious for that. After all they're perfectly right in expecting us to maintain a certain decorum in public. Perfectly right. It's starting in again. That's Kortner. . . . See, they let him act. . . . That's just what I've been saying: it's not really so bad. What do you think? That's what I think too. Pretty little number—take a look. We were just speaking about H. With him we know at least he's not going to break into your safe. With the Communists I don't know. Or rather . . . I know too damn well. Well, right now they can't move a muscle. They're out flat. Serves them right. My dear Welsch, the politician's business is to be successful. The business man's too. That's *realpolitik*. Leave the politics to them. We'll take care of the real estate. Am I right?

Newsreel again? Why not? Shush—! When they're showing those pictures, hold your mouth. Let them have their fun—it's not so bad. Anyway, it's a good picture . . . we saw him in close-up before; he was standing there with his lieutenants. . . . No! Goebbels is out. . . . Don't you know that? Yes of course, he's very popular. Maybe that's why. H. keeps his eyes open. Goebbels wanted to speak in the Wintergarden . . . but they wouldn't give him a permit.

Today it was a little weak. A little weak. Why—? With the stock exchange, it's no use asking. The stock exchange has a smeller . . . don't ask why. Those fellows have a smeller—that's all—when things are good, they don't say a word, and make money, and when things go bad, they drive everybody meshugge. Afterwards they tell you they knew what was going to happen all along. Charming picture, look! Say, did you see that—? Those French soldiers running in all directions . . . ? No, that couldn't happen in Germany. See? . . . some people are still complaining, . . . but if you ask me, the thing has its good side. Why? What do you mean? What has that got to do with the war? What has the Young Plan to do with war? Go on! Did we make the war? All we did was to cheer. And when it was over we didn't have any butter. Don't tell me. Since when does a people have to pay for a lost war? It's bad enough we lost it; the other side won, let them pay for it! My dear Welsch . . . I . . . I . . . Shush—!

I expected . . . my dear Welsch . . . I expected certain things just the same as you. Good. And now that I see it isn't the way I expected, I can't help admitting that this system has its good side too. I mean it has its historical justification—go on! You can't deny that. It has its . . . that is, I mean, the city looks different. And the foreigners will be back soon, they'll want to see . . . plain curiosity. . . . You've got to hand it to them: those boys have something. I don't know what . . . but they've got something.

That's the end. So it's the end, so let's go home. Oh yes . . . the Horst Wessel Song. Stand up. What else can we do? We've got to stand up. The English sing their national anthem after the theatre too, so we Germans sing a different song. . . . *Marschiern im Geist in unsern Reihen mit* . . . oh well.

Beg pardon . . .ts . . . ts . . . ts . . . it's raining. So let it rain. Wait a while . . . maybe a cab'll come along. You wait under the marquee; I'll watch for a cab. That's not a sturmtrupführer, it's a gauführer, . . . I know the insignia. Get out of the rain. When it rains you should go in. Do we have to get wet? Let other people get wet. Here comes a cab.

Shush! Get in.

KURT TUCHOLSKY

(*Translated by Ralph Manheim*)

THE "USSR" ISSUE: CLASSROOM RATES

The Spring issue, devoted mainly to the Soviet Union, is available to our readers at a special bundle rate of 40c a copy in lots of 10 or more. Some teachers have already bought bundles for classroom use.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE:

Anton Ciliga, author of "The Russian Enigma," has been living in Rome for the past three years. . . . **Nathan Dershowitz,** who lives in Brooklyn, is a former member of the S.L.P. and is still active in efforts to combat the present authoritarian leadership of that party. . . . **Nicola Chiaromonte,** a frequent contributor to "Politics" and to "Partisan Review," is now living in Rome. His article in this issue was sent in this summer as a report to Europe-America Groups (described elsewhere in this issue). . . . **Harold Orlansky,** a C.O. during the war, writes for "Commentary," "Politics," and various academic journals. He is now in England on a sociological research project. . . . **Llewellyn Queener,** whose "Inter-Enemy Ethics" appeared in our December, 1944, issue, teaches philosophy at the University of Tennessee. . . . **Hans Sahl** was one of the leading younger critics of pre-Hitler Germany. Author of two books of poetry and an oratorio, he is now the New York art and theatre correspondent for the Swiss newspaper, "Neue Zuercher Zeitung." . . . **Dorothea Orgler** left Germany during the thirties; she now lives in England. . . . **Niccolo**

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Tucci, who has been writing for "Politics" since 1944, was recently denied U.S. citizenship by Federal Judge Knox on the grounds that he was (a) a fascist and (b) an anarchist. His "Politics" articles we are proud to say, were the chief exhibit in court. For a thorough expose of the self-contradictions and the viciousness of the learned Judge's decision, see Gaetano Salvemini's article, "The Child and the Judge," in a recent "Nation." . . . **Theodore Dryden** is still raising ferrets commercially on Staten Island. . . . **Harvey Swados,** who lives in upper New York state, is working on a novel. . . . **Peter Blake** is a young architect and critic who now lives in New York City. . . . For two of the three quotations immediately below, our thanks to **DINGE DER ZEIT** (London).

GREAT MEN—and little men

1.

"A great number of these system builders—Newton, Descartes, Leibnitz, et al.—were bachelors, a suspicious fact. . . . Bachelors . . . were recognized as having among them a high percentage of masturbators and homosexuals. The Indiana University survey of sexual behavior bears out the idea that among intellectually striving males, both before and after marriage (if marriage is ever entered upon), there is in many a marked and special persistence of masturbatory sexual activity. Newton and Descartes, for example, continually shied away from women. . . .

What is the difference between the creative output of the normal male and the distorted male? The difference is that the creativity of the normal male is *authentic,* rising from the wellsprings of a fully integrated male ego, whereas the creativity of the psychically distorted male, the compulsive and the phallic-narcissistic male is *compensatory,* in whole or in part, and draws for supporting ego energy directly on the id, leaving little for a healthy libidinal life. Much of the creativity of the present age is purely compensatory, whether evaluated as socially and culturally worth while or not. . . .

"Many of the outstanding men of the post-Renaissance period, to our day, were in actual fact inferior men, from the point of view of personality development. Shreds of work done by many of them, sudden *apercus,* have been socially useful; much of their work, on the other hand, has been socially demoralizing. To mention all such unhealthy men, whose lives should be expounded in the schools by psychopathologists so that the young should not continue to accumulate unsound notions about what constitutes an ideal man, would take many pages. We therefore mention only a few: Francis Bacon, Spinoza, Stirner, Spencer, Schopenhauer, Rousseau, Nietzsche, Mill, Hume, Hegel, Descartes, Marx, Robespierre, Diderot, Wagner, Napoleon, Hitler, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Pascal, Danton. . . . "

—Ferdinand Lundberg and Marynia F. Farnham (M.D.): *Modern Woman, the Lost Sex* (Harper, 1947), pp. 336-341.

2.

"Lassalle was a snob who got himself killed in a Quixotic duel, Marx a pathologically quarrelsome old sponger; Bakunin had an incestuous fixation on a sister, was impotent and died a virgin; Trotsky at a certain period spent all his afternoons and evenings playing chess in the Cafe Central in Vienna—a typical figure from an Osbert Lancaster Cafe Royal Landscape; Lenin suffered a traumatic shock when his brother Alexander was hanged—hence his fanatical hatred of the bourgeoisie of which, in analytical terms, the Russian revolution was merely a 'projection.' "

—Arthur Koestler, "The Intelligentsia"; *Partisan Review,* Summer 1944.

3.

"They are great men because they willed and accomplished something great; not a mere fancy, a mere intention, but that which met the case and fell in with the needs of the age. This mode of considering them . . . excludes the socalled 'psychological' view, which—serving mostly the purpose of envy—contrives so to refer all actions to the heart, to bring them under such a subjective aspect, that their authors appear to have done everything under the impulse of some passion, mean or grand, some morbid *craving,* and on account of these passions and cravings not to have been moral men. . . . These psychologists are particularly fond of contemplating those peculiarities of great historical figures which appertain to them as private persons. Man must eat and drink; he has relations with friends and acquaintances; he has passing impulses and ebullitions of temper. 'No man is a hero to his valet' is a well-known proverb. I have added—and Goethe repeated it ten years later: 'But not because the former is no hero, but because the latter is a valet.' He takes off the hero's boots, assists him to bed, knows that he prefers champagne, etc. Historical personages waited upon in historical literature by such psychological valets, come poorly off; they are brought down by these, their attendants, to a level with—or rather, a few degrees below—the morality of such exquisite critics of the human spirit. The Thersites of Homer who abuses the kings is a stock figure in all ages. Blows—i.e., beating with a cudgel—he does not get in every age, as in the Homeric; but his envy, his vanity, is the thorn which he has to carry in his flesh; and the undying worm that gnaws him is the tormenting idea that his respectable views and vituperations remain absolutely without effect in the world."

—Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel: *The Philosophy of History.*

4.

Little men, what now?

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The Wallace Campaign: An Autopsy

DWIGHT MACDONALD

"This is the time of the demagogue."
— Henry Wallace, August 22, 1948.

THE Progressive Party campaign was unique in American political history for two reasons: (1) the scale on which it employed lies, doubletalk, and demagogy; (2) the fact that one political party was running a candidate under the label of another political party. In this article, I shall try to document these statements and, more important, to analyze the nature of this campaign, which is historically significant as the first attempt to apply to American politics the techniques used in Europe by Soviet Russia's fifth column: the Communist movement.

Fortunately, the campaign was an abysmal flop: instead of the 5 to 10 million votes the Wallaceites expected, they got just under one (1) million. (These cost them almost exactly $1 a head, which is probably the highest per capita expenditure in our political history to date.) But there is a future for the kind of "left-wing" demagogy Wallace and his Stalinoid backers exploited, and it may be of some practical, as well as historical, interest to do a little autopsy work on the corpse.

Program

The original aim of the Wallace campaign was to hamper, and if possible defeat, what had become by the winter of 1947-8 the greatest threat to the extension of Russian power in Europe: the Marshall Plan. (See next section for details.) Liberal Democrats who were running for Senate and House seats and who supported the Marshall Plan, were blackmailed by a threat to run Progressive candidates against them—thus making likely a Republican victory—unless they withdrew their endorsement of the Marshall Plan. In every case, they refused, and in most cases a Progressive candidate was entered. A few weeks ago, almost all of these candidates were suddenly withdrawn: the blackmail had failed, the Marshall Plan was in effect, and the Progressive Party's popular support had seriously declined. (I refer, among others, to the Senatorial campaigns of Hubert Humphrey in Minnesota and Paul Douglas in Illinois, and to the Congressional campaigns of the California liberals, Helen Gahagan Douglas and Chet Holifield.)

The Marshall Plan went through Congress, but other foreign-policy issues remained. In every case, without exception, Wallace took a complete pro-Russian position. He supported the inadequate Russian proposals for outlawing atomic warfare against the far more effective Baruch Plan backed by all other powers. He proposed the immediate, unilateral withdrawal of all US troops from Europe, not on pacifist grounds—for he sneers at pacifism as "namby-pamby"—but on grounds of national interest. Russia, he promised at last winter's Senate hearings on the Universal Military Training bill, would definitely not move into this vacuum. "At least," he added, "she would be foolish if she did." He opposed the draft, at the same hearings, again not on any principled grounds but on the demagogic pretense that one million men could easily be raised by a call for volunteers. When a Senator drily observed that this was 218,000 *more* men than the War Department itself was asking for, Wallace admitted he had "pulled the figure out of the air" and withdrew it. At the party convention last July, Wallace in his acceptance speech advocated getting out of Berlin, not on condition the Russians also withdrew, not as a gesture of pacifist or socialist renunciation of war, but again simply as *realpolitik* in the national interest. His words: "Our prestige in Germany went sinking when we divided Germany and established the Western sector as an American and British Puerto Rico—as a colony. When we did that, we gave up Berlin politically, and we can't lose anything by giving it up militarily in a search for peace." When the Communists took over Czechoslovakia, Wallace blamed it on the US State Department (see below, under "The Big Lie"). *Et cetera ad nauseam.*

Throughout his speeches and interviews, Wallace employs a double standard in evaluating American and Russian policies which insures the monotonously regular moral triumph of the latter. This tactic—appallingly crude, but, as Hitler showed, crudity is no drawback in mass agitation among literate peoples—habitually employs three false propositions:

1. *What USSR does is from necessity; what USA does is from moral choice.* EXAMPLE: "What about the Canadian espionage trials?" asks a reporter. "Oh," replies Wallace, "the Russians were doing just what we would have done if they had developed the bomb before we did." (*N. Y. Times,* April 29, 1947). Which may be true, but then why not: "Oh, Truman is doing in Greece just what Stalin would have done if he had got there first?" EXAMPLE: on the Czech putsch, Wallace said he did not condone its morality, but felt it was "inevitable under the circumstances."

2. *Eloquence about the evils of the American system; silence about the same, or worse, evils in USSR.* EXAMPLE: Wallace justly criticises the Truman Administration for blacklisting allegedly subversive organizations "without due process of law and without hearings." But he has never protested against much more drastic action taken, also without due process, by the Kremlin. EXAMPLE: Wallace has stated, "I do not want a police state anywhere." (*PM,* April 20) He has often denounced Truman's policies as leading toward an American police state. But he has never denounced that perfected police state, USSR.

3. *USA needs to reform its political-economic system; USSR does not.* EXAMPLE: "Both systems will have to

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change. American capitalism must become progressive and learn to engage in enough overall planning to prevent unemployment, inflation and the excesses of the business cycle. The Communists in Russia must attain a sufficient feeling of security so that they are willing to grant democratic civil liberties." (*Toward World Peace,* p. 17) Responsibility for reform in *both* USA and USSR thus rests only on the former, since how else can the Russian Communists achieve a "feeling of security" except through USA ceasing its opposition? Note also the typical sly apology for totalitarianism: they just feel insecure. EXAMPLE: "I am certain that the Russian government and the Russian people will do everything possible to prevent war. I am equally certain that the American people will do everything they can toward the same end." (Same, p. 71) Note omission of "the American government" in second sentence. EXAMPLE: At a House Foreign Affairs Committee hearing (Feb. 24), Wallace said we need "new faces" in Washington if we are to reach an understanding with Russia. Asked what about some new faces in Moscow, he replied: "It it much more difficult to get a change of faces in Russia than in the United States."

Finally, as will be presently documented, the platform which the Progressive Party adopted last July takes the same line on all important foreign and domestic issues as a platform proposed several months earlier for the American Communist Party by its National Committee.

It might be well to dispose here of the strongest argument that can be made in favor of Wallace's Progressive campaign, indeed the only respectable argument: its excellent program on domestic issues: race relations, profits, price controls, monopoly, housing, etc. But this domestic program is just the icing on the cake: it is advanced because the only public from which the Progressives can hope to get support is the economic and political underdog. They toss him a bone, just as their European similars go in for expropriation of private industry and division of large estates among the peasants. But these reforms are not incompatible with totalitarianism at home and subservience to Russian power policy. They are not the end, but the means to another end. So in this country: the Communists did not initiate the Progressive Party to strike a blow for racial democracy or against the Taft-Hartley Act (Wallace, in fact, even forgot to mention the latter in his acceptance speech), but in order to spike the Marshall Plan. In short, foreign and not domestic policy is the "point." They have managed to identify the civil liberties and democracy inside USA with the most powerful world force working in the opposite direction, to confuse inextricably in the minds of large numbers of wellmeaning but softheaded Americans the struggle for reforms at home with the struggle of Russian imperialism abroad.

A political movement which was genuinely concerned about domestic abuses could not be so blind as the Progressives are to the same things, only much worse, in the Soviet Union. Those who are concerned about the former and who feel they must vote in this election—as I do not—would be better advised to vote for Norman Thomas, whose domestic program is at least as attractive as Wallace's, and who is much more clear and honest about foreign policy. If such people think they can "use" the American Communists to win domestic reform without paying the price (support of Russian maneuvers in world politics, which in turn necessitates lies and demagogy), they make a gross, though by no means an unprecedented, mistake. The piper must always be paid.

Genesis

When Henry Wallace mobilized his Gideon's Army last December, he was appealing to the rank-and-file of the liberal-labor movements over the heads of their leaders—a tactic once known as "the united front from below." With one exception, every important left-of-center organization and magazine was, and still is, opposed to the third party: CIO, AFL, Railway Brotherhoods, Americans for Democratic Action, *The Nation, P.M.* (now *The Star*), *The Progressive,* even *The New Republic.* So, too, except for Rexford Tugwell, every prominent ex-New Dealer: Mrs. Roosevelt, Ickes, Bowles, Henderson, Lillienthal, Douglas, Cohen, et al. It is true that Wallace's appeal awakened an unexpectedly large response—in the early months of the campaign, at least. But it is not true that the campaign represented a spontaneous upsurge of the Common Man. His relationship to it was about the same as to the movies: the passive audience; he was not the director, the script writer, or the producer.

These roles are played by the one group that favored a third party, that created it, and that has closely controlled it ever since: the American Communist Party. The CP high command decided to run Wallace for president, under a non-Communist label, for the same reason they do everything: to advance the interests of Soviet Russia. Specifically, they created the Wallace movement in order to hinder the greatest threat to Soviet domination of Europe: the Marshall Plan. Their own National Committee, on May 30 last, openly stated this in a resolution published in the *Daily Worker*: "The Communist Party was the only force in American political life which instantly grasped the reactionary, imperialist essence of the Marshall Plan and . . . undertook the struggle for its rejection. The Communist Party . . . boldly proclaimed the need for a new people's party."

Speaking at the Textile Workers Union convention on April 28, Philip Murray charged that the Communist Party was "directly responsible" for starting the third party. He gave no details, but a feature article, by Alfred Friendly, in the May 2 *Washington Post* did. It all began when the CIO convention, meeting in Boston in September of 1947, voted by a large majority to support the Marshall Plan. A few days later, the Communist leadership called a meeting of the leaders of the Stalinoid unions in the CIO to consider how to get the CIO to take back its endorsement of the Marshall Plan; at this meeting, a Wallace-led third party was seriously considered for the first time. Later in October, the Central Committee of the CP decided to launch the party. The first public call on Wallace to run for president was made by Ben Gold, head of the CIO fur workers union and an admitted CP member, on November 15. The second was made by William Z. Foster, national chairman of the CP, at a rally on

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December 9 in commemoration of the Communist Manifesto.

On December 15, Eugene Dennis, national secretary of the CP, and Robert Thompson, New York state chairman, called a meeting of New York City party-line union leaders and gave orders to start work for a Wallace presidential campaign "even if it splits the CIO right down the middle."* This was too much for Mike Quill, of the transport workers, up to then a loyal party-liner. Now he realized, as Curran of the seamen had before him, that he had to choose between trade unionism and Communism, and he made the same choice as Curran had. "The hell with you and your central committee," he burst out, adding: "And you can tell that crackpot Foster I said so!" It was a refreshing moment in party history.

But the machine clicked smoothly along, Quill or no Quill; the Marshall Plan was daily becoming more of a threat to Soviet foreign policy and the only big gun the Communists had was a Wallace third-party movement. On December 17, the Stalinoid majority on the executive committee of the Progressive Citizens of America, a liberal "front" grouped around Henry Wallace, outvoted the minority 3 to 1 and committed PCA to inviting Wallace to run for president. It was another split; some of PCA's big "names" resigned; but PCA had served its purpose anyway. Finally, on December 29, Henry Wallace made his Gideon's Army speech formally accepting the nomination. The Century of the Common Man was officially inaugurated.

Personnel

With a single exception, every top leader of the Progressive Party is a Stalinoid of long standing. With no exceptions, all those close to Wallace in the campaign—the men who write his speeches, braintrust his policies, and run his mass meetings—are partyliners.†

There are, of course, some non-Stalinoid names in the roster of secondary leaders, among the state chairmen and national committeemen. But even here a knowledgeable eye finds a predominance of such familiar faces as Harry Bridges, Angus Cameron, Hannah Dorner, Leo Huberman, Johannes Steel, Rev. William Howard Melish, Ben Gold, Dr. Frederick L. Schumann, Jo Davidson, Lillian Hellman, Louis Adamic, F. O. Matthiessen, Ferdinand C. Smith, Julius Emspak, Howard Fast, Doxey Wilkerson. It's always Old Home Week around the Wallace headquarters.

Consider, for example, some of the state chairmen. *California*: Hugh Bryson, head of the CP-controlled marine cooks & stewards union and an admitted Communist. *Washington*: Hugh De Lacey, who has his secure footnote in history as the only delegate to the 1940 Democratic national convention to vote against the renomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt (that was the Yanks-Aren't-Coming period). *New York*: Vito Marcantonio, only Congressman to vote the straight CP line throughout the war; also chairman of the American Labor Party, after the non-Communists walked out last winter.

The party's top leaders are:

ELMER A. BENSON, national chairman. A former governor of Minnesota who for years has worked closely with the comrades, to whom he did his best to hand over the Farmer-Labor Party.

ALBERT J. FITZGERALD, co-chairman of the party and chairman of the Labor-for-Wallace Committee. Head of CIO electrical workers, a Communist-controlled union in which Fitzgerald is the mouthpiece of comrades Matles and Emspak.

PAUL ROBESON, co-chairman. Famous Negro singer who has never made a secret of his Communist sympathies.

SEYMOUR LINFIELD, in charge of veterans and students work. Active member, Young Communist League.

LEO ISAACSON, successful Congressional candidate of the Wallace-CP forces in a New York by-election last winter. Veteran party-liner; along with Marcantonio in the Yanks-Aren't-Coming era (1940) opposed renomination of Roosevelt by the American Labor Party. His Congressional secretary is John T. McManus, formerly of *PM,* who lost the chairmanship of the N.Y. Newspaper Guild when the non-Communists got control.

Wallace's closest advisers are:

C.B. ("BEANIE") BALDWIN, who replaced Howard Young as Wallace's campaign manager; Young, an unappetizing but definitely non-Stalinoid character, had been Wallace's manager and closest political adviser since 1940; he was always willing to work with the comrades but when, last March, their control approached the 100% mark, Young pulled out. Baldwin is a former top aide of Wallace in the Department of Agriculture who has long been active in such CP fronts as the Congress of Civil Rights and the National Lawyers Guild. Very close to Abt and Pressman (see below).

LEE PRESSMAN, author of the party's constitution and No. 1 policy-maker and fixer-upper. A party-liner from early New Deal days, and perhaps the ablest political operator among the comrades, Pressman lost his post as general counsel of the CIO last year because of his Stalinoid policies.

JOHN ABT, General Counsel of the new party; a lawyer with a long record of faithful service to the party-line ever since he was counsel to the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee; husband of Jessica Smith, editor of *Soviet Russia Today;* Pressman's "right hand."

LEW FRANK, JR., smart young newcomer to the ranks of the faithful; Wallace's chief speech writer; formerly Stalinoid whip in the American Veterans Committee; later, Wallace's assistant on *The New Republic,* where he successfully isolated his chief from all profane political influences (see W. H. Hale's article in a recent *Harper's*).

* This turned out to be over-optimistic. When the CIO executive Committee met late in January, the split took place some distance left of center: a resolution condemning the Wallace candidacy and reaffirming support for the Marshall Plan was approved, 33 to 11.

† Best source for the facts on the party's personnel is Victor Lasky's "Who Runs Wallace?" in *Plain Talk* for June.

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The lonely exception is *REXFORD GUY TUGWELL,* ex-New Dealer, ex-Governor of Puerto Rico, and currently professor of Government at the University of Chicago. Tugwell is an honest, soft-headed liberal; his New Deal record is far more distinguished than is Wallace's; he has never shown any leaning toward Communism or the USSR. Yet he has taken a leading part in the Wallace campaign, and, although he disagrees with the comrades on such a major issue as the Marshall Plan and periodically shows signs of restlessness over their power, he has refrained from an open break. After the Philadelphia Convention, however, he retired to *emeritus* status, occupying no post in the new party and refraining even from publicly speaking for Wallace. "I am an uneasy member of the Progressive Party," he told reporters on August 10. "There was a big row at Philadelphia." He added that he hoped the "wrong people" would not get control. Asked if he meant the Communists, he replied: "I don't know whether they are Communists, but they certainly act like them."

The Progressive Campaign

At the end of July, the Progressive Party was founded with a gathering at Philadelphia officially described as "a streamlined people's convention." It was a good show: like the Nazis before them, the Communists know how to use American advertising methods far more effectively than the older parliamentary-democratic parties. Each session opened with mass singing, often of specially written verses set to popular tunes. The slogans had the real advertising snap: WALLACE OR WAR (Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot) . . . THE DEMOCRATS PROMISE PIE IN THE SKY, THE REPUBLICANS SPY IN THE SKY (Six for a Quarter, That's a Lot). A great colored star hovered over the hall, its points inscribed "JEFFERSON . . . LINCOLN . . . NORRIS . . . ROOSEVELT . . . WALLACE," while a huge banner exhorted: "'LET US CREATE A BETTER AMERICA'—HENRY A. WALLACE." The temporary chairman, who gave the keynote speech, was a perfect choice. He was (a) completely unknown before that moment or after it, (b) just folks (an Iowan), (c) a conservative (25 years a Republican), (d) a patriot (veteran of World War I, and father of no less than three World War II veterans), (e) a solid businessman (lawyer and newspaper publisher), and (f) an outcast (Negro). After the temporary chairman had gotten the convention under way, he subsided into oblivion, and the permanent chairman took over. He was also a perfect choice: Albert J. Fitzgerald, head of the CIO electrical workers and a faithful party-liner.

"Sixty per cent of the delegates are under forty," Alistair Cooke wrote in *The Manchester Guardian.* "You look out over the sea of ardent faces and feel the surge of their sincerity, the angry good faith of the young in heart and soft in the head. It is overwhelmingly certain that only a fraction of them are Communists. But to one who taught school in Germany just before Hitler they look in all innocence like the elements the Nazis used, the same elements that by another throw of the dice, another trick of time and place, the Communists used well in Russia and abused everywhere else. . . . The lung-power of the new party is supreme, and for an obvious reason. The automatons of the older parties are humble pensioners of the pork barrel and must stage their demonstrations on cue, for they are singing for their supper. The new party knows nothing of Federal jobs, but it has the keener greed of spiritual pride. Its cues are abstract nouns—imperialism, freedom, Israel, red-baiting, the common people—and some are cues to righteous indignation, but most are cues to hatred. I can recall no previous convention whose keynote has been so utterly humorless about its rivals, so solidly a hymn of hate. . . . Its vitality in action is seething anger, the anger of an outcast child. The choice of the outcast has been deliberate. Though there are in the convention probably no more Jews, Negroes and Mexicans than their proportion in the population, they have been pushed as defiant symbols into the limelight of the rostrum."

Behind all the songs and shouting, one cold fact emerged more and more clearly as the convention ran its appointed course: the complete control of the Stalinoid minority. The new national chairman was Elmer Benson, with Paul Robeson and Albert Fitzgerald as co-chairmen. Marcantonio was chairman of the Rules Committee. The one formal concession made to the non-Communist majority was allowing Tugwell to become chairman of the platform committee; but Lee Pressman was secretary, and it was Pressman who drafted the new constitution, and Pressman's views rather than Tugwell's which went into that document (on the crucial issue of the Marshall Plan). The comrades ran things with their usual heavy hand. Despite the objections of the non-Stalinoid members, Marcantonio's Rules Committee set up the new organization so as to give special advantages to states and groups where the comrades were strongest.

But this rigging of the top committees was nothing compared to Pressman's constitution, which was a detailed imitation of the platform which had been printed in the *Daily Worker* of May 30 as a proposal from the CP's National Committee for adoption not by the Wallaceites but by the American Communist Party itself.* This remarkable document—described by Alistair Cooke as "one which will appeal to a great many wellmeaning people with no knowledge of public affairs"—was passed by the assembled zealots with no significant changes. Three Vermont delegates cast themselves in the path of the advancing bulldozer with an amendment stating "It is not our intention to give blanket endorsement to the foreign policy of any nation." Their spokesman pointed out that Mr. Pressman's constitution criticised American foreign policy at length but said nothing about Russia's foreign policy. "To the undialectical, backward boys in the press box," wrote James Wechsler in the September *Progressive,* "this amendment appeared to be a gentle enough request and the ensuing tumult was slightly bewildering. In rapid succession, a series of Communist and pro-Communist dignitaries rose to announce that they were shocked by these words.

* See p. 2 of the July 28 *N.Y. Times,* where parallel quotations are given to prove that the two platforms coincide on all major issues, foreign and domestic.

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'They will be interpreted as an insinuation against a foreign ally!' one speaker cried. . . . On the platform, the unhappy Dr. Tugwell looked grimly at the unyielding Mr. Pressman, who now stood up to explain that he felt the platform, without further adornment, proved the new party's independence of judgment." The Vermont insurrection was quelled by a thunderous voice vote.

The high, or low, point of the convention, however, was the handling of a minor clause in the Pressman constitution. The original draft, as published, contained an endorsement of a "unified homeland" for the Macedonian people. On the eve of the voting, some Union Square savant noticed this obsure clause and recollected that a Macedonian homeland was a pet project of Marshal Tito; the clause had been inserted when Tito was still a peace-loving progressive, but as things had turned out, no self-respecting American could favor a Macedonian homeland. The item was therefore quietly dropped from the final draft distributed to the delegates on the following morning. "This might have gone virtually unnoticed," wrote Wechsler, "except that an unreconstructible progressive from Minnesota demanded an explanation. He was still pro-Macedonian. Chairman Fitzgerald turned helplessly to Dr. Tugwell, who had valiantly presided over the Platform Committee and suppressed his own liberal deviations out of devotion to the common good and welfare. Tugwell, visibly embarassed, turned to Pressman, and even Pressman seemed suddenly stricken mute. . . . All three appealed to Louis Adamic, who then delivered an address which more closely approximated gibberish than any political sermon I have ever heard. It was generously suggested at the press table that he was deliberately coining double-talk to ease the tension." The tension was eased, the Minnesota deviationist was squelched, the Macedonians were denied their homeland, and the honor of the successors to Jefferson and Lincoln was saved.

Maybe this is enough about the convention.

How Do They Do It?

There are at most 70,000 members of the American Communist Party; add in the conscious fellow-travellers, and you might get 300,000. Yet current polls give Wallace between 2 and 3 million votes, and at one time last spring the total was over 5 million. Furthermore, most Wallace followers are not only non-Communist, but also anti-Communist. And finally, there is evidence that many of them don't agree on such cardinal points as the Marshall Plan and policy towards Russia. A survey taken in New York City by Elmo Roper, for example, showed that 34% of those who said they were voting for Wallace favored the Marshall Plan and 35% favored a US commitment to fight if Russia attacked Western Europe. (See *N.Y. Times,* Sept. 22.)

In short, although some seven-eighths of the Wallaceites are non-Stalinoid, and although one-third of them disagree on the foreign-policy aims towards which the whole thing is directed, they cheerfully march along in Gideon's Army under Communist command toward Russian objectives. In the rest of this article, I shall try to analyze the demagogic techniques by which this dismal miracle has been accomplished. The interest of such an analysis is broader than it might appear: the Wallace movement may well disintegrate after the elections, but its place in American political history is secure. It has revealed how susceptible even wellfed USA is to the demagogy of "left" totalitarianism, and it has given a preview of the techniques of confusion which at some more propitious moment may be used to win power for a Huey Long of the "left."

The first question—asked with real admiration—is: how is Communist control concealed from the non-Communist majority? There would seem to be several types of camouflage:

THE ARGUMENT FROM IGNORANCE is the most frequently used. When the question of excluding Communists from the Progressive Citizens of America was raised, Wallace replied: "I've known only one Communist in my life." Asked by Congressmen the difference between his and Moscow's criticisms of the Marshall Plan, he answered: "I'm not familiar with the Communist approach and am unable to disccuss it. I don't follow the Communist literature." After the Philadelphia convention, Wallace turned aside questions about Communist control: "I can truthfully say that the Communists have not come to me as such. I saw one hurriedly in a railroad station not long ago. I don't recall his name. I told him I believe in progressive capitalism. That stopped him and I haven't heard from the Communists since." In some peculiar way, this professed ignorance seems to convince Wallace's followers that if he doesn't know anything about the Communists, he has no connection with them. Similarly, Wallace's running-mate, Senator Glen Taylor, the common man's Pappy O'Daniel, felt obliged to state that he had not read Marx "until very recently" and had "gone through only a couple of chapters."

THE ARGUMENT FROM KNOWLEDGE contradicts the above line—but, as Hitler showed, contradiction

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is no drawback to successful demagogy; indeed, it seems to give a piquant sauce to it. Granted that Wallace and Taylor are not Communists, it still seems unlikely they are as virginal as they protest. Thus Wallace devotes one-tenth of *Toward World Peace,* his major campaign utterance, to a detailed account of the inner history of the Russian CP, polemizing with orthodox gusto against Plekhanov, Trotsky and other renegades and wreckers. And thus Taylor, in a Town Meeting of the Air debate on April 27 last, after noting the similarity of my beard to Trotsky's, quoted a polemical quip made years ago by Trotsky against myself. Nor does Wallace, on occasion, hesitate to make statements about the Communists as sweeping as they are erroneous. As: "I would say that the Communists are the closest things to early Christian martyrs." Or: "There is as much variation in the beliefs of Communists as in the beliefs of Democrats and Republicans."*

THE ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM is a variant of the argument from ignorance. It runs: "You're an embittered Trotskyist (or ex-Communist) and so you have a personal grudge and a seeing-things-under-the-bed psychology. Now I'm just a simple, non-political average American. *I'm* not bitter, and *I* don't see Communist plots everywhere." In short, first-hand knowledge disqualifies one from political understanding. Whether there in fact IS something under the bed is irrelevant. The real point is that one is a "red-baiter," i.e., that one offers evidence that Communists are running the movement for their own special purposes. Although it is respectable to be a fascist-baiter, or a Republican-baiter, for some reason red-baiting is considered immoral.

THE ARGUMENT OF COINCIDENTAL AGREEMENT. At the radio debate mentioned above, Glen Taylor replied to a challenge by Dorothy Thompson to name one particular in which his party's stand on American foreign policy differed from that of Moscow: "How does our foreign policy differ from the Communist foreign policy? It happens that I like to eat and the Communists also like to eat, and it happens that I'm opposed to our foreign policy and it happens that the Communists also happen to be opposed to our foreign policy." Wallace uses the same line: The Communists "happen" to agree with me,—so what? But it is not a question of the Communists agreeing with Wallace-Taylor, but most definitely vice-versa. The agreement, in any case, is too consistent to be coincidental. So, unless it be maintained the Kremlin takes its cue in foreign policy from Wallace (something which even Henry's wellnourished ego might hesitate to assert), then we must conclude that the influence runs the other way, through the channel of the American comrades.

THE "ONLY 70,000" *ARGUMENT.* During the Town Meeting debate, Taylor's partner, James G. Martin, said: "There are 70,000 Communists in the United States, and the party which wins the next election will have to have something like 20,000,000 votes. Even the conservative columnists give us 10,000,000, and I suggest that any thousand good Americans would be able to control seven Communists." (*Applause*) Yet the sad fact is, that seven Communists have often been able to handle a thousand good Americans, or good Russians or Frenchmen. (Thus for the past ten years, a small fraction of these 70,000 Communists have controlled about a third of the CIO.) The Communist differs from the average trade unionist, or the average Wallace follower, in some important respects: he knows exactly what he wants at any given moment; he has had more experience in maneuvering inside mass organizations; he cares more intensely about his aims and so works harder and gives more time to realizing them; he is not bothered by moral scruples; above all, he has a seasoned, well-heeled, and closely-knit organization behind him. This is all baby-talk, of course; such elementary facts of political life have been known since Lenin took over Russia with a party whose ratio to the general population was much lower than Mr. Martin's 7 in 1,000. But to political babies—or should one say babes-in-the-wood?—one must use appropriate language.*

THE WALLACIAN DIALECTIC. With his split personality and his intense desire to please, Wallace has evolved a special dialectic which enables him simultaneously to make a statement and then take it back. This comes in very handy when the question of his attitude towards the Communists arises. Thus he has frequently stated that he will not accept the support of any individual or group that (a) "advocates the limitation of democratic action for any other individual or group," or (b) "gives allegiance to some foreign capital first—whether it is Moscow or any other place." So the liberals are pleased. But when he is asked whether this means he won't accept Communist support he denies that the Communists fall into those categories. So the Stalinoids are pleased. Another fine specimen of the Wallacian Dialectic is the statement in *Toward World Peace*: "I do not defend Stalin's methods. I merely say that had he failed to apply them, Hitler might be ruling the world today." This is said apropos the Moscow Trials. Liberals remember the first sentence, Stalinoids the second (which, politically, cancels out the first), just as liberals recall the first three words of his characterization of the Trials, and Stalinoids the last three: "a ruthless purge of Nazi-Trotskyite conspirators." So it is possible

* Which recalls the late General Patton's similar remark about the political situation in Nazi Germany. Also to be noted: speaking in St. Louis, Sept. 28, Wallace charged there was no real difference between the two parties, and called this "an attempt at political totalitarianism." Thus, logically, he must believe the Communists are totalitarian if they agree among themselves as much as the Democrats and the Republicans. But why be pedantic about it?

* No disrespect is intended to Mr. Martin, a sincere and—except politically—intelligent young lawyer and teacher who heads the Wallace organization in Maryland. He is neither a Communist nor a fellow-traveller. Before the debate, we had a long private discussion, during which he used all the arguments noted above to refute my charges of Communist domination. He was also incautious enough to predict that the majority of "good Americans" in the movement would not permit the tiny Stalinist minority to run the coming convention; I gathered he himself would take a leading part in this assertion of independence. As, indeed, he did: he was active in the rules committee, trying to prevent the comrades from rigging the new organization so as to give special weight to groups they controlled. With the results we have already seen: the representatives of the 7 somehow got exactly what they wanted at Philadelphia whether the representatives of the thousand liked it or not.

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for the litterateur Mark Van Doren, one of the more charmingly innocent of Wallace's current followers, at a public meeting to insist that Wallace condemned the Trials. Mr. Van Doren was also surprised to learn that his party opposed the Marshall Plan and the American proposals for international control of atomic energy, both of which he himself supported.

Utopian Realpolitik

Wallace's demagogy takes the form of what might be called "Utopian Realpolitik." Both the Utopian and the Realpolitik approaches to politics are consistent in themselves. The Utopian runs counter to the *status quo*, sacrificing the possibility of immediate realization in order to put forward proposals which may become real in the future; it assumes the present state of affairs is so corrupt that only a radical change will help; principle is never sacrificed for success; examples are anarchism, pacifism, and revolutionary socialism. The Realpolitik approach works within the status quo; it assumes existing institutions are basically sound and require only certain pragmatic adjustments; principle is frequently sacrificed for success; examples: New Deal, British Labor Party.

Henry Wallace, however, combines both. He proposes as immediately practical what could only work if there were a change of Utopian proportions. And he throws a Utopian veil over proposals that are "realistic" to the point of being sordid. The effectiveness of this kind of demagogy, as the Communists have demonstrated on a world scale of late years, is twofold: (a) if a proposal is criticised as impractical, it can be defended in terms of lofty ideals; (b) if it is shown to have undesirable consequences, it can be defended as "at least practicable, the world being what it is."

An instance of (a) is Wallace's now-forgotten substitute for the Marshall Plan, something he modestly called the Wallace Plan. This was a $50 billion world relief program, to be administered through the United Nations, half of which was to be put up by the USA. Thus international cooperation would replace selfish nationalism. This "plan" was a Utopian proposal masquerading as a practical measure. Selfish nationalism is precisely what motivates the present US Congress, or any presently conceivable US Congress.* The reasons for this are too complex, and too well-known, to go into here. But the fact is indisputable. What chance would there be to get such a program through a Congress which boggled for months over giving the State Department $6 billions for an American-controlled program frankly designed to "stop Russia?" On March 10 last, this rhetorical question was answered: the Senate actually voted on the Wallace Plan. The vote was 74 to 3—against. One of the 3 favorable votes was that of Glenn Taylor, Wallace's running-mate; a second was that of Pepper of Florida, who almost became Wallace's running-mate; the third was that of Langer of North Dakota, an erratic isolationist who, three years earlier, had voted against US participation in the same UN which, under Wallace's "plan," would administer the funds. Furthermore, assuming the Wallace Plan miraculously got through Congress, what would become of it in the UN? That body is not a united, cooperative parliament of the world; it is a battleground on which the Soviet bloc and the Western bloc maneuver; the Wallace Plan would become another area of conflict, just as the proposals for control of atomic energy did.** In short, the Wallace Plan is meaningless as a substitute for the Marshall Plan; i.e., as an alternative method of giving American economic aid to Europe. Its real meaning is simply: don't give aid at all.

An example of (b)—that is, proposals that are practical but whose effects would be different from what Wallace's Utopian rhetoric claims they would be—is Wallace's thinking on the question of "cooperation" or "coming to an understanding" with Russia. One must first understand that Wallace and his Progressives are not radicals, not revolutionaries. They accept both the American and the Russian status quo as basically sound and workable. In his campaign speeches, Henry Wallace constantly praises American institutions (including private property and free enterprise); indeed, he insists on his "Americanism." Racism, militarism, high prices, and other ugly features of American life today he blames on a small group of reactionary minions of "Wall Street," who have somehow bamboozled the good-hearted, noble-spirited common men of America into accepting their vicious policies. Thus all that is needed is to Throw the Rascals Out, to pass certain laws which will express the Real feelings and interests of the American people. As for Russia, even less is needed; in fact, nothing is needed at all. The Russian people are, like the Americans, just a lot of good guys, fine fellows; and, unlike the Americans, they don't even need to throw the rascals out. "It would be unfortunate for world peace," he stated on April 20, 1947, "if anything happened inside Russia to upset its system of government at the present time."

The present USA-USSR clash appears, therefore, to Henry Wallace as just a "misunderstanding" between two great peoples that are fundamentally decent, democratic, progressive, peace-loving, etc. Hence it is possible to "come to an understanding" with Russia. The nature of this understanding, however, is not at all Utopian, since it is determined by the extremely un-Utopian nature of the two societies involved. It comes down to a division of the world between the USA and the USSR.

In his Madison Square Garden speech of September 12, 1946, Wallace made this clear: "We may not like what Russia does in Eastern Europe. . . . We should

* Even if the Progressives elect all 100 of their candidates for the House and all 11 Senatorial candidates, they will be a weak minority. There is, of course, no chance of this. Indeed, the Progressives will be happy if they elect three or four candidates. (Post-Election P.S.: They elected one: Marcantonio.)

** Sometimes the US State Department finds it advantageous to act outside the UN (as with the Marshall Plan); other times, inside (as with the current submission of the Berlin dispute to the UN). Similarly, the Kremlin, usually with reverse emphasis. In either case, the decision to work inside or outside the UN has nothing to do with international morality, but is simply a tactical matter. The Kremlin now wants Berlin settled outside the UN because it can stall indefinitely that way. Wallace follows the line here, too—see his speech in South Bend, Indiana, on Sept. 26.

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recognize that we have no more business in the political affairs of Eastern Europe than Russia has in the political affairs of Latin America, Western Europe and the USA. . . . By mutual agreement, this competition should be put on a friendly basis. . . . The fears of Russia and the USA should be allayed by practical regional political reservations." By this last delicate phrase is meant spheres of influence, i.e., the subordination of colonial regions and minor nations to one or the other of the two world-rulers.

Testifying before the House Foreign Affairs Committee last winter, Wallace was even more explicit:

REP. COLMER: *Mr. Wallace, if I understand your statement, it is based on the idea of cooperation with Russia.*

WALLACE: *We cannot have peace until we have an understanding with Russia.*

REP. COLMER: *If we have an understanding, we must have cooperation, and this is the second step, is it not?*

WALLACE: *Not necessarily. England had an understanding with Russia in 1907 with regard to the Near East. It did not necessarily mean cooperation. I think we should have the same kind of understanding, covering a somewhat larger geographical area.*

The 1907 agreement referred to is the Russo-British Convention of August 31, 1907, which divided Persia into two spheres—without consulting the Persians—of which the Northern was handed over to Russian and the Southern to British exploitation. This agreement, which was denounced at the time by socialists, including Lenin, was a typical example of the cruder kind of old-style imperialism. Such is Henry Wallace's model for world-peace and internationalism. Naturally—since the world has progressed since 1907—it covers "a somewhat larger geographical area."

The Big Lie

All politicians, Hitler has observed, tell lies. The run-of-the-mill politician tells only small lies, thinking he can get away with them more easily. Actually, however, the reverse is the case: the bigger the lie, the more effective with the masses. This is because most people are mediocre, petty creatures who never dare tell more than small lies themselves, lies that distort but do not simply negate the truth; this kind of lie they are accustomed to check up on. But the Big Lie is beyond their imagination—"he wouldn't dare say that if it weren't true." So they swallow it without examination. It is only the great man, adds Hitler, obviously thinking of himself, who dares to use the Big Lie.

By this standard, Henry Wallace is a great man. His own natural talents that way have been splendidly developed by his Communist advisers. In this, too, the Wallace campaign is something new in our political history. Promises that are not meant to be kept, the kind of generalized deceptions which Willkie once called "just campaign oratory"—these are familiar enough. But the confident assertion as fact of something which just isn't so and which can be easily demonstrated not to be so—this routine device of totalitarian politics is, as yet, rather new over here. On pages 14-18 of my book on Wallace, I give some notable instances of the Big Lie in action. Two more recent examples may now be added:

No. 1

Last February, the Communists took over the government of Czechoslovakia by a putsch. The last remaining parliamentary democracy in Eastern Europe was liquidated overnight, and a one-party Russian-style police state was set up in its place.

Wallace's first reaction (Feb. 27) was to admit that Russian pressure had been applied, but to put the chief blame on the USA for having "provoked" the Russians. The *Daily Worker*, which had been insisting that the putsch was a purely Czech affair, hastened to set Wallace right about the Russian angle. On March 3, he charged that it was all a plot by Lawrence Steinhardt, American Ambassador to Prague.

On March 15, Wallace told reporters that Steinhardt has issued a statement designed to help "the rightist cause" just "a day or two before the rightists resigned from the government, thereby hoping to precipitate a crisis." The reporters began to question him as to his source for this sensational charge. Whereupon Wallace jumped up, said he had to make a train, and made for the door. "One reporter flung at him: 'What about Masaryk's suicide?' Mr. Wallace stopped, halfway up the aisle, and said: "I live in the house that John G. Winant lived in, and I've heard rumors why he committed suicide. One can never tell. Maybe Winant had cancer. Maybe Masaryk had cancer. Maybe Winant was unhappy about the fate of the world. Who knows?' He then departed." (Warren Moscow in *N.Y. Times* of March 16; Wallace has not denied the accuracy of this account. It might further be parenthetically added that on March 12, four days earlier, Joseph Starobin had commented on Masaryk's suicide, in his *Daily Worker* column: "Let Americans remember another suicide—that of John Winant, who found that post-war America was not what he hoped and expected it to be, and could not endure the strain of it.")

Two days later—on March 17—Ambassador Steinhardt gave the lie direct to Wallace. He pointed out that he had left Czechoslovakia on November 24, 1947, for the USA, and had not arrived back until February 19, *two days after the cabinet crisis had begun.* (Wallace's party-line advisers had neglected even to check up on the date of Steinhardt's return.) Steinhardt added that (1) he had not communicated in any way with any members of the Czech government, whether Communist or non-Communist, from last November until a week after the cabinet crisis; and (2) his total "intervention" consisted in telling Czech reporters, in the course of a routine interview after his return, that he believed their country might receive some indirect benefits from the Marshall Plan, and that he hoped the Czech Government "might still join this effort."

Wallace's retort was characteristic. He did not deny Steinhardt's facts (since he had none of his own). Nor did he retract his charge—he never does. Instead, he made

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a clumsy attempt to backwater while pretending to stand firm: "Mr. Steinhardt . . . knew and the Communist leadership knew that our policy of Marshall Plan aid has been proclaimed as aid for governments that exclude Communists. Coming at that crucial moment, it was clearly a provocative statement and a contributing factor to the Czech crisis. . . . Mr. Steinhardt can make an apology. He can apologize for meddling in the internal affairs of one of the few countries in which a broad coalition government existed."

Two weeks later (March 30), testifying before the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Wallace backtracked some more: "I said that Ambassador Steinhardt was responsible. I do not know whether I put in the words 'to some degree' [He didn't.—DM] but I should have put them in. . . . He was to some degree responsible for the situation the way it finally resulted, I will put it that way. . . . With the situation that existed in Czechoslovakia a that time, a statement by the American Ambassador inviting Czechoslovakia to come into the Marshall Plan could not be looked on favorably by the Russians." Apparently, Wallace expected Steinhardt to denounce the Marshall Plan. But Steinhardt is the American, not the Russian, ambassador.

No. 2

In 1944, Roosevelt sent Wallace on a "goodwill tour" of Eastern Siberia and China. In an Army plane, the apostle of the Common Man visited Magadan, Komsomolsk, Kaborovsk, Irkutsk, and Yakutsk—a Cook's tour of the most dreaded forced-labor camps in Russia, those of the great Dalstroy Gold-Mining Trust.*

On his return, Wallace published a book about his travels, *Soviet Asia Mission,* written "with the collaboration of" one Andrew J. Steiger, a party-line hack who later published a rhapsody of his own on Soviet Asia. The book contains no reference whatever to forced labor, although this is prevalent throughout the area Wallace visited. Dalstroy, which uses exclusively slave labor, is described as "a combination of TVA and Hudson's Bay Company," and its chief, a GPU official named Nikishov, is written about in glowing tones. "In the Kolyma Valley," Nikishov is quoted as remarking, "the winter is long and hard. More entertainment is necessary here than eleswhere to keep the men contented in the winter." And on page 88, Wallace himself writes: "Higher wages were the evident incentive that had brought the miners into the Far East on their three-year contracts."

Recently I met a young Russian emigre who had spent some years in the Dalstroy camps as a prisoner. The Wallace party had visited the camp he was confined in; he had not seen Wallace, since the prisoners were not permitted to hear the Great Commoner's rhetoric about justice and freedom—that was reserved for the GPU-men; but he had heard about it from the camp grapevine. I asked him whether his camp had barbed-wire fences, towers for searchlights and machine guns, and the other outward marks of a prison camp. He replied that it did. There thus seem to be three possibilities: (1) Henry Wallace lied about the camps; (2) Henry Wallace needs an oculist; (3) Henry Wallace needs a psychoanalyst.

It is clear why Wallace did not reply to an invitation addressed to him, on March 25 last by A. A. Berle, Jr., Wayne Morse, Norman Thomas and Robert F. Wagner, to attend a conference of the Workers Defense League on forced labor throughout the world. It is also clear why he writes on page 64 of *Toward World Peace*: "I am disturbed about the stories of labor camps in Russia. However few the number of such camps—and I have no doubt it is greatly exaggerated—I still don't like slave labor. I have been in Soviet Asia where a number of slave labor camps are supposed to be. I didn't happen to see them. This doesn't prove much, although I doubt if all evidence of extensive slave labor could be successively [sic; he probably means "successfully"—DM] hidden from a trip like ours."*

The Decadence of American Liberalism

Editorializing in *PM* the day after Wallace's "Gideon's Army" acceptance speech, Max Lerner sadly confessed himself unable to go along. Although he found the oration noble and stirring, he also felt it was pathetic. "The biggest count against Wallace's movement," he wrote, was its lack of "an irresistible mass support." Adding: "If Wallace's movement had that, his speech would not have had the pathos it did." To which might be added: if Wallace had had that, he would not have had to make the speech at all—and Max could have had his tailor measure him for the robes of a Supreme Court justice. Similarly, Freda Kirchwey in *The Nation* rejected the Wallace movement as "perfectionist" and "Quixotic" since it was launched "without solid labor support." The difference between Gideon and Henry, she noted, was that the former "routed the hosts of the enemy and ruled for forty years," whereas the latter could offer no such vista of success.

With unerring instinct, Lerner-Kirchwey thus objected to the one unobjectionable aspect of Wallace's campaign: its challenge to the two-party status quo. And they failed to object, except in mild asides, to the objectionable aspects: his demagogy of confusion, his lies and evasions, his subservience to Stalinoid advisers, his use of noble abstractions to cover up his fronting for Russian foreign policy. They furthermore endorsed Wallace's personal courage, idealism, and honesty. It would be hard to conceive of a more ineffectual line of criticism. The reason the liberals adopted it was only partly stupidity. They are in a damnably awkward position, since they have for years built up Wallace as a great progressive leader, and for

* See "Land of the White Death" in Dallin & Nicolaevsky's *Forced Labor in Soviet Russia.*

* A fine specimen of the Wallacian Dialectic. This passage occurs in a listing of "things I don't like about Russia" and is ostensibly a criticism of Soviet labor camps. But note the skillful use of innuendo to suggest just the reverse: "the stories . . . however few the number . . . are supposed to be . . . doubt all evidence could be hidden . . . have no doubt it is *greatly* exaggerated" (though he gives no evidence for this certainty and indeed insists, following the Dialectic, that he knows nothing whatever about the subject).

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years either ignored or apologized for Soviet totalitarianism. On the one hand, they naturally shrink from admitting their responsibility, and so stultifying their own past; on the other, with Russia emerging as the national enemy, they naturally want to Get Out From Under. (Not the immorality of Stalinism but the threat it offers to America's interests is what bothers them.) So they applaud Wallace as a fine fellow, say as little as possible about his pro-Russian demagogy, and put it all on the basis of his alleged lack of popular support. This is disgusting.

It is also foolish. The implication is that some other liberal alternative exists or can be created which *will* have mass support. At the liberals lack not only a platform but even a candidate, outside of Wallace. ADA, for example, which has almost all the big New Deal names and which is opposed to Wallace, has, after months of agonized—and rather comic—hesitation, found no more reasonable substitute than Harry Truman, who broke the 1946 railroad strike by proposing to Congress that all strikers be drafted —an inspiration which shocked even Senator Taft.

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The Psychology of the Conformist Rebel

"One cannot," wrote Kichwey in the January 10 *Nation,* "without sacrificing decency to partisan interest, question Henry Wallace's sincerity of purpose or his devotion to the progressive cause as he defines it." This indirect rebuttal of my own questioning of Wallace's integrity was made explicit by Max Lerner in *PM* of February 1: "Some of his critics, like Dwight Macdonald, have charged him with a lack of moral courage, and it seems true that Wallace cut some passages out of his famous Madison Square Garden speech when the leftwing audience booed his criticisms of Russian policy. Yet whatever be the explanation for this flabbiness,* it is hard to accuse Wallace of running away from unpopular causes. The flaw in him is not that of the time-server or the trimmer or the opportunist wooer of whatever is orthodox. His fault is rather that he has identified himself with insurgency and unpopular causes. . . . Wallace comes, as Bryan and La-Follette came, out of the Populist tradition of the Middle West. It is the tradition which glorified dissent and is not afraid of being in a minority."

Since I have in the pages of this magazine already demonstrated at tedious length that Wallace IS cowardly, dishonest, a trimmer, a time-server, and an opportunist, and since neither Miss Kirchwey nor Mr. Lerner (nor Mr. Wallace) have denied the accuracy of the data adduced in support of this dismal thesis, I won't repeat the demonstration here. But the point about Wallace as the unorthodox rebel and insurgent is worth a little analysis, since I have found this to be a common illusion which attracts people to Wallace.

The fact is that Wallace, far from being an independent rebel, is extremely submissive and timid. His psychology is conformist to a neurotic degree. His policies during the thirteen years he held high governmental posts were so cautious and conservative that it is actually impossible for his admirers to cite a single action of any importance which can be called liberal. (I know because I have challenged them to do so about a dozen times, in open meetings; and the only time any one took me up was when a man in Madison, Wisconsin, said that Wallace had tried to foster little business while he was Secretary of Commerce—a species of liberal crusading which his predecessor, Herbert Hoover, also went in for.) On the "hot" issues, such as the sharecroppers and the Negro question, Wallace was on the conservative side.

It is true that, as a rhetorician, Wallace of late years has appeared to be the kind of insurgent populist Lerner describes: his preaching of New Dealism in the closing years of the war; his consistent defense of the Russian standpoint in foreign affairs; and now his third-party campaign. But here it is, curiously enough, just his neurotic dependence which makes him appear to behave independently. It is his increasing psychological dependence on the Stalinists—the process began in 1942—which has given him a much-needed sense of security at the usual price: submission to "the line." And which has also cast him, vis-a-vis American politics in general, in the role of rebel.

* And what IS the explantion?—DM.

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THE STATE, by Randolph Bourne

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war is the health of the state war is the health of the state war

As a badly split personality, Wallace needs constant reassurance; he needs to be loved, protected, encouraged. He needs, in a word, a father-image. He found it in Roosevelt, as so many others did, and while Roosevelt lived, Wallace was "his" man to a slavish extent: he never criticised Roosevelt or his policies, not even when he himself was shabbily victimized by them, as when he was unfairly kicked out of BEW or when he was doublecrossed by Roosevelt on the 1944 vice-presidential nomination. When Roosevelt openly repudiated the New Deal, Wallace not only refrained from a word of protest, but even made speeches insisting that Roosevelt was still the peerless leader of liberalism. One might have expected that his religious and Midwestern background would have made Wallace lukewarm about the war, but, on the contrary, he so uncritically accepted Father Roosevelt that he became the government's most enthusiastic war propagandist.

All that has happened since Roosevelt died is that Wallace has shifted completely his allegiance from the Father Image in the White House to the Father Image in the Kremlin. (Stalin doesn't do so badly, either, as a Father —while it is notorious that the Communists have developed great skill in what Walter Reuther calls their "valet service": making their important fellowtravellers feel important, admired, and beloved.) Since the Communists are an unpopular minority, Wallace now appears to be a bold rebel. Actually, his psychological world is limited to the Stalinist movement, which gives him love and reassurance at the price of submission. Conformism and slavish submission can obtain *inside* small elites which are in opposition to the rest of society just as easily as in society as a whole. More easily, indeed—cf. my unwritten *Psychological History of American Trotskyism.* To call Wallace an insurgent in the LaFollette tradition is like calling Gromyko a rebel because at Lake Success he stood up boldly against the rest of the world.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

It was an offer of a hard job: to put vigor and educational purpose into Cleveland's limping Foreign Affairs Council. . . . He found, in 1934, a membership of 300 women, 50 men . . . Cleveland's Council now has almost 4,000 members, of whom half are men.—"Time," Jan. 6, 1947.

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At the Butcher's

"ONE ration, please," I said, handing my book over the counter and putting my shopping-bag down. "What have you got for me?" He considered for a moment, holding one handle of the shopping-bag open and flirtatiously pressing my hand.

"Well," he said, looking at my wrist, "there's a nice bit if chicken meat," and with a swift blow of his axe, he cut my hand off, slung a bit of paper round, threw it in my bag and marked the book off. "One and six, please." "I did not really want chicken meat this week," I feebly protested, fumbling for my purse. But I could not get at it, for my hand was wrapped up in the bag and my left hand was as yet untrained. "One and six" he said again, slowly. Where my hand had been, it began to hurt quite badly. I still could not get at the purse, and the delay in getting out the money together with my remark about not wanting chicken meat must have led him to believe that I did not want to pay him at all, for he now called to the boy at the door "Get the Police," and as if to ensure the other customers' support "These people, they try and do you in every time. They make sure they get the best, while we slave for nothing."

At this moment a man appeared at the door with a bunch of leaflets. "Death to the Butcher!" he shouted. "Death to the Butcher! Death to the Butcher!" I really wished he would stop. What with the pain, the noise was terrible, and it would only infuriate the butcher still more. But the man, mad in his endeavour to help us and thinking we did not hear him, actually came inside, shouting "Death to the Butcher! Death to the Butcher!" With one skillful slash, worthy of any great surgeon, the butcher cut out his tongue, throwing it on the counter. "One sheep's tongue, off the ration," he announced, relieving the man of his leaflets. There was really nothing in them, I could see, except "Death to the Butcher!" written over and over. (He might at least have called him a surgeon, I thought.) "At a time when there's a paper shortage like this," the butcher grumbled, "at least I can use it for wrapping. Nobody could say I am not always thinking of my customers." "What do you want?", he turned to the madman, "You are not registered here." "It's his fault," some said in the queue, "now he wont get his tongue." And hoping they would get it.

One refined looking lady, I realised in my pain, had understood the situation much better, and had gone after the boy asking him to get at least a Police Hospital car. Now she was standing by me, holding me up so that I should not faint. I could feel she was a true Christian. And another kind lady had even offered to get the money out of my purse for me. Unfortunately, all this time, the blood was pouring out of my wrist. "What a waste," someone in the queue mumbled. I could see the butcher was frowning at the mess on the floor. By now it was too much even for him and when someone suggested a doctor, he agreed. "Get the Veterinary Inspector," he called to the boy.

Almost at once he came, cutting right through my

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clothes, taking samples of the fatty substance from under my skin, marking the place for the heart and other offals and, finally, putting his big stamp on my thigh. He was disgusted when he found a stamp had already been put there at school age. "Better put her in the refrigerator and use her this week," he said to the butcher, who had already opened the big white door. There were the niggers with their livers for 'off the ration' and the Jews with their skins marked 'for industrial purposes.' Then the door shut and it was quiet. In the cold, everything began to look pink, gradually assuming the shape of sausages, thousands of them, hung up in nice, clean, orderly rows.

DOROTHEA ORGLER

Commononsense

PEACE is the greatest cause of war; in fact, the only cause. All wars are fought for the maintenance of peace, none for the sake of war itself. Even Hitler, known to us as the sincerest, most outspoken worshipper of war, said all the time that peace, not war, was threatened, and fought to defend peace, not war. Now this same peace, after sucking the lifeblood out of Hitler, comes to us and, once more asks for armaments: this is one point on which all members of the United Nations seem to agree: that unless peace is armed she will refuse to stay. But they ought to remember that this monster, so wrongly represented as an angel, cannot resist the sight of weapons, and, as soon as she has them, *she*—not the Generals, the Presidents, the Marshals, but *she*, peace, the criminal, will go to war. The Generals, the Presidents, the Marshals and all other titled tutors of mankind, are sentimental people. They were taught in Sunday school that peace is good, and they still try to save her reputation *and* their own. To them I say: "Well, gentlemen, let's be realistic: if you are not to be regarded as criminals (and you seem to prefer not to), then admit with us that Peace stinks. Peace is the criminal; Peace should be killed."

IF people realized that it is really impossible to discuss politics at all until people as such and not pieces of paper are given recognition, until frontiers are open everywhere, until food is discussed at the United Nations, food in terms of those who need it and not those who sell it or destroy it, so much would be saved, so many deceptions would be avoided, and at long last something might be obtained. Now if you talk about these things to these United Nations officials, they will by no means say that they don't want them. On the contrary, they will ALL emphasize that, were it not for THESE results, for these human freedoms, the UN would have no sense at all. "But," they will say (and this is where I catch them) "only in a future in which the conditions for such freedoms will be present."

Now, this is false. For the opposite is the truth, not this. The right of anonymity for the individual, the freedom to wander all over this round earth and settle down wherever he sees fit, are the conditions for peace and justice, not the other way about. What other conditions could there be for peace and justice? I would be glad if anyone were able to name them to me. "Well," say the UN officials, "what we really mean is that peace and justice are themselves the conditions for these freedoms you named." And again I shall ask: "What freedom and what justice and where could they exist with this kind of injustice and lack of freedom being allowed to exist in the world? It would be exactly like saying to a starving man: 'When you are full, I shall give you to eat.' Or, to a tired man: 'When you are rested, I shall give you a bed.' Or to an illiterate man in quest of an education: 'When you know how to read, I shall teach you the alphabet.' These people of the UN always keep saying that we ought to do something instead of talking against them. Well, they talk far more than we do, and don't seem to make sense.

Most people fear that ALL international conferences, ALL official attempts at reaching peace and justice are conducted for the purpose of obtaining war alone, in that they are conducted for the purpose of reinforcing injustice, and this hypothesis is rendered possible by the plain observation that, to want justice at any given moment in history can ONLY mean to want the cessation of injustice, and in our age it would mean that, to want justice one can only want this: that man be free, but free immediately, before any discussion as to the aims of those silly conferences is allowed to begin.

But of course, could the UN ever take such a course or declare such a truth without going out of business at once and endangering the jobs of so many jobholders? "At least we in here eat, while talking about those who starve. . . . And do you think that with us out of business the world would be closer to a solution of its ills?" This is the way they talk, and these are their . . . ideals.

NICCOLO TUCCI

Remarks on the Constitution of the Mongolian People's Republic

AS Dwight Macdonald will show in the next issue, the bureaucratic principle has reached its purest expression in the USSR. Its essence is that all life is ordered according to certain formulae, which are imposed without regard to individual or historical circumstances. The result is a kind of automatism which is funny or frightening depending on whether one is an observer or a victim. Its grotesque aspects come out perhaps most strikingly in the so-to-speak prefabricated political institutions which are exported from Moscow for erection in the more distant and primitive provinces. The effect is not unlike a Nedick orange drink stand in the depths of the African *veldt*.

Consider, for example, the Constitution of the Mongol People's Republic, adopted at Ulan-Bator on June 30, 1940. Outer Mongolia has, to say the least, no tradition of democracy; it has from time immemorial been ruled by khans, vans, lamas, dzasaks, and other varieties of local autocrats. The Czars or the British, with the naive frankness of oldstyle imperialism, would simply have put their own Governor-General at the top of the pyramid. Not so the Kremlin, which has revised Marx's dictum to read: "The subjugation of the workers must be the work of the workers themselves." Therefore, the Mongols have received an up-to-date constitution, of the same model as was re-

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cently exported to Czechoslovakia, complete with social security, a judiciary, and a conscript army ("Article 90: Compulsory military service is the law of the land"). This document gives complete *formal* power to popular assemblies elected by universal suffrage. But since the present inhabitants of the Kremlin have even less intention than their Czarist predecessors had of permitting the Mongols, or anybody else, to run their own lives, they have rigged the Constitution in a series of articles which fit into each other like those wooden *babushkas* Russian peasants used to make, so that, as one shell after another is removed, the effective power finally resides in the tiny *babushka* in the inmost center: one man, the President of the Presidium of the Little Khural.

This is how the trick is done (italic comments mine, rest direct quotes)*:

ARTICLE 1: The Mongol People's Republic is an independent state of workers (Arat cattle raisers, workers and intelligentsia), who have annihilated the imperialistic and feudal yoke, ensuring a noncapitalist approach to the development of the country to pave the way to socialism in the future.

ARTICLE 3: In the Mongol People's Republic, all power belongs to the urban and rural workers as represented by the workers' Khurals.

ARTICLE 14: The Great People's Khural is composed of deputies of the urban workers, the aimaks (*provinces*) and the armed forces of the People's Revolutionary Army, elected by the urban and aimak Khurals on the basis of one deputy for every 1,500 of the population.

ARTICLE 15: The Great Khural is convened by the Little Khural once in three years.

ARTICLE 16: The exclusive jurisdiction of the Great People's Khural extends to: (*here follows a list of functions which boil down to the election of the Little Khural*)

ARTICLE 17: In the intervals between sessions of the Great People's Khural (which meets once every 3 years) the highest authority in the Mongol People's Republic is vested in the Little Khural.

ARTICLE 19: The jurisdiction of the Little Khural extends to: (*nothing of importance*).

ARTICLE 20: Regular sessions of the Little Khural are convened once a year. . . .

ARTICLE 21: For the conduct of current business, the Little Khural elects from its own members a Presidium consisting of seven members: a President, Vice-President, Secretary and four members.

ARTICLE 22: The Presidium of the Little Khural, in the intervals between the sessions of the Little Khural (*which meets once a year*), is the highest organ of State authority.

ARTICLE 23: The Presidium of the Little Khural: (*does practically everything*).

ARTICLE 25: The President of the Presidium of the Little Khural presides over the Little Khural and exercises jurisdiction over its internal organization.

Thus, by easy stages, the journey is completed from a popularly elected Great Khural which meets every three years and has no powers to the President of the Presidium of the Little Khural, whose powers are vast, who is on the job all the time, and who is given formal GPU-control over the Little Khural ("exercises jurisdiction over its internal organization"). This is what is known as Soviet democracy.

Even the elections to the phantasmal Khural are not what a Western observer might assume. For there is Article 71:

All citizens of the Mongol People & People's Republic who have reached the age of eighteen have the right to participate in elections and to be elected, irrespective of their sex, nationality, religion, education, nomadic or settled mode of life, and property status, WITH THE EXCEPTION ONLY OF:

exploiters who hire workers for profit
usurers
former khutukhta, khubilgans, and higher Lamas
active dzasak and nadzasak
khans, vans, beili, beisi, and guns,
AND ALSO
those who have had slaves and cruelly oppressed their slaves
government officials who managed the khoshun and shabin institutions
influential shamans
active participants in the White Army and counter-revolution
AS WELL AS the insane and persons convicted by the court whose sentence includes deprivation of electoral rights.

* * *

It is only fair to add that, four years later, the Presidium of the Little Khural decreed that all the above characters, including the khans, vans, guns, dzasak and nadzasak, but excluding the insane and those legally deprived of electoral rights, should have their rights restored. It is also fair to add the grounds given: (1) such persons "do not at present constitute a threat to the people's revolutionary order," (2) "the overwhelming majority have for more than ten years been occupied in useful public work and are in reality workers" (thus six years of useful public service do not reclaim a khubilgan but ten years do—an instance of the second law of the dialectic), and (3) "local organs of authority have in many cases acted without due consideration in depriving citizens of their electoral rights." This decree is "to be submitted for approval to the regular sessions of the Little Khural and the Great Khural." The Russian article, published three years later, does not bother to mention whether the Khurals approved, but we may venture a guess that they did.

The spirit of the Mongol People's Constitution is captured in a report from *Pravda* of September 1 last, describing a meeting of Turkmen shepherds (a region so primitive that, as the report notes, before the revolution it contained only 35 iron plows):

Recently shepherds of the Kizyl Dihqan *kolkhoz* gathered in a pasture not far from Kushka. Comrade Jumayev Nruli, chairman of administration, had brought a propaganda brigade here from the district center. Comrade Jumayev opened the proceedings with a report:

"Our *kolkhoz* has won the Red Banner of the Council of Ministers and the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Turkmenistan . . . for success in animal husbandry. . . . "

* Text from the Russian periodical, "Soviet Government and Law," No. 8, August 1947, as translated in "Soviet Press Translations" for Jan 1, 1948.

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Then Comrade Propagandist Sadkhanov, the second secretary of the Komsomol *raikom,* was granted permission to speak. He said:

"During the years of the Soviet regime, more than 1,500 irrigation projects have been constructed in our Republic. We have the Tashkeprin reservoir with a capacity of 150 million cubic meters of water, the Kolkozbent reservoir which holds 50 million cubic meters, the Kaushutbent Hydrological Station. . . . A century-old dream of the Turkmen people is being realized. . . ."

When the propagandist fell silent, happy exclamations of approval were heard from the shepherds. And at the end of the meeting, the *bakhshi* who had come along, the bards Mamedorazov Batyr and Bakhshiev Mukhy, gave a performance. They sang a song of the Turkmen people about the great Stalin:

Enveloped by the love of all the people,
In the hearts of the Turkmen—thou art forever
one of us.
May thy noble deeds be glorified!
Father, we bow to the earth before thee.
Both young and old, and the children,
We all praise thee in our songs.
There is nothing more precious in the world to us
Than thy radiant name.

* * **

As I remarked above, this sort of thing is either funny or frightening depending on whether one is involved or not. The trouble is that we are all of us involved.

THEODORE DRYDEN

Mass Culture

An Option on the Future

NOT long ago I spent a day with a man who has taken out an option on the future. His name is Albert E. Sindlinger, he used to be a vice president of George Gallup's Audience Research, Inc., and he lives on a farm near Hopewell, N. J., where he has set up his own research organization, New Entertainment Workshop.

Mr. Sindlinger has been the subject of considerable publicity of late, and he has had mimeographed a number of the recent reports of his work, which he distributes gratis to visitors. These reports range from straightforward accounts such as that in *Tide* (November 14, 1947) to stories like *Time's* (February 2, 1948), which is sometimes snide and occasionally downright mocking; and since he distributes them impartially, one must conclude either that Sindlinger is unaware of such criticism as that leveled against him by *Time's* anonymous writer, or else indifferent to it, operating under the ancient American maxim: Every knock a boost. The latter supposition is more plausible.

For Sindlinger is harnessing a number of dearly cherished American myths—belief in the magic efficacy of science, faith in the absolute democracy of numbers, assurance that we shall indeed move onward and upward with the arts—to the streamlined vehicle of a potentially colossal business mechanism. Specifically, he is at present engaged in (a) removing opinion-research work from the grasp of the American and Bavarian academicians, (b) applying the results of that research to advertising, to merchandising, and (for the first time) to the very production of works of popular culture, and (c) setting up a plant for the manufacture of diversified types of popular culture (novels, plays, radio programs, television shows).

Success Story

Albert Sindlinger was born forty years ago in Tuscarawas, Ohio. In 1919 he received an amateur radio operator's license and thereby gained the distinction of being the youngest "ham" in the U. S. While he was going to high school, young Sindlinger operated the picture machine in the auditorium twice a week, and later, at the age of 15, ran the local theater. From that time on, he ran a series of combination vaudeville-film houses in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin; in between, he found time to run a radio broadcast station, over which he served for a while as gossip commentator on a morning program for housewives, and to go to Ohio University, from which he graduated in 1928. (If there should be any academic inadequacies in the Workshop staff, they will doubtless be rectified by Albert's brother and associate, Walter Sindlinger, a pleasant and good-humored ex-Army officer who is now picking up a Ph. D. at Columbia University; but that is an item of letterhead significance only.)

By 1935 Sindlinger was ready to move into the big time. He took a job as director of advertising and distribution for The March of Time, and stayed with it until 1942. He was getting restless and thinking about forming a company of his own to do entertainment research, when he met neighbor George Gallup on the commuters' train one day; their conversation led to a deal and they joined hands. As Executive Vice-President of Audience Research, Inc., Sindlinger mingled in Hollywood with the more exalted personages of that city as counselor and consultant. In the fall of 1946, he tried—and failed—to convince Gallup's Board of Directors that it was time for a new kind of entertainment research; so he set up headquarters on his New Jersey farm and struck out on his own.

It is this typically—and uniquely—American background of ham radio, theatre management, radio gossiping, and gadget tinkering that has furnished Sindlinger with the rich experience that is now bearing fruit. Without it, he could never have conceived, much less named, such wonderful American gadgets as Teldox, Radox, and Recordox. Note the shrewd aptness of the names themselves, which bring to mind intimate feminine appliances, plumbing equipment, etc. The Sindlinger Method has been searching for the "X" Factor of public acceptance. Thus:

Teldox stands for "The Enjoyment Level Determinator of 'X' ".

Radox stands for "Radio Audience Determinator of 'X' ".

Recordox stands for "Record of 'X' " . . . Sindlinger's talent for naming—his New Entertainment Workshop is known simply as NEW—is in itself a kind of genius.

Teldox

Teldox is a Huxleyan gadget by means of which people listening to a canned version of a story can register their opinions about it. All over the country, little audiences selected by the Workshop gather to listen to recorded

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novels, plays, and scripts. Refreshments are served at the "entertainment evenings," as Mr. Sindlinger terms these cultural cum opinion-polling soirees, and the listeners need merely adjust the switch of their individual Teldox to the appropriate position on the dial—Bad, Inferior, Neutral, Good, Superior—to register a running curve of their opinion. The curve of the entire panel of listeners furnishes NEW with an infallible chart of the high points and the weaknesses of any tested work of creative imagination.

Recordox

Within a month after they have registered their democratic opinion of the work in question, individual members of the panel are visited by a NEW representative, who enters their home equipped with a wire recording apparatus (Recordox). These NEW agents, who would have been referred to by old-style research agencies as "interviewers," are called "reporters" by Mr. Sindlinger, principally because they are trained to coax respondents into speaking freely on any subject. When I say any subject, I do not exaggerate, for I have heard recordings of housewives uttering their candid beliefs about sanitary napkins as well as about novels and plays. The purpose of these call-back interviews is to check the memories of the respondents: how well do they remember their likes and dislikes? how well do they recall the story itself?

The beauty of this technique is its adaptability. Both the Teldox "entertainment evening" and the Recordox tape can be utilized to test the popularity not only of a piece of fiction but of a singing commercial as well. And both can be tested on the same occasion.

Radox

And what of Radox? This little device is a miniature transmitter which, installed in a radio, will report to a central monitoring point when you turn on your radio, when you turn it off, and what stations you have tuned to in the interim. This brilliant gadget, already in use in Philadelphia, will be a boon to radio sponsors who have been trying for years to determine just who listens to the programs they pay for. When used in conjunction with NEW's Recordox—which can check on how well the programs are remembered and, even more important, on whether the products advertised on these programs are actually bought by the listeners—Radox will furnish information worth far more than the $400,000 which Philadelphia radio stations and advertisers have already invested in it. It is worthy of note that Sindlinger & Company, the market research unit of the Sindlinger Enterprises, is founded on a gadget which was designed in six weeks, which can be made for $9.65, and which will have an incalculable effect upon the radio programs of the future.

The NEW

But Sindlinger's most original, and potentially important, notion is the New Entertainment Workshop (NEW), which uses Teldox and Recordox as a basis for cultural mass-production.

NEW has already compiled a remarkable record in its testing of, and investment in, Broadway plays. In accordance with its strict policy of buying a piece of every literary production that it tests, NEW is collecting royalties on seven Broadway hit shows. Sindlinger told me that of eight plays with which the Workshop has been associated, seven have been successful; and that of seventeen with which NEW declined to be associated, sixteen were flops. The seventeenth turned out to be a hit show, but Sindlinger does not regret his refusal to be connected with it, since he feels that it was really communistic propoganda. This damn-the-profit attitude, rather surprising in one of Sindlinger's business acumen, may possibly be related to his friendship with J. Edgar Hoover, who has warmly inscribed a charcoal likeness of himself which stands in Sindlinger's office near a stuffed bird.

How about writers? Have they too been bowled over by Teldox's verdict of their work? Sterling North, who criticizes books for the New York *Post* and 23 other newspapers, had his own novel tested by Teldox, and then reported to his readers: "It is a humbling but enlightening experience to be used as a literary guinea pig in this branch of applied science. . . ." (There is an interesting discrepancy, incidentally, between the history of North's novel as given by himself and that as given by *Variety*. North's version: " . . . I was the guinea pig. My new novel 'So Dear To My Heart,' to be published on September 25, had just been put through the elaborate Sindlinger mill. However, since it had already been accepted for publication by Doubleday, adopted by the Peoples Book Club (200,000 copies), and purchased by Walt Disney for a full-length technicolor movie to be released in 1948, the tests being made were somewhat 'after the fact'," *Variety*, on the other hand, published the following version on January 7, 1948: "It was originally a children's book, 'Midnight and Jeremiah,' scrivened by Sterling North and published by Winsten in 1943. Very few copies were sold and Disney bought all rights to it at a very small price. Cartoon producer, when he was well along with his brush-and-color work, hired Albert E. Sindlinger's research organization. His tests showed there was much public interest in the basic story. As a result, he made a deal with Disney for publication rights. Then he hired North, the original author, on a salary basis to rewrite 'Midnight and Jeremiah' as an adult story. . . . In addition to the regular royalty on the book, which he shares with North, Sindlinger researched an ad campaign and, for a piece of the publisher's share of the take, invested $10,000 in advertising." . . . North's understandable confusion as to the actual sequence of events may well have been occasioned by his jubilation at the higher tax bracket into which he had been catapulted with the assistance, after the fact or otherwise, of Albert E. Sindlinger.)

Sterling North, however, is not alone in his association with NEW. There is Professor James Burnham of New York University, whose literary career has proceeded through the tiny leftwing periodicals to the slightly less tiny literary journals to the 27,000,000 readership of *Life*, and who is now engaged in writing a story in association with the editorial staff of the Workshop which will be presented to the American public as both a novel and a movie. Mr. Burnham's previous writings were concerned with political matters; indeed, he might be considered as the Christian Dior of the American political scene, since he has emerged in recent seasons with a series of New Looks which have seemed to many, like M. Dior's creations, fashionable because they were scandalous, or contrarily, scandalous because they were fashionable. In any event, he has turned his undoubted talents to the composition of fiction (for which one might assume from his earlier works that he is ideally suited), and it would seem that he is convinced that Sindlinger will ultimately be able to offer him an audience measurably larger than that afforded even by Henry Luce's picture magazine. His story will be con-

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cerned with the reconversion of an American Communist and his wife.

There are a good many other authors and playwrights in the New Jersey hills around the Sindlinger farm, and in adjoining Bucks County, Pa., who are, I am assured by Sindlinger, anxious to *collaborate* in the production and presentation of works of popular culture. These creative persons will form the core around which Mr. Sindlinger hopes to build from the testing of already written works, to the production and continuous pretesting of completely new works.

O Brave New World

As we have suggested and as its name implies, however, NEW will not function solely as a research and testing organization. The Sindlinger dream is that present opinion-polling will be coordinated with future mass production of mass culture. Thus instead of having to argue the advantages of the pretesting of literature with reactionary publishers, Sindlinger looks forward to the day when an author's idea (say Burnham's story about the Communist couple) can be developed in successive stages, with each successive draft tested at an "entertainment evening," and can then be published right on the premises, and distributed through grocery chain stores in issues numbered in the millions rather than the thousands of copies.

What is even more important, Sindlinger, who may one day be regarded as the Henry Ford of the popular culture industry, is a strong believer in the rationalization of entertainment production. This means that one story will be developed under one roof with careful attention paid to the various avenues along which it must travel to attract the maximum number of customers. Each story, then, will be worked out as a novel (and presumably as a condensation of a novel for quicker reading), as a play, as a movie script, as a radio show, and as a television show (Sindlinger is enormously excited about the potentialities of television and is certain that it will react to the benefit of other media of popular culture, especially book publishing). The proper order in which these preparations are to be presented to the consumer can be determined with almost mathematical precision. An author who is willing to submit his work at periodic stages of its development to the critical judgment of the masses (scientifically sampled) will thus be reasonably assured of an audience numbering not in the thousands but in the millions. It is Sindlinger's hope that within twenty years, thanks to his policy of buying into everything NEW researches, he will be able to sit back and watch the royalty checks drifting in, as beautiful and innumerable as snowflakes.

There may be some unsophisticated readers who will interpret the foregoing lines to mean that Albert E. Sindlinger is a would-be tyrant, intent on subverting the free development of creative thought—just as there are those who believe that Stalin must be holding as hostages the families of Dmitri Shostakovich and Konstantin Simonov in order to assure himself that they will create works of art satisfactory to him and his regime. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Sindlinger is in fact a kindly and hospitable man, with the prides and prejudices of the average American citizen. What is more, he asserts with some heat (and I believe him fully) that he has never attempted to tell a writer how to revise his work, and that he would like to release genuine creative talent, which he feels is being stifled by fuddy-duddy book publishers and predatory Hollywood businessmen. No, the truly frightening possibility is that creative talent will not want to be freed, that it will in time struggle as violently against all attempts to free it, as it once struggled against all attempts to enslave it.

HARVEY SWADOS

FOOTNOTES TO THE HISTORY OF OUR TIMES

1.

Sept. 23, 1943: The Fuhrer told me in detail about the Duce's visit. . . . The Duce has not drawn the moral conclusions from Italy's catastrophe that the Fuhrer had expected of him. He was naturally overjoyed to see the Fuhrer and to be at liberty again. But the Fuhrer had expected that the first thing the Duce would do would be to wreak full vengeance on the betrayers. But he gave no such indication and thereby showed his real limitations. He is not a revolutionary like the Fuhrer or Stalin.

—Entry in Goebbels' Diary.

2.

He is a free man now: he has a ration book and an identity card.

—British liberal journal on a German war prisoner who had been released to marry a British girl; quoted in "Tribune," Feb. 20.

3.

The pupils of a Nuernberg school were recently asked to write on the theme: The Most Beautiful Day of My Life. A 12-year old girl began her composition: "The most beautiful day of my life was February 17, 1947. On that day my brother died, and I inherited his overcoat, his shoes, and his woolen jacket."

—from an article by Lewis Coser in "The Commonweal," June 11.

W. Steig

Who am I to have an opinion of my own?

Books by Wilhelm Reich

LISTEN, LITTLE MAN illus. by Wm. Steig	3.00
THE DISCOVERY OF THE ORGONE, Vol. 1. THE FUNCTION OF THE ORGASM	6.00
Vol. 2 THE CANCER BIOPATHY	8.50
THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION	3.25
THE MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF FASCISM	4.50
and	
INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF SEX-ECONOMY & ORGONE RESEARCH 4 vol. set	15.00
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AMG in Germany

PETER BLAKE

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *By the time this article appears most of its story will be past history, and most of its allegations will have been countered by belated Military Government (MG) action. Our failure to act democratically from the start, however, will still have to be explained by those responsible. The early failure of US occupation in Germany was not the failure of the 'Army mind.' In fact, the 'Army mind' acquitted itself well on several occasions. The failure of US occupation was the failure of the 'liberal' mind, which was supposed to stew over the whole problem of moral, intellectual and political reeducation.*

From early in 1945 *until the middle of* 1947 *I was able at close hand to observe this failure. As a political intelligence officer with the Army's European Headquarters in Frankfurt (as opposed to MG's German Headquarters in Berlin), I had access to information much of which, for so-called 'security reasons,' I have had to omit from this piece.*

To protect myself and this magazine I have used the term 'Stalinoid' as Dwight Macdonald uses it, i.e. to 'indicate a general adherence to the Communist Party line of the moment. It embraces party members, conscious fellow-travellers, and the vast army of 'innocent' dupes."

This article was written in behalf of my German friends, who are presently engaged, in Berlin and elsewhere, in a life and death struggle against red fascism similar to the fight they waged against its brown predecessor. Since I believe that these wonderful people may soon have to be protected from Stalinism by our armed force, I am especially grateful to Dwight Macdonald for having turned over some pages of his pacifist magazine to an article that pleads by implication for the use of force in defense of humanity.—P.B.

REEDUCATION, according to Potsdam, was one of the primary missions of American occupation forces in Germany. The strange collection of American "liberals," Stalinoids, Russia-firsters, etc., etc. that assembled to lend the US Army a hand in accomplishing that mission has, instead, spent the better part of the past three years in making our Zone of Germany ripe for Stalinism. This effort was substantially aided by the naiveté displayed by the highest officials in the US Military Government when faced with the facts of political life. Not until very recently did MG show even an elementary understanding of the methods and objectives of Soviet imperialism, and at no time during the past three years did MG show any ability to counter these objectives.

Two MG agencies especially have helped to break the ground for Stalin's agents in the American Zone of Germany: The Information Control Division (ICD), whose functions include the organization and licensing of the German press, theater, radio, film and musical effort; and the Political Affairs Division, which was supposed to establish German political life on a "democratic" basis.

(a) Information Control Division (ICD)

ORGANIZED early in the war as the Psychological Warfare Division (PWD) under the command of Brig. Gen. Robert McClure, ICD attracted a great many American and British intellectuals of somewhat varying, and not necessarily "western democratic" views.* Into these assorted hands the US Army placed one of its most important missions in Germany: The education, by democratic propaganda, of the German people. The manner in which this mission was *not* accomplished by ICD can be seen from a number of case-histories.

Item No. 1—The "Frankfurter Rundschau"

The most important newspaper to be licensed by ICD in the American Zone was the *Frankfurter Rundschau;* circulation: over 150,000 copies. The *Rundschau* was started shortly after the end of the war, and its licensees were carefully selected by Mr. Cedric Belfrage and a juvenile ICD official named Adler. Two other ICD agents went as far as Thuringia to find the "right" kind of licensees. The result of this careful selection was an editorial board of three Communists and some ineffectual Social Democrats who were soon forced out of the paper. There then remained: (1) Emil Carlebach, Communist, 12 years in Buchenwald Concentration Camp (where, *according to excellent ICD sources,* he had consistently worked with the SS)† (2) Arno Rudert, Communist; and (3) Wilhelm Gerst, alleged Christian Socialist, but actually an energetic and consistent Stalinist throughout. Gerst had finally to be fired late in 1946 in connection with some unsavory publicity during his trial before a denazification court! At the time of his appointment Gerst had admitted to ICD officials that he had written in praise of Hitler—yet Gerst, too, was appointed by ICD in clear violation of its own directives. Since his dismissal in 1946, Gerst has been ex-

* Among those who served with ICD were members of PM's editorial staff such as Saul K. Padover, and men like Hollywood's critic, Mr. Cedric Belfrage. These "liberals" and other ICD employees are not best known for their ability to distinguish between Stalinism and Democracy. There were also a number of former OWI employees who suffered from a similar failing. It was interesting to note, for example, that the former OWI Chief of the Czechoslovak Division of that orgnaization, Mr. Adolf Hoffmeister, was recently appointed Czech Ambassador to France by the new Communist Government of that country. Mr. Hoffmeister, it develops, is a member of the Czech Communist Party. The OWI, which selected Hoffmeister for a key position, also supplied many ICD recruits.

† This appears to have been common practice among German Communists. Bavarian Communist Karl Feuerer, Secretary of the Party in Munich, did similar work in Dachau. Cf. Rousset's "The Days of Our Death" (POLITICS, July-August, 1947).

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tremely active trying to organize the Russian "Socialist Unity Party" (SED) in the Frankfurt area.*

The case of Belfrage & Carlebach is even more fascinating. In the June 1948 issue of *Harper's Magazine,* under the title "The German Who Should Have Been Dead," Mr. Cedric Belfrage defended his appointment of Carlebach and admitted that he knew that Carlebach had drawn up death lists for the SS in Buchenwald. Belfrage explains all that away by indicating that the ethics of Buchenwald were different from those of the outside world. Two months later, in *Harper's,* the ex-inmate of Buchenwald and witness of Carlebach's murderous SS-collaboration, Mr. Ernst Federn, a Socialist, utterly refuted Belfrage's specious arguments, and testified to Carlebach's typical party-line ethics in helping in the murder of Buchenwald inmates who might have turned into potential postwar rivals of the Stalinist movement. In a reply remarkable for its decency and restraint, Mr. Federn cites two instances in which Communist Carlebach personally murdered, or attempted to murder, fellow-inmates of Buchenwald concentration camp.

The case of Mr. Cedric Belfrage reached its logical conclusion when he appeared on October 17, 1948, as the Editor-in-Chief of a fascinating pro-Wallace, pro-Stalin magazine called the *National Guardian.* In Mr. Belfrage's editorial company we find such Soviet-apologists as Louis Adamic, Konni Zilliacus. O. John Rogge, Frederick L. Schuman, Johannes Steel, William Gropper, and Leo Huberman. Business Manager is John T. McManus.†

The manner in which German Communists approached their Stalinoid friends in ICD and persuaded them to "cooperate" in such important press ventures may be observed in the following transcript of a conference between Bruno Goldhammer, Chief of the Bavarian Communist Party, and Dr. Joseph Dunner, former Chief of Intelligence of the OWI in Europe, and then an ICD official. Goldhammer evidently—and very mistakenly—assumed that Dr. Dunner was another Innocent Abroad. The following quotation is reproduced from the *New Leader* of June 8, 1946:

> "I understand," he (Goldhammer) said, "that you are about to organize a German newspaper in Munich. You know that in Frankfurt, where such a paper already exists, several Communists have been admitted as licensees of the paper. I have come to you to ask you, in the name of the Communist Party, to follow the example of your colleagues in Frankfurt and to include among the licensees in Munich Communists whom my party will nominate."

Dr. Dunner, of course, refused, and a non-Communist paper, the excellent *Süddeutsche Zeitung,* was set up in Bavaria. Attacks upon it started immediately from both German Communists and their friends in ICD. According to Dr. Dunner, Mr. Mathieu, an ICD Intelligence Officer, was sent down to Munich where he held long meetings with Goldhammer, wrote a detailed report fully supporting the Communist Party stand, and demanded that a member of that Party be added to the list of Licensees of the *Süddeutsche Zeitung.* A few days later Goldhammer himself, using almost identical words, sent a similar protest to the US Third Army. An investigation was ordered by Third Army Commander Lt. Gen. Truscott, which cleared the non-Communist paper of all Mathieu-Goldhammer charges.

ICD's excuse for having set up the *Rundschau* as a Communist organ was that there were no untainted Germans of other convictions to call upon. This is untrue. Not only did ICD later find many German Socialists, Liberals and Conservatives upon whom it could depend, but there was, in 1945, the top-notch former editorial staff of the old liberal *Frankfurter Zeitung*—one of the finest European papers, with a tradition which ICD might well have emulated. These men had *not* compromised with the Nazis, but ICD agents "kicked them around" for so long, in the words of one of these editors, that they finally took off for the French Zone where they were received with open arms.*

Item No. 2—DENA

One of ICD's early efforts concerned the setting up of a German-American News Agency (DENA). Again according to Dr. Dunner,

> . . . the Communists and their fellow-travellers established a center in . . . the Information Control Unit for Greater Hesse. On June 29, 1945, Brigadier General Robert McClure, chief of the Information Control Division, assigned seven civilians of the OWI, two lieutenants and four enlisted men to Bad Nauheim (in the American Zone) to lay the foundation of DENA, the German news service. The team was headed by Lt. Edel, a former correspondent for *PM* . . . (*New Leader,* May 25, 1946)

In addition to *PM* correspondent Edel, ICD enlisted the help of one Dr. Hans Mayer, who had spent the Nazi period in exile in Switzerland. There Dr. Mayer was one of the leaders of the "Schutzverband Deutscher Schriftsteller"—Protective League of German Writers—a well-known and painfully obvious Stalinist front organization. Dr. Mayer, like Carlebach & Co., was especially selected by ICD and brought in from abroad to help out. When I talked to him many months later he told me, with praiseworthy candor, that he "thanked God (sic!) for the Soviet Union."

After the early arrangements had been completed, DENA was handed over to a number of German licensees. The top licensee was none other than Dr. Rudolf Agricola, member of the German Communist Party since 1933, and

* In the first free election in Frankfurt the vote was 90% anti-Communist, despite the existence, as the sole information medium and propaganda weapon, of the American-promoted Communist newspaper. During this period, numerous Americans, including State Department officials, a General Officer, and a former Military Governor of Frankfurt, repeatedly protested against continued American support for the "Rundschau." They were politely told to go climb a tree.

† The "Guardian" is a direct product of AMG! Thus its editors write, in the Oct. 25 issue: "No 90-day wonder, 'National Guardian' has been three years in the making. It began in 1945 on a B-17 bound from Frankfurt to Bremen. On board were Cedric Belfrage and Jim Aronson [another "Guardian" editor] who had been assigned by the Allied forces the task of setting up democratic newspapers in defeated Germany."

* There they started a first-rate fortnightly, *Die Gegenwart,* which has become one of post-war Europe's best magazines.

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ICD-appointed editor of the important *Rhein-Neckar Zeitung,* circulation: over 100,000. Of Dr. Agricola, an ICD official said to me, in 1947: "You know, he is one of those mild and decent Communists, like Gottwald of Czechoslovakia." Another ICD agent told me that Agricola had not been *appointed* to DENA, but had been *elected* to the post by all the licensed German editors in the American Zone. "And there are hardly any Communists among those," the ICD official added. On the face of it this is true; as of February 1947 the official ICD list of German newspapers shows only 4 or 5 avowed Communist licensees. But as we have seen in the case of Wilhelm Gerst, who was officially listed as a "Christian Socialist," the *official* listing of *avowed* party affiliations is extremely misleading.* The fact that Communist Dr. Agricola *was* elected proves not only the extent of the prestige with which the American ICD had endowed him, but also the sad truth that many a nominal "Socialist" or "Non-Party" man among ICD's German editors was not all he seemed.

Item No. 3—Radio Frankfurt

When he was no longer needed at DENA, Dr. Hans Mayer was transferred by ICD to a more important job: He was appointed Political Chief of the American-controlled Radio Frankfurt, together with Radio Munich (see below) the most powerful broadcasting station in the US Zone. While this station is currently being used in feeble and sporadic attempts to refute the Soviet campaigns of lies and slander directed against the West, it was not put to such use until three years after VE-Day, and not until Dr. Hans Mayer had, finally, been removed from its Political Directorate. Even ICD found his denunciations of Churchill and others as "warmongers" a little hard to swallow, and it even penetrated MG's consciousness that a Communist political commentator, broadcasting three times a week over one of Western Germany's principal stations, was not the best advertisement the US could produce for the democratic way of life. Whatever the reasons, Dr. Mayer was "granted his request to be permitted to resign." It came as a great surprise to him. . . .

While Dr. Mayer operated a Communist radio station in Frankfurt, Radio Munich was also well taken care of. Dr. Dunner writes in the *New Leader* of June 8, 1946: "The Bavarian Radio in Munich—an American Army institution—is still today in the hands of a Communist, a Mr. Bentschen, and his assistant Dr. Hahn, a former dentist from Koenigsberg."

While ICD thought nothing of placing Radio Frankfurt and Radio Munich in Communist hands, it sharply discriminated against at least one, and probably many another young German Socialist. The case of Herr H., who was rejected for a job on Radio Frankfurt, is typical of anti-democratic personnel practices as carried on by our ICD.

H.'s political past includes several years with the Italian underground, indirect aid to Allied Intelligence, close connections with the German Resistance, and an intimate friendship of several years' standing with two outstanding American anti-Nazis: Dorothy Thompson and Edgar Ansel Mowrer. Despite his excellent record, H. was declared "politically unreliable" by ICD's Screening Unit. The report on H., signed by a US Army Major who had told H. that he okayed "only heroes," contains the following phrase (I quote from memory): "Herr H. claims to be a Socialist, and claims to favor a United States of Europe—*by which he presumably means a United States directed against the Soviet Union* (my italics)." After this astonishing observation the screening report on H. was heavily, obviously and utterly unfairly weighted against him in every single respect, including details which easily could have been verified by a routine check with US or British Intelligence (both of which had screened H. about a dozen times).

H. of course wrote to his American friends of his misfortune. They, in turn, immediately made a strong protest with the State Department, where they were assured that there would be another investigation. Some weeks later they were informd that "another investigation" had confirmed ICD's earlier findings. This was quite untrue—although the State Department probably didn't know it. There had never been another investigation into H.'s past. Instead he had been summoned to the Frankfurt Headquarters of the ICD to be threatened as follows by ICD officials (the following quotations are from a sworn affidavit I asked H. to prepare for me immediately after his "new investigation" by ICD): "I was told by ICD Intelligence that they were no longer willing to tolerate my open criticism of members of the Army of Occupation, and that 'other steps might well be taken against me' if nothing else was effective—such as a trial by a Military Tribunal. *It had been established as a fact that I was politically unacceptable. . . .*" And later: "The official said that the Americans were, after all, no Gestapo. . . . "

The "new investigation" ended upon a tragic-comic note: Herr H. had in his possession a letter from the Provincial ICD Headquarters (which I have read), signed by its Chief, a Mr. McCarthy, assuring him that his political past was beyond ICD reproach. Since such a letter (from the ICD point of view) was obviously a highly dangerous and incriminating document for H. to possess, the "no Gestapo" official ordered H. to surrender the letter to him without delay. This was done in the presence of several witnesses. Thus ended ICD's "new investigation."

Item No. 4—The Magazine "Heute"

So far, I have only mentioned German-operated enterprises and the manner in which ICD entrusted these to Stalinist agents. This particular case concerns the American-published, German language magazine *Heute,* a periodical similar in layout to *Life,* and an official organ of the US Military Government. Published in Munich, *Heute* was an enormously important propaganda weapon and education medium.

In May, 1946, *Heute* was entrusted to Captain Heinz Norden, a former Counterintelligence Officer in the Army's Frankfurt Headquarters, where I knew him slightly. Norden is an intelligent, intense person; fanatically anti-German, I think, but otherwise a very pleasant young man.

Captain Norden was also—and this is more to the point—(1) a member of the American Labor Party; (2) a

* Dr. Hans Mayer was officially listed as a "Non-Party" man. . . .

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one-time financial contributor to the American League Against War and Fascism which, according to Francis Biddle when he was the Attorney General, was "established in the United States in an effort to create public sentiment on behalf of a foreign policy adapted to the interests of the Soviet Union." The League's Vice-Chairman was Earl Browder. In addition, (3) Norden was involved in several agitations in New York City in which the Communist Party was also involved; (4) Norden was publicized in the *Daily Worker* of January 28, 1938, in connection with a speech he had made before the American Youth Congress.*

I repeat that Norden seems to be a perfectly nice guy. He has, of course, every right to hold the views he does hold. But there is no excuse for MG to have engaged a person (or persons) holding such views to fill positions of critical and strategic importance in Germany. MG Headquarters, when in possession of the above evidence, still (in 1947) saw nothing to warrant Norden's dismissal, but asked him nevertheless not to resume his contract with ICD when it expired in the fall of 1947.

The magazine *Heute* under Norden's editorship published articles by such noted democrats as Ilya Ehrenburg, and gave frequent publicity to the kind of self-styled "Progressive Circles" in the US which are currently circling Henry Wallace. Whatever one may feel about them, they hardly represent a majority cross-section of the US. During a sample period (January 1 to August 15, 1947—i.e. after Norden had already come under criticism for his editorial policies, and was presumably on his best behavior) *Heute,* which appears twice a month, contained the following type of articles and pictures:

1 Jan. 47—2 pp. Langhoff *Moorsoldaten* (CP Span. Civ. War Anthem)
Pix of friendly USSR soldiers, tough, hard-boiled Western soldiers
Pix Story on seamy side of London
1 p. Story on Berlin (Sov. Sect.) Theater
Full-page photo: Paul Robeson as Othello

15 Jan. 47—Pix of Friedrich Wolf (Professor Mamlock) and Johannes Becher, president Soviet Culture League.
Pix Story on idyllic Budapest
US—represented by Lilly Daché

1 Feb. 47—Pix Story on "Warsaw Lives"—popular demonstrations for Communist Front, etc.
Stalingrad article
USSR article by Russia-apologist Edgar Snow
Pix Story on idyllic USSR
US—represented mostly by basketball games

15 Feb. 47—Statement by Heinz Norden defending Soviet expulsions of Germans from the East, referring to them as *"Allied* extradition policy"
3 pp. Story on Palestine troubles, British arrests, etc., etc.

1 Mar. 47—Pix: Leipzig Fair (Sov. Zone); CP minority delegates in Bavaria; Chaplin as Verdoux
US—represented by Greer Garson
Photo: Kindly USSR soldier, mistrustful British official
4 pix on idyllic USSR

1 Apr. 47—Pix of beatings in Trieste, Friedrich Wolf (Prof. Mamlock) play in Sov. Sector, Berlin
US—represented by football free-for-all
Pix on idyllic Moscow
Photo of outcast, homeless NYC Veteran couple, living on park bench
US—represented by 14 pin-up pix

1 May 47—Critical story of Greece, showing happy, bouncing Partisans, seamy side of Greek Government
Pix Story on happy Polish DP's return to idyllic Poland—almost a straight copy of current Soviet propaganda handouts

15 May 47—US—represented by Ozark hillbillies
Pix Story of idyllic Weimar, rebuilding fast under Sov. occupation
Pix of Soviet-sponsored ballet in Berlin and Leipzig

15 July 47—US—represented by pix indicating labor-exploitation, money-grabbing in Texas
3 pp. on trouble in India
US—represented by drugstores
2 pp. of cartoons critical of US atomic policy

15 Aug. 47—Pix of trouble in Palestine
Pix of trouble in Indonesia. . . .
. . . and so it goes.

Since Captain Norden left *Heute* a definite change of policy has been noticeable. Picking up the issue of December 1, 1947, I find:

(1) Story on "Martyrs of Freedom"—Mikolajczyk, Maniu, Petkov and Nagy
(2) 3 pp. story on transit camp for German expellees from Sov. Zone (most of them political refugees who dared refuse to join the SED)
(3) Story on French efforts to help German Prisoners of War
(4) Excerpts from Byrnes' "Frankly Speaking"
(5) Pix of transformation of German armament industry in US Zone to peace production (thus scotching favorite Soviet propaganda lie)
(6) Pix showing US Army helping orphaned East German refugee kids
(7) Pleasant, intelligent story on small US town
(8) Good article by André Gide

Stalinist infiltration into even so well-guarded and colorless a newspaper as the official American *Neue Zeitung* is demonstrated by a series of five articles on the "Literature in Exile," written by the Czech Communist F. C. Weiskopf, and published in this official MG paper during the months of March, April and May 1947. Weiskopf, using the well-known technique of "camouflage reporting," deliberately over-emphasized the part played in exile by German pro-Soviet writers, from Brecht and Becher down to dozens of unknown party members, while omitting the names and works of those who, during the thirties, revolted against the Stalinist-controlled "Schutzverband Deutscher Schriftsteller."

To round out the picture of the Norden case, I will add that Miss Ruth Norden, a former OWI employee and an

* All these references and additional details can be found on p. A217, 1-15-48, Congressional Record, address by Rep. George A. Dondero.

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associate of her brother Heinz in various political enterprises, was in charge of the political direction of the German-language radio station in the US Sector of Berlin. That's the lot then: Dr. Mayer in Radio Frankfurt, Bentschen in Radio Munich, and Ruth Norden in Radio Berlin—which last was as blunt a democratic weapon as was *Heute*.

Item No. 5—Alfred Kantorowicz

This particular case history is presented more as an explanation of the manner in which Soviet agents have been able to use the naiveté of "liberal" Americans, than as an indictment of ICD methods. Alfred Kantorowicz, organizer of the French section of the "Schutzverband Deutscher Schriftsteller" (see Item No. 2), was a German refugee in the US when the war ended. Some who know Kantorowicz believe him to be almost as important a Soviet agent as Gerhard Eisler. Evidently the State Department did not know about him, for it permitted him to return to Germany after VE-Day—although I believe that his request to return by way of the USSR was refused.

Kantorowicz arrived in Germany loaded down with a number of introductions and recommendations. Among those who—as I recall it—approved of him were William L. Shirer and John Scott, *Time's* Berlin Correspondent. With this kind of backing Kantorowicz was able very quickly to obtain interviews with the highest ICD officials in Berlin, and before long there was a scheme afoot that he should publish a highbrow magazine in the US Zone; the project fell through only because of a paper shortage! Next there was talk of getting Kantorowicz an ICD license to edit the US-Zone *Weser Kurier*—a Bremen newspaper, published in the strategic and only supply port for the US Army in Germany. This, too, had to be abandoned, for his Russian friends had different plans for him: Kantorowicz is currently engaged in editing the Soviet-licensed, Berlin magazine *Ost und West*, the sort of Soviet propaganda sheet that tells the West how the "warmongers" are all wrong in their pictures of the progressive, peaceful USSR. Yet, as late as nine months ago, Mr. Kantorowicz was still in contact with American officials, trying for an ICD license. If past performance is any guide, there is no reason to think that he won't get it. . . .

Item No. 6—ICD Censorship

While the Soviet-controlled German press began almost immediately after VE-Day to criticize, slander and malign the Western Allies in flagrant violation of the Potsdam and other agreements, ICD ruled its German newspapers with an iron fist, insisting that no hint of criticism of the USSR—or even of Stalinism—taint their editorials and news stories. This might have been all right if such had been the policy vis-a-vis all Allied Powers; but while no German editor dared to come out against the savage mass-expulsions of millions of Germans from the areas East of the Oder-Neisse line (and while Editor Norden defended these expulsions editorially), Communist Editor Carlebach of the *Frankfurter Rundschau* was perfectly at liberty to attack French attempts to stir up separatist sentiment in the Rhine and Saar Valleys. Such attacks, appearing in the US-licensed German press, were among other things designed to provide Thorez, Duclos & Co. with some of their best election material.

Yet there was not a shadow of doubt that some of the most important German news stories of the 1945-1947 period concerned—as Victor Gollancz saw so clearly—the unspeakable excesses committed by hordes of Red Army vandals in Eastern Europe, the equally fantastic brutalities attending the expulsion of Germans from Eastern lands, and the resulting starvation throughout Germany.* In addition, millions of Germans knew, and many Americans could and did confirm, stories of feverish Soviet efforts to mine uranium in Saxony and Thuringia (areas which we had handed to the Soviets at Yalta); millions knew of the Soviet manufacture of German war machines—jet planes, V-1 and V-2 weapons, tanks, guns, etc., etc. throughout the Eastern Zone—all, of course, in direct violation of every single article of the Potsdam Agreement; millions knew of the terror spread through the Eastern Zone by the combined forces of the MVD (Soviet Secret Police) and the ex-SS *against German anti-Nazis,* with the kind help of the Gestapo;† millions knew of the collaboration of prominent Eastern Nazis with the SED, of German General Staff Officers with the Red Army General Staff, and so on. And millions had heard recurring rumors of German armies being organized by the Soviets in the East, and of thousands of German prisoners starving to death in Russia, under conditions resembling Belsen and Dachau.

All these, and many other stories, facts, rumors were withheld from the ICD-licensed German press, although there was never any lack of confirming evidence. No German editor had the guts—or the political attitude—to print such news. It would have resulted in his immediate dismissal.

In view of this terrible gap in German news coverage—a gap that was only too apparent to most German readers—the reeducation effort through the German press in the US Zone became a depressing farce, and Germans quickly lost confidence in their newly acquired democratic press. It is no exaggeration to say that ICD's press effort was almost totally wasted during the two years after VE-Day—unless it was designed to discredit Western standards of journalistic accuracy and truthfulness in German eyes.

(b) Political Affairs Division

I had occasion to be in Berlin immediately after its capture by the Soviets some days before VE-Day. The capture of Berlin had been denied to American troops who could have accomplished it three weeks before the Red Army got anywhere near it. (So, too, American troops

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* See POLITICS, Dec. 1945, Jan. 1946.—ED.

† The Russian-appointed Chief of the Berlin Criminal Police, for example, was exposed as a war criminal and leading Gestapo agent, and finally had to be sacked—in 1947, as a result of Western pressure!

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were held back from capturing Prague so that the Red Army could get credit for the city's "liberation"—a credit the Communists cashed in on when they took over Czechoslovakia recently.)

The Russians had entered Berlin not only with tanks, but also with thousands of posters bearing Stalin's famous quote: *Hitlers come and Hitlers go, but the German People goes on for ever.* To one who had just come from Eisenhower's Germany, in which we stood "as Conquerors, not as Liberators," the Soviet attempt even before VE-Day to win over the popular sentiment of the "Fascist Beasts" seemed strange in view of the viciously anti-German propaganda drives by the American pro-Soviet press. But there it was, visible even to the newly-formed American Military Government.

MG's vision, however, had been skillfully obscured. For years Western Stalinoids had prepared for the Soviet entry into Berlin. Trumpeting the most illiberal anti-German declarations, a peculiar assortment of Stalinoids, "liberals" and mixed "Germanophobes" had seen to it that the Morgenthau Plan would represent the Western attitude toward the Germans—while Stalin's would be the gracious offer of a new Hitler-Stalin Pact, addressed especially to the "Junker Militarists" and the "Fascist Beasts." It was a neat arrangement, and whichever way the Stalinoids played it, they could make it stick. If the Western Powers slipped Germany a Morgenthau, Stalin would wave Von Paulus & Co.; if the Western Powers retained their reason (and a few vague memories of the Atlantic Charter), Stalin's propagandists—from the *New Times* to *PM*—would yell that the "monopoly-capitalists" were "building up the German war machine against Russia." It was a wonderful scheme, for not only did it work both ways alternately, but it also worked both ways at once: Stalin would privately pat the Junkers on the back and let the Gestapo in by the back door, while publicly accusing us of doing that very thing—which, of course, scared the living daylights out of American "liberals" in MG. They therefore saw to it that "our" Germans did nothing that could possibly offend the USSR.

The Softening of the "Liberal" Brain

In 1945 and later, American "liberals" by and large held three convictions about Germans, some of which were even embodied in MG directives, and all of which shaped their general attitude toward the inhabitants of our Zone:

(1) All Germans were burning to start a war between the US and the USSR. This included the "sub-convictions" that
   (a) German stories about Russian atrocities were all lies (Corollary: Pro-Russian Germans were the only real anti-Nazis);
   (b) all Germans who thought Potsdam's program was insane wanted to prepare for war; and
   (c) all Germans who talked about mass-expulsions from East of the Oder-Neisse line were Fascists.

(2) All Germans could be classified according to a sliding scale of "democratic convictions." Reading from "Left" to "Right," the most "reliable" Germans were the Communists (see Edwin Hartrich's dispatch below), then the "Popular Front" Socialists, then Social Democrats, Centrists, Liberals, Conservatives and "professional Christians." Everyone to the "Right" of the Popular Front was increasingly suspect.

(3) There had been no anti-Nazi movement inside Germany, and all those who did not emigrate were therefore guilty of Nazi-collaboration. Erika Mann and others aided this conviction in several speeches and articles during and after the war. This conviction, like the other two, was, of course, false.

As a result of these three basic convictions, American "liberals" in MG came to believe that only Communists and associated Stalinoids filled the anti-Nazi bill completely: They never uttered a word against the USSR; they never questioned the Potsdam Declaration (although in Eastern Germany they whispered that it was all a Western Plot to destroy German competition in world markets); and, finally, they got first place and show on the "liberal" sliding scale.

* * *

IT is essential for an understanding of Communist tactics in postwar Germany to analyze the political situation which confronted the US Military Government upon the defeat of Hitler. This situation was, of course, like a vacuum; and MG, like nature, seemed to abhor it. To do away with it, MG promoted certain German political parties.

There were two possible alternatives to follow in dealing with the German vacuum. The first—and the alternative which the majority of German Resistance members advocated—was to postpone the creation of a party-political structure for as long as possible, until it grew up as an *organic* part of German popular thought. Until that time, most observers on the spot preferred to see a regime by carefully selected, MG-appointed Germans, functioning not only as administrators but also as educators. The idea was that German community life had so completely disintegrated that only a thorough reeducation from top to bottom could even begin to create the basic conditions under which democratic self-government can function. The Allies had decided at Potsdam that the Germans needed reeducating before they could be trusted with self-government. Well, if they needed reeducating—which was true—you couldn't very well expect them to act like old, accustomed democrats overnight, could you?

MG thought you could. Accepting the second possible alternative, MG *insisted* upon the creation of political parties, and *demanded absolutely* that its German appointees to Provincial Governments join one of the four parties that were suddenly grafted upon the lethargic, unwilling body of non-political Germans, who were thoroughly sick of it all. The result was, sure enough, a German "political scene"—a scene, however, in a puppet theater. The newly (by themselves) selected "Party-leaders" (with the important exception of the well-trained, highly disciplined Communists), were a sad collection of elderly, fourth-rate stand-

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ins—kindly German Santa Clauses, who had been much too unimportant to have been troubled by the Gestapo. The principal leaders of the German Resistance—or, rather, those that survived—refused to join this political flea circus, and were left out in the cold. That left the Santa Clauses—who had no popular mandate whatsoever—to develop quickly under MG's excited nursing, into "backroom politicians," who settled candidacies, lists of delegates, party policies, and in general behaved as if they were young again. No—one, except MG, was fooled.

The organization of German self-Government in the US Zone fell into three separate phases: The first phase covered the selection and appointment of Germans by the Political Affairs Division of MG to serve in three Provincial German Governments—those of Hesse, Wuerttemberg-Baden and Bavaria. The second phase was the election of German Party Deputies on a local level. And the third phase concerned the election of German Parties on a Provincial level, and thus the election of German Provincial Governments. These Governments are currently functioning —poorly.

PHASE ONE: WE APPOINT GERMAN GOVERNMENTS. In the Province of Hesse, with which I am rather more familiar than I am with the other two, MG appointed a Government early in the game. There were only a few Germans from whom MG could have chosen, but with its unfailing touch, MG chose the wrong ones. I have explained above how the survivors of the German Resistance groups were bypassed by MG, because they had declined to become parts of MG's political puppet theater. Now MG turned to the only remaining German politician-material: The Santa Clauses, and the well-organized German Communist Party, whose alert leaders were just returning "home" from 12 years of intensive training in the Soviets' political schools—fit as fiddles.

The MG-selected Provincial Government of Hesse was typical. Selected to be Minister of the Interior (the one post the Communists always fight tooth and nail to get, since it means control of the police) was a "Nenni-type" Socialist by the name of Venedey. To him and his Stalinist bosses MG presented, on a silver platter, the Hessian police! The second Stalinist appointed by the Hesse MG was again given a post fervently coveted by the Communists: The Ministry of Labor. His name: Oskar Mueller, important functionary of the KPD.

The person in virtual control of Political Affairs in MG Hesse when these appointments were made was an American who, *two years later,* was to come under serious loyalty-check suspicion.

PHASE TWO: WE HOLD LOCAL ELECTIONS. Early in 1946 MG decided, against practically everybody's advice, to hold local elections and thus to force the creation, overnight, of complete party machines. The net result of the elections, though showing a clear Communist defeat, represented an indirect victory for the anti-democratic Communist-Nazi front: the elections consolidated the leadership of the Santa Clauses in the democratic Parties—i.e. leadership by the weakest possible elements. Even Schumacher's Social-Democrats (who concentrated their principal effort in the British Zone to the North and in Berlin), were represented in the US Zone by the feeblest of prehistoric Trade-Unionists.

Despite the Communist defeat at the polls, Communist influence in the Hesse Government characteristically did not diminish. Although Venedey was fired upon the insistence of the Schumacher forces, his appointees were not. Many months after Venedey was out, I received the following report from a German friend:

> (a) Every Department in the Hesse Ministry of the Interior has either a Stalinist head, or a Stalinist executive.
> (b) The Police Organization of Hesse is under Communist control.
> (c) The Police Department in charge of weapons is thoroughly Communist-infiltrated.
> (d) Two confidential Police Couriers, whose job it is to transmit important communications that cannot be entrusted to the wire or the radio, have been members of the Communist Party for years.
> (e) The German Border Police patrolling the American-Russian Zone Border is strongly Communist infiltrated.

My informant added:

> "I heard that MG in Berlin, when told of this, simply answered that the German Communist Party was a legally constituted Party, and that there was no reason why a policeman should not belong to it."

The following dispatch by Edwin Hartrich to the *N. Y. Herald Tribune,* dated Frankfurt, April 16, 1948 supports my informant's point:

> The American Military Government has requested German state officials in the American occupation zone to purge their police departments of 'all Communist elements,' . . . In the early days of the occupation, *many Communists were selected by AMG for positions in the various police forces* (my italics) . . . the problem of finding trustworthy anti-Nazi personnel became acute for the AMG. Proven anti-Nazi Germans were hard to recruit except for the organized Communists . . . hence they obtained positions of power in the various police forces.

PHASE THREE: GERMANS ELECT PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENTS. By the time the Zone-wide elections took place late in 1946, three important developments had determined Communist strategy in the US part of Germany. They were: (1) The USSR had come out for a united and centralized Germany (with a Soviet-controlled Government in Berlin), and the Communists had therefore received orders not to cooperate in Western Germany's Bizonia;* (2) the Communists had discovered that their numerical strength in Western Germany was so small that they could best damage Bizonia by concentrating upon

* Communist Deputy Max Reimann, leading Stalinist in the British Zone, announced in March 1948: "I consider as traitors those who cooperate in the splitting of Germany." With the Red Army only 100 miles away, those were strong words.

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penetration of Trade Unions and upon sabotage strikes in the Ruhr;† and (3) other German Parties in the West (with the exception of Schumacher's socialists who had, unaided, won the Berlin elections) had become exactly what the Communists—and, perhaps, their friends in MG—had hoped for: a catch-all for fourth-rate nonentities, so weak that it required little effort to make them topple over. These nonentities now proceeded to form three Provincial Governments, headed by three Santa Clauses. One of them had once timidly compromised with the Nazis, and was now spending his time trying to explain it all; another was an elderly, harmless Bavarian yokel; and a third was cleverly picked from the staunch ranks of the Christian Cigar-Makers Trade Union of Darmstadt.

This left the Communists in the enviable position of being able to criticize everything, attack and sabotage anything, bear the responsibility for nothing, and claim that everything in the Eastern Zone was better. In spreading this last belief, MG decided to lend them a hand.

Ideological Lend-Lease to Russia

Meanwhile the larger battle, the battle for Central Europe, was being fought not by the Americans, but by Kurt Schumacher's and Julius Kaiser's underfed bands of Socialists and Christian Socialists. Banned from the Soviet Zone, they fought in Berlin; and in a magnificent effort on October 20, 1946, they won Berlin from the combined MVD-Gestapo administration established there by the Soviets. 49 per cent of the vote went to the Socialists, 22 per cent to Kaiser's Party. Now, surely, the Western Powers would act—now that there was no "diplomatic risk" involved.

Not at all. What the German democrats had won at such high cost was promptly lost to the Soviets on the Allied Control Council. After typical wrangling, vetoes, subterfuge—the whole sordid bag of tricks—the Russians got just what they wanted: an enfeebled, unrepresentative Berlin City Administration, totally out of keeping with the overwhelming democratic victory. Berlin was a precedent, in miniature, of what was to happen a year later in Budapest.

Next came the Berlin Trade Union elections. Let me quote the *N. Y. Post's* labor correspondent, Victor Riesel, who wrote on March 18, 1948:

> Pardon me if I seem to be talking about beauty culture magazines and interior decorating bulletins at a critical moment like this . . . (that) pulp stuff is being printed in Germany today—especially in Berlin—while democratic union chiefs starve for newsprint for their anti-Communist papers. Stupidity is the word for it . . . much less charitable words could be invoked to describe what I say is valuable aid to the Communist propagandists abroad . . . the State Department's *refusal to provide the democratic, non-Communist German Labor leaders with paper for propaganda during the recent union elections in Berlin* (my italics)—while the Communists had tons to spare for their publications, and they weren't devoted to beauty culture. . . .

Riesel goes on to describe the difficulties encountered by the AFL in trying to get US Army permission to distribute in Germany an AFL-financed labor pamphlet. Such permission presumably had to come from ICD. . . .

We lost the Trade Union elections in Berlin. We might attribute all of this to the well-established nitwittedness in the higher circles of MG. But it is hard to remain so charitable when we see that Political Affairs of MG, while undermining the anti-Communist effort in Germany, was giving direct and immensely valuable aid to the agents of the USSR. To prove this allegation, I shall merely cite the example of the extensive speaking tours through the US Zone of the leaders of the Russian-operated SED—a Party that was not licensed in Western Germany, so that there was not the slightest justification for MG to permit its leaders to campaign in those areas.

Three leaders of the SED repeatedly received MG permission to campaign in the US Zone. They were: Red Army Political Commissar Walter Ulbricht (whose rank, I believe, is that of Brigadier General); Wilhelm Pieck, Moscow-trained Communist Party wheelhorse; and Otto Grotewohl, opportunistic renegade "Socialist" who merged with the Communists in the Eastern Zone to form the SED. These men formed a veritable propaganda circus that travelled wherever it wished to go in the US Zone. I have attended some of its performances, which resembled Nazi meetings in every detail. But while every allegedly "nationalistic" utterance by Kurt Schumacher brings upon his head the extreme displeasure of MG's Stalinoids, the direct and repeated calls to arms* issued at these SED meetings were not considered sufficient reason for MG to cancel its permission to hold such meetings. I need hardly mention that neither Kaiser nor Schumacher were permitted to speak in—or even enter—the Soviet Zone; and that their lieutenants in Berlin were kidnapped again and again by the terror squads of the MVD—often in broad daylight, often directly under MG's nose.

And this is not all. At an SED meeting in Frankfurt in the critical winter of 1946-47 I discovered 20 or 30 large, gasoline-burning trucks and busses parked just off the "Roemer" where the meeting was being held. These trucks, I was informed, had come from towns many miles away, carrying the Communist Germans who made up Comrade Pieck's claque. Who had issued permission to use critically short, rationed (and probably American-supplied) gasoline for this purpose? Why, the American MG, of course! That same MG that was having so hard a time, that winter, getting enough transportation facilities to distribute the meager 1500 calory ration, which Pieck & Co. were criticizing so violently just around the corner. . . . That same MG that was finding it so hard to supply anti-Communists with newsprint and with gasoline for critical election campaigns. . . . That same MG, however, that seemed always somehow able to lend the Russians a hand.

† Oskar Mueller's early appointment by the Americans to the Hessian Ministry of Labor paved the way to much of this work.

* I am referring literally to a clause in the SED constitution which was pointedly read at these meetings.

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It is becoming increasingly obvious each day that the American Military Government is finally being introduced to the facts of life. As this is written MG is learning the hard way—in Berlin and elsewhere. Some of the situations I have described have been remedied; others are about to be.

But regardless of all the good intentions in 1948, regardless of our sudden realization of what is at stake—not frontiers, territories, bases, but the most elementary human rights themselves, all over the world—regardless of our belated understanding of these real issues, I regretfully believe that our positions in Germany, at least, have been damaged almost beyond repair. The time has probably passed when we could rally the anti-Communist forces of the German Trade Unions; and thanks to our incompetence, Schumacher's Socialists are today much weaker than they were when they captured Berlin in 1946. All over Western Germany there are democratic Germans who have been lost to us as a result of MG's pro-totalitarian fumbling. It may prove almost impossible to call upon these men and women now.

But if there *does* remain a chance, I hope that those with the authority to act will grab it with both hands—today, now, and before all is gone.

"You Have All Those Freedoms!" or, The Case of the Dizzy Dean. A Stop Press Special.

Editor's Note: The following letter is being inserted at the last moment. The background is this: last summer the Socialist Study Club of the University of Illinois asked me to speak on Henry Wallace there this fall. I agreed, and October 25 was set as the date. On the morning of October 23, a few hours before I was to take the train, I received a telegram from the club stating the meeting had been banned. The following letter explains what happened. It is respectfully called to the attention of the various organizations that concern themselves with university education and academic freedom. What sinister, Un-American forces are operating behind Dean Turner? Is his systematic effort to drive his students towards Communism the result of calculation or stupidity? When an American Legionnaire masquerading as a dean can run a great university like a Legion convention, some investigations are in order.

Dear Mr. Macdonald:

The Socialist Study Club is an official campus organization and must operate within the university's rules. In past semesters (up to the beginning of this year) it was a small group of about 15 who spent most of their time discussing your theories on non-violent revolution, etc.

At the beginning of last year it was decided to move these discussions off campus into various homes on Saturday nights and to attempt a "mass" program of good speakers for the campus. This program went over well last spring, bringing from 300-500 students to each meeting and resulting in a huge increase in membership of both the S.P. party local in town and the study club.

This semester we undertook an even more ambitious program with a proposed budget of $500, mainly for publicity and fare for speakers. The only way to get this money would be to charge individual admissions, and MAINLY to sell season tickets at $1 (for 14 lectures). . . . Also to distribute a large number of complimentary tickets in order not to exclude the neophytes.

Although the permission to do this is granted to other organizations, our request was not granted. Further, the university administration announced that they would not approve our speakers until they were approved under the Claughbough Bill (a state Un-American activities Bill), and that the club was being investigated also.

The only thing to be done, if we were not to get rid of our program, was to legally defy the administration. We did this by telling others by word of mouth the treatment we received and that if the program is to go over they must buy a membership card at one dollar. Thus a mass "sale of memberships." This brought in about $100 and we were hopeful that at each of our lectures we could sell about 75 more thus meeting our expenses.

There was then an internal fight within the club as to whether we should not cancel all speakers from out of Chicago in order to make sure that expenses could be met. Each side of the argument won out at different times and each time you got a telegram with a set of different instructions. Finally, the club unanimously decided that any change of program would be a concession to the administration and that you should come as originally planned. We made plans to sell blood to local hospitals to finance the venture.

The next thing we knew was on the Friday before you were to be here, I got a call from the Dean of Students saying (without any reason given) that you could not speak. This week we got another rejection on Albert Goldman, who was to speak here next week.

How can this be done? Well, the policy-making as well as administration of this school is in the hands of the Dean of Students (Fred Turner). He is a member of the American Legion, etc. There is a Student Affairs Committee which may rule on matters that he does not wish to comment on, but this committee is APPOINTED by him and generally looks to him for which way to vote. Never has the Committee failed to pass unanimously anything which he approved, or reject unanimously anything which he opposed. PERMISSION FOR EVERY LITTLE THING MUST BE GOTTEN FROM THIS MAN.

In April 1947 Harold Asher and Jerry Mannheim went to Dean Turner's office to ask for permission to hold a May Day Parade (parades for football and other activities are permitted). . . . Turner asked what the theme of the parade was to be. The club members said: "Academic freedom, freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, freedom of. . . ." "*You have all those freedoms, of course you can't parade,*" he answered.

At the beginning of this semester a Freshman Activities Night was held. The purpose of this is to acquaint the students with organizations which are functioning to meet their needs, interests, etc. The Socialist Study Club handed out flyers at its exhibition and Dean Turner called me to his office after the week-end was over. T: "This stuff you handed out is just like the Communists hand out. People will think AYD is back on campus and you know they are banned." Me: "But it says right here on the second line that we're opposed to Stalinism and all forms of Totalitarianism. Also, if we were Communist would we bring Jerzy Glicksman to speak here?" T: "I don't mean that. It's obvious that the form is the same as that of AYD." Me: "Well, do you know any place to get free use of a mimeograph and stencil cutters aside from the Unitarian Church?" T: "Well, I don't know, but you'd better not use it any more."

The last telegram to you came after university rejection, which was on too short notice to get another meeting place off campus. And since the university did not allow you to speak, we could not draw upon our funds (which must be held by university deposit) in order to pay you.

The rejection on Goldman came sooner (in more time) so we have started an off campus "front" and announced that any speakers not permitted on campus will be brought off campus to speak in defiance of university policy. Now our problem is to get money for this "front."

If we do get money, we may count on being banned from campus.

We can do only one thing now. . . . Insist that our speakers be recognized and bring them anyway if they are not. Also to prepare in cases of banning procedures. In case of the latter there is no doubt that the administration would win out. But we have letters prepared to prominent people to protest.

We have been preparing to fight in all our free time. We have tried to contact other college groups, etc. Now all we can do is wait. . . .

ALBERT SHANKER, *Chairman*
Annex Hall, Urbana Illinois.

November 8, 1948.

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On the Elections

THE editor of a magazine called POLITICS has some obligation, I suppose, to say something about the presidential election that has just taken place. The last national election I voted in was that of 1936, when I voted for either Roosevelt or Norman Thomas (can't recall which). I didn't vote in 1940 or 1944 because none of the candidates seemed worth voting for; I didn't vote this time for the same reason, plus a general anarchistic scepticism about big-scale government. As for the latter point, see the two boxes in this department; M. Proudhon in 1848 and Mr. Gaffney in 1948, have, between them, summed up my own reactions to the late election.

As for the former—the choice between the 1948 candidates—let me sketch briefly my reasons for not voting for any of them. There were nine in all: two of them real (i.e., they had a chance of being elected) and seven symbolic (i.e. they admittedly had no chance, but asked for votes as a "protest" or in order to advance some cause, such as racism, Trotskyism, or vegetarianism). The two real candidates—Truman and Dewey—I excluded because they both represented What Goes On Anyway—that is, precisely what I don't want any more of. Five of the seven symbolic candidates were also immediately excluded for various reasons: the "Dixiecrats" because they are against racial democracy and I am for it; the Prohibition and Vegetarian candidates because I cannot agree that things would be improved if we substituted tomato juice for hamburgers and gin; the De Leonist Socialist Labor Party and the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party because, as Dershowitz shows in this issue re. the former and as I know from first-hand experience re. the latter, they are midget totalitarians, in no significant way different from the American Communist Party except that they are smaller and look to native instead of Russian fuhrers and witch doctors; and Wallace's Progressives for reasons exposed in my own article in this issue.

This leaves two possibilities: the Greenback Party and—as usual—Norman Thomas. I must confess I was greatly intrigued by the former's claim to a program "neither right, left, nor center, but combining the best elements of all three." This is surely an attractive formula! But I was a little disturbed to find that the Party's panacea has come down to us unaltered since 1876, when the venerable Peter Cooper was its presidential candidate. And I simply found myself unable to keep my mind on its program, which its present-day candidate, Mr. John G. Scott, of Crary ville, N. Y., summarized: "Stop boom-bust cycle with 100%

Representative Government: 1948

Dear Sirs: An election like the one that is upon us calls for a constitutional amendment, and I am willing to let *The Nation* take credit for presenting it to the country.

The procedure we have now enables people to vote *for* a candidate. But who wants to vote for any of the candidates this year? What we need is a method for voting *against* them.

It's all very well to say this is a good year for a protest vote, but with three men in the field—four counting Norman Thomas—there is no way of telling who it is the voters are protesting against. A vote for Dewey is a vote against Truman. And a vote for Thomas is just a vote against.

Now my plan is that the ballot be clearly marked "Vote Against One," the nominee with the lowest vote to be declared the winner. In this way we will have a real democratic choice of evils. The Wallaceites, instead of automatically giving the election to Dewey, will be able to choose between him and Truman. The Democrats can split clean along left-right lines. And the Republicans might win. And in any case, think of how it would bring out the vote.

—letter to "The Nation," from Gabriel Gaffney, of Chilicothe, Ohio; July 13.

Representative Government: 1848

But, once more, what do all these elections matter to me? What need have I of proxies, any more than of representatives? . . . Am I not more sure of myself than of my attorney?

It is said that it is necessary to do something; that it is impossible that I should attend to so many different interests; that after all, a council of arbitrators, whose members have been appointed by the votes of all the people, promises an approximation to truth and right far superior to the justice of an irresponsible monarch represented by insolent ministers.

In the first place, I do not see the necessity of doing anything at such a price: I do not see that anything is accomplished. Neither election nor voting, even if unanimous, solves anything. During the sixty years that we have used all sorts of methods of electing, what have we accomplished? What have we even outlined? What light have the people obtained from their assemblies? . . .

I understand that one may submit to an arbitrary decision upon questions that are of no personal importance to one. It may, indeed, be argued that such submissions prove the existence in the soul of something even superior to justice: the fraternal sentiment.* But upon principles, on civil liberties and social tendencies, on the organization of industrial forces, upon my labor, my subsistence, my life, upon this very question of Government that we are discussing here—on all these vital matters, I reject all presumptive authority, all indirect solutions. *Here* I recognize no star chamber; *here* I desire to negotiate directly, individually, for myself; *here* I see universal suffrage as simply a lottery. . . .

On the 10th of December, 1848, the People were consulted upon the choice of their first magistrate, and they named Louis Napoleon by 5½ out of 7½ million voters. . . . For my part, I disapproved this election for the same reasons that led me to support the proclamation of the Republic. And because I disapproved of it, I have since opposed, so far as I could, the government of the People's Choice. Nevertheless, from the standpoint of universal suffrage, of the popular mandate, and of the sovereignty of numbers, I ought to believe that Louis Bonaparte expresses the ideas, the needs and the tendencies of the nation: I ought to accept his policy as the policy of the People. . . .

Do you still speak of the People? I mean the People as it shows itself in mass meetings and at the ballot box; the People which they did not dare to consult about the Republic in February; the People which on April 16 and during the June Days overwhelmingly declared itself against socialism; the People which elected Louis Bonaparte because it adored Napoleon Bonaparte; the People which did not rise on June 13 and did not protest on May 31; the People which signed petitions for revision and petitions against revision. Is this the People which will be enlightened from above when it comes to choosing capable and virtuous representatives and deciding upon the organization of Labor, Credit, Property and Power itself? . . .

Enough! Let us be frank. Universal suffrage, the popular mandate, the responsibility of representatives—in short, the whole elective system, is but child's play. I will not trust them with my labor, my peace of mind, my fortune. I will not risk a hair of my head to defend them.

—P.-J. Proudhon, "The Revolution in the 19th Century"

* Such a question, in 1948, is on which side of the road one chooses to drive his car. For some reason, the first objection that pops into people's minds when one proposes an anarchistic society is: But what about traffic regulations? Proudhon here meets this objection quite simply: let the majority rule in such unimportant matters (what desires or interests, after all, are involved in whether automobiles must keep the right or left, or must stop at red lights or not?). It is on the important questions—war, education, economic relations, sexual mores, art, morality—that majority rule makes no sense for the individual.—D.M.

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green-back reserve behind all bank demand deposits. Swap greenbacks for $80,000,000,000 in bank-held U.S. bonds. . . . " (here, as the bookmarks say, I fell asleep).

This leaves, as usual, Norman Thomas. The same general objections to Thomas which I expressed in an article in the October, 1944, issue (see "Why Vote for Thomas?") still obtain: his opportunism, his moral cowardice in the face of big issues like war as contrasted to his courage in smaller issues (Mayor Hague, Southern sharecroppers), his mealymouthed pulpit respectability, as contrasted to, for example, Debs' sensibility of an outcast and a rebel. In short, his comfortable liberalism, emotionally lukewarm and intellectually sterile. I must admit that with Wallace in the field, there was a reason for voting for Thomas this time which did not apply in 1944; which is probably why many intellectuals I respect (and who have not hitherto been closely identified with the S.P.) came out for Thomas in this election. To name a few: Daniel Bell, Cuthbert Daniel, James T. Farrell, Erich Fromm, Albert Goldman, Sidney Hook, Harold Isaacs, Mary Mc Carthy, C. Wright Mills, Richard Rovere, Meyer Schapiro, Dorothy Thompson, Edmund Wilson, and Rahv and Phillips of "Partisan Review."

Nonetheless, I couldn't go along, for the general reasons indicated in my 1944 article, and for the specific reason that, while Thomas' domestic program was unexceptionable (if routine and unimaginative) his foreign policy proposals—and, as I have noted in considering Wallace's movement, foreign and not domestic policy is the real "point" in this election—seem to me almost as much "Utopian Realpolitik" as Wallace's are (though less vicious). Thus Thomas speaks of world government as possible and desirable today without the radical international changes I believe would have to take place first (his concept of change goes no further than the British Labor Government). And thus, in immediate terms, he proposes the United Nations as the instrument for containing Soviet aggression; but it seems to me that the UN would either be ineffectual, as up to now has been the case, or else, if it acquired "teeth," would simply become an alliance of Western imperialism against its Eastern competitor. In short, Thomas' analysis of the world crisis seems to me superficial and incorrect, and his proposals, therefore, are destined either to be sterile or else to bear very different fruit from what he expects. Still shorter, he is a crypto-liberal.

As to the election itself, three observations:

(1) Truman's unexpected victory delighted me no end esthetically: one always loves to see the high-and-mighty take a pratt-fall, especially so smug a homunculus as Dewey and such smooth businessmen types as his advisers. But not politically. For if it showed that the voters still prefer Rooseveltian New Dealism to Republican stand-patterism (which is good, or at least a lesser evil), it also showed that this is a mood, a velleity rather than a deeply felt political urge. For in the latter case, Truman would not have been able to make them forget the conservative nature of his actual policies in office simply by loosing a few rounds of New Deal oratory in the last months of the campaign. There would have been a real third party of liblab tendency in the election, instead of Wallace's having a monopoly on this approach.

(2) Dewey's was not the only pratt-fall. The smart boys of the press also slipped on the banana peel. Notably, the highpowered editors of *Time* and *Life*, who with fabulous industry and ingenuity assembled week after week an overpowering array of factual evidence, gathered by their vast and costly network of correspondents, and all of it pointing in one direction—the wrong direction. (I am informed by my agents that so shaken by November 2 were Luce's satraps—whose self-proclaimed function, and indeed trade formula, is simply to Print the Facts, without editorializing—that an official phone call was put through to Sidney Hook humbly requesting light on the catastrophe.) The public opinion pollsters were even more shattered by the election. This may, indeed, mark the permanent decline of the mythology of opinion research; certainly, Gallup, Roper and the rest suffered a staggering commercial loss on November 2, for if they were so wrong on the election, maybe they really can't tell why housewives prefer Sudsy-Suds to all other brands of soap flakes. There is some slight cause of optimism in this Waterloo of the scientific method: for if the principle of indeterminacy here resisted all efforts of the savants to exclude it, maybe—as some of us have been suggesting for some time—it is likewise with other aspects of large-scale society today. Marxists as well as pollsters are involved here. So maybe World War III is *not* inevitable.

(3) Some 47 million Americans voted in the election, but another 47 million who could have voted, didn't. That is, half the electorate were not sufficiently concerned about who is to be the next President to go to the polls. Since it takes only an hour or two to vote, it is reasonable to conclude that this half—the dark side of the moon, so to speak—were about as apathetic to national politics as even Proudhon could have wished. Presumably, not ALL 47 million of them are principled anarchists. Yet they must be to some degree infected with temperamental anarchism, if they feel so healthy a degree of civic irresponsibility. This, also, is some cause for optimism in a dark age. I salute my 47 million brother anarchists-under-the-skin!

Small Talk

Internal Bulletin

¶ The two questions most frequently asked of the Editor these days are: (1) Is "Politics"? (2) If it is, will it continue to be? The present issue answers (1): "Politics" is. As for (2), this can be answered only in general at the moment: i.e., "Politics" will continue to be. In what form, however, is the question which is now being explored. This much can be said now: it will be continued at least as frequently (and more punctually) as (than) in 1948; and there will be at least one editor. Which implies, as is indeed the case, that there are hopes of coming out more often—either bimonthly or monthly—and also of getting together an editorial board of 2 or more members. No secret will be made of what is arrived at as soon as it is arrived at.

¶ The last (USSR) issue was journalistically quite successful: that is, about 5500 copies have been disposed of, and the reader-reactions have been favorable and even enthusiastic. It seems to have been welcomed especially in the Western zones of Germany, where the threat of Stalinism is not at all academic. Thus the new AMG-sponsored cultural monthly, "Der Monat," edited by Melvin J. Lasky, is reprinting Nabokov's article on Soviet music; and the German Social-Democratic Party has asked (and received) permission to translate and reprint the entire issue as a pamphlet.

¶ Last issue we noted that Walter Padley (author of "Empire or Free Union?") was running for president of one of the biggest English unions, the Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers. He won the election overwhelmingly (130,00 votes as against 60,000 for his combined opponents). "Finis has been written to the Communists' attempt to collar the union," he writes. "We are back to the old position where the Distributive Workers could be counted on to oppose punitive peace proposals, conscription, etc., in the name of libertarian Socialism."

¶ One of our European friends has settled in Caracas, Venezuela, where he has opened an import agency. He writes that he would be glad to hear from any American firms or individuals who have products which they want to sell in Venezuela. Letters and inquiries addressed to Import-Export Dept., Politics, 45 Astor Place, NYC, will be promptly forwarded to our friend in Caracas.

Europe-America Groups

Chiaromonte's "European Letter" elsewhere in this issue was originally a report to Europe-America Groups, a new project which may interest our readers. EAG was started last spring by some thirty New York writers and intellectuals including Mary McCarthy (chairman), Walter Goldwater (treasurer), Sidney Hook, Alfred Kazin, Dwight Macdonald, Paolo Milano, Nicolas Nabokov, Isaac Rosenfeld, Dorothy Thompson, Bertram D. Wolfe, and the editors of "Partisan Review." Its aim is to give material

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help to European intellectuals, to promote public discussions here and abroad on cultural and political matters, and to establish regular channels of communication between American and European intellectuals. EAG raised over $2,000 last spring, and held two public meetings: a discussion of the Soviet Culture Purge in which Lionel Trilling, Meyer Schapiro, Nabokov and Macdonald participated; and a debate on the Wallace movement between Sidney Hook and Mark Van Doren. During the summer, contacts have been made with various groups and individuals in Europe, mostly through Chiaromonte. Plans are now afoot to get EAG over here under way again, on a broader basis; a regular Transatlantic Bulletin will be out. Results will be announced in the next issue. Meanwhile, interested readers here and abroad are invited to communicate with POLITICS

Death Camps and Rationality

Note: The following exchange between the Editor and Harold Orlansky relates to the latter's article in this issue.

Is there not a greater qualitative difference between the American mental hospital and the Nazi death camps than Orlansky recognizes? The latter seem to me irrational for this reason: the Nazis took millions of people who were not dangerous to them and, at a big expenditure of manpower, rolling stock, materials, etc., killed them because of their race alone. A rational course would have been to let the Jews alone unless they threatened the regime enough to justify the effort of killing them; the death camps were not even useful as propaganda—to strike terror in others, like the concentration camps—since their existence was carefully concealed. The authorities who run our asylums, on the other hand, don't go out and pull in victims; they have the insane dumped on them, and must do something about them; as you show, the most convenient thing to do is to first reduce them to subhuman objects, and then help them perish as speedily as possible; this is abhorrent, of course, but rational, since it's the easiest way out for normal, callous, lazy men. The Nazis went to great and needless trouble in creating *their* camps.—D.M.

I cannot agree that the death camps were any less (or more) rational than asylums. Reason may be said to guide human activity when, an end clearly in view and reality correctly appraised, measures are taken to achieve the end most economically. But:

(1) I believe, with Weber, that all human ends (values) are partly irrational for, although (or because) they can be explained historically, their choice is essentially arbitrary so far as the individual is concerned, and hence not dependent solely either upon reason or functional utility. All culture partakes of this nature; not logic but social and personal structure and history determines that our goals shall be to kill Japanese, Germans, Jews, or lunatics; to seek transmigration of souls or a socialist utopia; ascetic or sensual pleasures; and impeachable logic is used to defend all of these goals. Human behavior is more often devious than direct, and visitors to foreign lands always wonder why the natives do things this way instead of that; culture channels the course of human effort like an old river, which now and then wears through an ox-bow or overflows or finds a new bed, but mainly wanders rather pointlessly to the sea.

(2) Having appointed a goal, inadequate knowledge often intervenes to make its efficient realization impossible. Can the politician or citizen be expected to behave more rationally than social scientists or historians, the more honest of whom confess that they know little about society or personality?

Nazi ideology was obviously irrational in asserting as true what science had found false, but since this assertion served a function in Nazi society it can also be considered rational according to the devious logic of history. Given a drive of Jew hatred, it seems to me eminently rational to kill Jews. How would the reader go about killing several million Jews, if he were in Hitler's position, with the ideology, resources and experience that Hitler and his aides had at their disposal? I think his solution would be similar to the one the Nazis adopted. That this solution may have seriously weakened the Nazi war effort is possible (but not certain), and evidence of the fact that human goals frequently conflict in a manner not easily resolved. The roundabout manner in which the asylum kills inmates strikes one at first as irrational (a gas chamber would be more efficient); but knowledge (or hindsight) of American society makes it apparent that no shorter course is, at present, practicable; indeed a longer course may one day be adopted. I know very little about Nazi society; if I knew more, the reasons for the course which it pursued at Auschwitz would be clearer to me.—H.O.

This reply misses my point. I did not question the rationality of the Nazis' ends, but of their means. Nor did I deny that antisemitism was a rational means to the end they had in view. Even killing the Jews *might* have been rational as a means to their end, which was to make the Germans, and themselves as the quintessential leaders of the Germans, the master race of Europe and, ultimately, the world. The Jews, in 1942-44 when the death camps were instituted, *might* have threatened the Nazis by their active sabotage or counter-violence; but they didn't. Or they *might* have been framed up by the Nazis on such charges, as the defendants were in the Moscow Trials, to serve as scapegoats for the shortcomings of the regime; in which case, their mass slaughter would have been widely publicised for propaganda purposes. But this was not done either: the death camps were *concealed* by the Nazis, from the Germans as well as from the rest of the world. Hence one must conclude that killing six million Jews served merely to alleviate the personal neurotic difficulties of the Nazi bigshots; it was, true, rational from this standpoint, just as handwashing every five minutes is rational from the standpoint of certain compulsive neurotics—i.e., it in fact does give a momentary relief from tension.

Nor is the point whether the Nazi death camps were rationally organized for mass killing—for, of course, they were—but rather whether it was rational to institute them at all. This latter point hardly exists so far as the American asylum is concerned: the moneyless insane are dumped on them—where else in this inhuman society we live in?—and they must be disposed of somehow. The methods adopted, as definitively described by Orlansky, are as rational as they are ethically horrible. Both the death camps and our own asylums are indices of barbarism; but there *is* a difference—and one that favors American as against Nazi society—between letting sick people die through callous neglect and gathering up and exterminating, at great expenditure of manpower and materiel, millions of people who are healthy (hence no burden on society) and politically passive (hence no threat to society's rulers). To equate the one with the other seems to me stretching things too far.—D.M.

I've little to add to what I said above. I don't think one can fruitfully separate ends and means, or the rationality of the inception and operation of the camps. Macdonald's comparison with the compulsive neurotic seems to me good, although we must allow for the possibility that some preposterously simple and rational reason (like the high cost of plate glass and losses which German insurance companies suffered from anti-Jewish pogroms, as Melvin Lasky suggests in the August *Commentary*) played a part in the business. But how much sense does it make to talk of a neurotic *society*, when there is no broader normative realm (except the rather irrelevant realms of nature and history, whose main norm is survival) with which a society meshes and against which it may be measured? Compulsive neurotics, anal sadists, epileptics (as among certain primitive groups), or homosexuals may ride horse on a culture and swing off in their direction, but only someone who sets up rules for the race can tell which culture has won it.—H.O.

GHOST STORY

Trenton, N. J., Aug. 20: Prosper Buranelli, a longtime associate of Lowell Thomas in the preparation of his broadcasts, newsreels, and books, today was awarded a degree of Doctor of Letters by Rider College for his literary endeavors. Lowell Thomas, who made the commencement address, was first offered the degree but turned it down and suggested that it be awarded to Buranelli. . . . The award described Buranelli as "discerning counsellor to many leaders in American life. He has left a deep if sometimes anonymous imprint upon the nation's culture."

—United Press teletype, Aug. 20.

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Packages Abroad

A Report by Nancy Macdonald

Let me begin this report by printing two letters we have recently received:

1.

Many thanks for the clothes packages and the good coffee. I received it yesterday in good order. You cannot imagine how happy you made me. Underwear and clothes were so much needed, because I could not buy anything for years. Physically I am so weakened that life seems almost senseless to me. We just vegetate and hunger has become almost unbearable.

Why don't we get any help, particularly we who spent terrible years in concentration camps? I was over 8 years in a concentration camp where I suffered a lot. Was it only in order to starve again after 1945? We are at the end. We have reported to the world about our sufferings and until now almost no help has come. It is hard not to despair.

Once more many thanks for the gift. If you can spare children's shoes, stockings and underwear, please think of us. Perhaps you could also send me some food once. Particularly fat, sugar, flour, cocoa and coffee.

SEPP FREY

Freiburg, Germany

2.

Because of the ever-increasing cost of supplying my own family with necessities, I find it impossible to send packages any longer to Adolf Pranz in Vienna. I know from his letters and the stamps he sent me that he and his wife appreciated deeply the little I could send them. I regret having to make this decision, but the cost of living has become fantastic.

New York City *MEL PEET*

These letters tell the story: dwindling support from our readers, mostly because of the high cost of living, in the face of continuing need abroad. We desperately need more American families who will become regular package-senders.

Today we have on our active list 485 European families who are receiving packages of food and clothing regularly from our readers. (218 are German and Austrian, 132 are Spanish Republicans living in France, 135 are of various other nationalities). Of these, 86 families have no regular donors and to them we send commercial packages from our general fund as often as we can. However during the past year we collected only a little over $3,000 (see the table below for a break-down of this figure). And with this very small amount it was impossible to offer much more than a token package to these families. What we need is a regular package sender for each one of these 86 families.

Then perhaps we will be able to concentrate and use our general fund for the many special requests which come in. At the moment we have unfilled requests for a hearing aid, surgical girdle, pills for anaemia, medicine for women with multiple sclerosis, a saxophone, galoshes, blankets. During the past year we met many such requests. We kept a man in Spain and a small boy in Germany supplied with insulin. We supplied a number of layettes for new born babies. We sent packages regularly to 3 or 4 TB sufferers. We sent special medicines for thyroid, multiple sclerosis, TB. We bought a German typewriter for a very sick man who spent many years in concentration camps (the typewriter took an adventurous 6 months to reach him). We bought underwear, blankets, coal to help keep our families warm.

And we got letters like this: "In May we kept hoping to receive a food package. Perhaps Miss G. and Mr. and Mrs. T. cannot send us anything more? I can understand, of course, that this help cannot last forever. But without your help we would simply starve. It is hard for me to write you this. But it is for my daughter, Annemarie, who is so thin and who often has fainting spells. And Annemarie is the only thing I have left in this world. I hope you don't mind." (We hastened to send off an airmail food package certificate and the food was delivered in 10 days.)

But in September we—Dwight and I—had to send $150 worth of CARE packages from our own pockets because no money had come in to keep a few packages going to our 86 donorless families. And in addition we expended another $150 during the summer for food, postage, cleaning and medicines which has not been repaid. *At this writing, we have* $16.31 *in the Politics-Packages-for-Europe fund.* We have pledges of monthly donations amounting to $204 and as of October our current donors are in arrears for $262.

As you can see we need both new regular money donors who are willing to have their contributions used wherever needed at the moment and people who can contribute from time to time.

We always need used clothing, sheets, blankets, shoes; you can drop them at the office if you cannot spare time to mail them yourself.

But above all we need friends who will send packages regularly themselves to one of the families whose stories we give below, or another one of the 86 families who need your friendship and aid. *Please write in to us today and tell us what you can do.*

SOME LETTERS

From Suzanne Chatelet; May 30:

A few days ago, a neighbor of the V's came to us, begging us to intervene with you for help for his wife. Here is his tragic situation. Father of 4 children, he is married to a young woman of 32 who has TB and is in a sanatorium. This man has been unemployed for several weeks. His children are in Spain where his parents are caring for them. Until now it was possible for Gaspard Trafach to send his wife every 2 or 3 weeks a little package of food as she does not get enough to eat at the sanatorium. But as he no longer has any work he could not send them any more. His wife, Maria, is better, but she needs to eat: although she is 5 ft. 5 tall, she weighs only 93 lbs. Yesterday we sent her a little package of food and will try to continue until he finds some work. If by chance there is come one among your friends who can do something for this sick woman here is her address.

We have sent the Trafachs a number of packages of food from our general fund and some clothes. ("We are practically nude and need everything," he wrote.) What is needed now is a regular package sender, who will write and send packages regularly.

From Francisco Cabestany, a Spanish Republican refugee in France; July 2:

I am still playing the violin in a small orchestra composed of 5 Spanish refugees and one Frenchman, and usually we play dance music. I don't like this . . . but one must earn one's living as one can, and with patience. In our profession, there is much unemployment; it is particularly bad for foreigners, who are not allowed to play in State theaters or radio stations. For a long time I have wanted to write you about something which would better my situation, but I didn't dare. I always waited. But now my wife is pregnant, and my mother writes from Spain that she wants to come and see me. This is good and right, because for eleven years we have not seen each other.

But here is what I wanted to ask you. I need for my own use, in our orchestra, a SAXOPHONE B(flat) TENOR. This would help me to get more work. They are available in France, but I would never have enough money to buy one. Do you think it would be possible for you to find one for me? I know that there are a lot of saxophones in the US and perhaps for this reason they are not so expensive.

(*Are there any musicians among our readers who could help*

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EXPENDITURES—October 1947 - *September* 1948.	
CARE packages	$1090.00
International Rescue and Relief Committee Packages	499.50
Other food packages and medicines	560.74
Specials	357.96
Office help	164.00
Postage (for clothes packages, correspondence and publicity)	364.18
Cleaning and shoe repair	162.47
Mimeo and office supplies	9.31
Total expenditures	$3208.16
On hand 10-1-48	16.29
Total receipts	$3224.45

financially and give advice how to obtain an inexpensive but good instrument for this Spanish friend?—N.M.)

From Charlotte X., wife of a German socialist; August 16:

A few days ago we received your package with the wonderful clothes. Today we received the food. Dear Mrs. Macdonald, you helped us so much and so kindly. Every dress, every piece of fabric is valuable to us. We can use everything. I have a sewing machine and can make things fit, and often out of two old garments can make one new one. With certain things I can help other people.

The light gray suit fits me perfectly and looks quite new. I am very happy with it.

My 16 year old niece, who lives with us and is like my own child, got the green woolen suit. She grew up during the years when there were no materials. Such young people grew out of their children's clothes and have nothing to wear. My 6 year old nephew cannot go out in the cold weather, because his only pair of shoes are so worn that they are constantly with the shoemaker.

I must tell you about the joy of my husband when he got the 4 ties. It was a rescue! I am not exaggerating when I tell you that he looked at them like a child with presents at Christmas.

The wonderful shoes are unfortunately too small for me but I'll try and exchange them for a pair of shoes for little Peter and for a pair for myself. Here you can exchange shoes in shoe stores.

Now I want to thank you particularly for the food package. In about two weeks, we plan to take a 3 weeks vacation. My husband is so run down with his hard work, that he needs some quiet weeks in a small wooded place outside Berlin. With the help of the food package, we will be able to manage this without constant worry.

We send packages of food and clothing from time to time to the X's from our general fund but a regular donor is needed. Mrs. X has recently had an operation and her husband has never been strong because he once had TB. He works as a journalist and she works without pay in a relief organization. (Name not given here because the X's live in Berlin.)

From Elli Riwotzki; May 26:

First of all, many thanks for having organized the gifts. What they mean for me and my husband you will understand after having heard my story, which is not an extraordinary one. It is just one story among many. But this one you'll have to know. You will have to because you contributed to the change for the better in this story.

The Nazis held my husband from 1936 until 1945. First for 6 years in prison for treason and then until the end of the war in a concentration camp. The Nazis kept me imprisoned for 9 months until the trial of my husband. I was freed because all those who testified against me retracted the declarations which the Gestapo had extracted from them. But to what good? The long long years of separation from my husband were very bitter and hard to stand. But it seems there is always something worse in store.

My husband returned supposedly healthy. He knew only political work and imagined that everything depended upon him to create order out of chaos in the postwar period. But what an error! The seed of tuberculosis which he had contracted during his long imprisonment found good soil and put him to bed. He has been sick and unable to work for a year. Now he has a pneumothorax and the terrible disease is healing slowly, so that we hope that he will finally recover completely.

Now I have come to the point at which I was driving. With all healing methods, the first condition for complete recovery is good and sufficient food. If my husband pulls through he owes it to you. Therefore the letter. I am so grateful to you and do not know how to express it. Whatever may have guided you in your relief action — charity or international solidarity — aside from the material help you have become spiritually an important factor.

During the Nazi regime we swam alone and without any help against the current. Certainly there must have been people all over the world swimming against the current. But we here in Germany did not see them and rarely heard of them. Under such circumstances the strength of resistance seems to diminish. Now help has come, not only material help.

This is what I mean to tell you in my words and in my way. Certainly one can say it better and more intelligently but I am speaking as I feel it and my words come rather from my heart than from my head.

Packages have been sent to this family from the package fund but what is needed is someone who wants to correspond and send packages.

From Elli Y., one of a family of German anti-Nazis; May 24:

I received your letter of May 6. Thanks. . . . We owe you already so much and feel very close to you. Thanks to your help, my little nephew of 1½ has developed into a strong boy.

I am expecting a baby and am both happy and sad about it. My husband came back 8 months ago from a prisoner of war camp and conditions are as bad here as they were before. I am worried about the health of my baby in its first months. We grown-ups do not expect any comforts and pleasures, but we are very preoccupied with the future of our children. Perhaps there is a friend who could send me baby clothes, diapers, vitamins and baby food.

It is not nice to go around begging, but he who has not gone through these terrible times, cannot understand our situation. There are no fabrics to be had. How gladly would we give fruit to our children which they have hardly ever seen. We mothers often despair. So please understand our request. We would not make it if we were living decently.

I would be very glad if you could do something for our baby and thank you in advance. My brother-in-law, my sister-in-law and my mother send your their best regards.

The Politics package fund has sent her one CARE infant food package and one CARE layette but what is needed are regular packages of food for this mother and her baby.

CARE'S CHRISTMAS PACKAGE

CARE is offering, for $15, *a new Christmas package containing candy, spices, plum pudding, strawberry jam, butter, rice, sugar, coffee, chocolate AND a 7-lb. whole turkey. (Described as "the meaty, broadbreasted Beltsville White variety recently developed by the Department of Agriculture.") Price*: $15.

We urge package-senders to send their families one of these special packages for Christmas. (Order from CARE, 50 *Broad Street, New York* 4, *N. Y.)*

And we invite cash contributions to finance packages to be sent from the office. Send us your check—made out to CARE if you want to deduct it as a contribution on your income tax—and we will send the packages in your name and let you know the name of the recipients.

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